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MARIE ALEXANDROVNA

POLICING THE CZAR

BY

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ALEXANDER II.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS AND PAINTINGS

ONE morning in June, 1901, I had just reached the Ministry of the Interior, and was entering my office, when a messenger came up to me and said solemnly: "The Prime Minister would like to speak to you at once, sir."

When a public official is sent for by his chief, the first thought that flashes across his brain is that of disgrace, and he instinctively makes a rapid and silent examination of his conscience. Nevertheless, I admit that when I received this message I took it philosophically. The Prime Minister at that time was M. Waldeck-Rousseau, of whom I retain most pleasant recollections. To intellectual attractions he added a certain cordiality. He looked upon events, and upon life itself, from the point of view of a more or less disillusionized dilettante; and this made him at the same time satirical, indulgent, and obliging. He honored me with a kindly friendship, notwithstanding the fact that he used to reproach me, in his jesting way, with becoming a reactionary, from my contact with the monarchs of Europe. I once took his breath away by telling him that I had dined with the Empress Eugénie at Cap Martin.

"A republican official at the Empress' table!" he cried. "You're the only man, my dear Paoli, who would dare to do such a thing. . . . And you're the only one," he added slyly, "in whom we would stand it!"

For all that, when I entered his room on this particular morning, I was struck by his thoughtful air; and my surprise increased still further when I saw him, after shaking hands with me, close the door and give a glance to make sure that we were quite alone.

"You must not be astonished at these precautions," he began. "I have some news to

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THE CZAR AT SIXTEEN YEARS OF AGE

tell you which, for reasons that you will understand as soon as you hear what it is, must be kept secret as long as possible; and you know that the walls of a ministerial office have very sharp ears. This is the news: I have just heard from the Russian ambassador, and from Delcassé, that the negotiations that were on foot between the two governments in view of a second visit of the Czar and Czarina are at last completed. Their Majesties will pay an official visit of three days to France. They may come to Paris; in any case, they will stay at the Château Compiègne, together with the President of the Republic and all of us. They will arrive from Russia by sea; land at Dunkirk on the 18th of September; and from there they will go by rail straight to Compiègne. The festivities will end with a visit to Rheims and a review of our eastern frontier troops at Betheny Camp."

The minister paused, and then continued:

"And now, I must ask you to listen to me very carefully. I want *no accident nor incident* of any kind to occur during this visit. The Czar has been made to believe that in coming to France he and the Czarina run the greatest risks. It is important that we should give the lie in a striking fashion — as we did in 1896 — to this bad reputation that our enemies outside are trying to give us. They are simply working against the alliance; and we have the greatest political interest in defeating their machinations. We must, therefore, take all necessary measures; and I am intrusting this task to Cavard, chief of the detective service, Hennion, his colleague, and yourself. You are to divide the work among you. Cavard will control the whole thing, and settle the details; Hennion, with his remarkable activity, will see that they are carried out, and devote himself to the protection of the Czar; and I have reserved for you the most enviable part of the task: I intrust the Czarina to your special care."

The Czar Nicholas II. and the Czarina Alexandra were about the only members of the Russian imperial family whom I did not yet know. When they made their first journey to Paris, to celebrate the conclusion of the Franco-Russian alliance, I was in Sweden as the guest of King Oscar, His Majesty having most graciously invited me to spend a period of sick-leave with him; and it was on the deck of his yacht, at the end of a dinner that he gave for me in the bay of Stockholm, that the news of the triumphal reception of the Russian sovereigns had come to gladden my patriotism and the King's faithful affection for the country which, through his Bernadotte blood, was also his.

On the other hand, I had repeatedly had the honor of attending the grand dukes; and I had been attached to the person of the Czarevitch

NICHOLAS II. AT ABOUT THE AGE OF TWENTY-TWO

NICHOLAS II., CZAR OF RUSSIA
FROM HIS LATEST PHOTOGRAPH

George at the time of his two visits on the Côte d'Azur, in the villa facing the sea, among the orange-trees and thymes, which he occupied at the Cap d'Ail. I had beheld the sad and silent tragedy enacted in the mind of that pale and suffering young prince, heir to a mighty empire, whom death had already marked for its own, and who knew it. He knew it, but submitted to fate's decree without a murmur. Resigning himself to the inevitable, he strove to enjoy the last few pleasures that life still held for him — the sunlight, the flowers, and the sea; he sought to beguile the anxiety of those about him, and of his doctors, by assuming a mask of playful good humor and an appearance of youthful hope and zest. Lastly, at the same Villa des Terrasses, I had known the Dowager Czarina Marie Feodorovna, whom her great green-and-gold train had brought from Russia, with her children, the Grand Duchess Xenia and the Grand Duke Michael, at the first news of a slight relapse on the part of the illustrious patient.

For two long months I took part in the inner life of that little court; and more than once I detected the anguish of the mother stealthily trying to read the secret of her son's eyes, peering at his pale face, watching for his hoarse, hard cough, as he walked beside her, or dined opposite her, or played at cards with his sister, or stroked with his long white hands the head of his lively Russian hound, Moustique.

These memories were already four years old. How much had happened since then! The

Czarevitch George had gone to the Caucasus to die. The Franco-Russian alliance, which was contemplated in the interviews that took place at the Cap d'Ail between the Dowager Czarina and Baron de Mohrenheim, the Russian ambassador in Paris, had been accomplished.

This new visit of the allied sovereigns represented an important trump in the game of our policy as against the rest of Europe; it supplied

THE CZAR AND CZARINA ON BOARD THE ROYAL YACHT

the ready answer that we felt called upon to make, from time to time, to those who were anxiously waiting for the least event capable of disturbing the intimacy of the Franco-Russian alliance, with a view to exploiting such an event in favor of a rupture. The reader will easily, therefore, imagine the importance attached by M. Waldeck-Rousseau to his watchword: "No accident nor incident of any kind!"

The measures of protection with which the Czar of Russia are surrounded are of a more complicated and delicate character than in the case of any other monarch. Guarded in a formidable manner by his own police, whose brutal zeal, tending as it does to offend and exasperate, is more of a danger than a protection, the Czar, unknown to himself, is enveloped in a network of silent intrigues by many of those around him, which keep up a latent spirit of distrust and dismay.

It is not my intention to frame an indictment against the Russian police. For that matter, tragic incidents and regrettable scandals have already revealed the sinister and complex underhand methods of that occult force in a way to leave no doubt in men's minds concerning its nature. I will, however, confess that, although the numberless anonymous letters that we received at the Ministry of the Interior before the Czar's arrival mostly failed to agitate us, on the other hand, the appearance of certain tenebrous persons, who came to consult with us as to "the measures to be taken," nearly always awakened secret terrors within us. I became acquainted, in this way, with some of the celebrated figures of the Russian secret police: the famous Harting was one of their number; and it is also possible that I may have consorted, without knowing it, with the mysterious Azeff. My clearest recollection of my relations with these gentry — always excepting M. Raskowsky, the chief of the Russian police in Paris — is that we thought it wise to keep them under observation, and to hide from them, as far as possible, the measures that we proposed to adopt for the safety of their sovereigns.

As I have shown above, on the occasion of the Czar's visit in 1901 the responsibility of organizing these measures was intrusted to M. Cavard, the head of the French political police; but that these measures were properly carried out was due, above all, to his chief lieutenant, M. Hennion, who has now succeeded him. Hennion possessed special qualities for this work. Endowed with a remarkable spirit of initiative and an invariable coolness, eager, indefatigable, and shrewd, fond of fighting, and possessing a keen scent for danger, he seemed to be everywhere at once — an indispensable quality when the zone to be protected, as in this case, ex-

A BISON SHOT BY THE CZAR

tended over a length of several hundred miles and embraced almost half of France.

In what did these measures consist? First of all, in doubling the watch kept on foreigners living in France, notably the Russian anarchists. The abundant information that we possessed about their antecedents and their movements made our task an easy one. Paris, like every other large city in Europe, contains a quite active group of nihilists, consisting mainly of students, and the young women are generally more formidable than the men. Still, these revolutionary spirits always prefer theory to action, and they were, consequently, less to be feared than those who, on the pretext of seeing the festivities, might come from abroad charged with a criminal mission.

We had, therefore, established observation posts in all the frontier stations, posts composed of officers, who lost no time in fastening on the steps of any suspicious traveler. But, however minute our investigations might be, there was still chance for the threads of a plot to escape us; and we had to prepare ourselves against possible surprises at places where it was known that the sovereigns were likely to be. A special watch had to be kept along the railways over which the imperial train was to travel, and in the streets through which the procession would pass. For this purpose,

THE LATE GRAND DUKE GEORGE, A BROTHER OF THE CZAR, WHOM M. PAOLI ATTENDED SHORTLY BEFORE HIS DEATH

THE GRAND DUCHESSES OLGA, TATIANA, AND MARIE, DAUGHTERS OF THE CZAR

we, as usual, divided the line from Dunkirk to Compiègne, and from Compiègne to the frontier, into sections and subsections, each placed under the command of the district commissary of police, who had under his orders the local police force and gendarmerie, reinforced by the troops stationed in the department. Sentries with loaded rifles, posted at intervals on either side of the line, at the entrance and exit of tunnels, on and under bridges, prevented any one from approaching, and had orders to raise an alarm if they saw on or near the rails any object looking in the least suspicious.

We also identified the tenants of all the houses situated along the railway line and in the streets through which our guests were to drive. As a matter of fact, what we most feared was the traditional outrage perpetrated or attempted from a window. On the other hand, we refused (contrary to what has been stated) to adopt the system employed by the Spanish, German, and Italian police on the occasion of any visit from a sovereign—the system that consists in arresting all "suspects" during a royal guest's stay. This proceeding appeared to us not only needlessly vexatious, constituting a flagrant attempt upon the liberty of the individual, but we considered that there was danger of such a course alienating the sympathy of our democratic population from our august visitors. We wished, therefore, to forestall any possible catastrophe by less arbitrary means.

II

Our vigilance was naturally concentrated upon Compiègne. We sent swarms of police to beat the forest and search every copse and thicket; and the château itself was inspected from garret to cellar by our most trusted detectives. These precautions, however, seemed insufficient to our colleagues of the Russian police. A fortnight before the arrival of the sovereigns, one of them, taking us aside, said:

"The cellars must be watched."

"But it seems to us," we replied, "that we cannot very well do more than we are doing: they are visited every evening; and there are men posted at all the doors."

"Very good; but how do you know that your men will not be bribed, and that the terrorists will not succeed in placing an explosive machine in some dark corner?"

THE CZAREVITCH ALEXIS, ONLY SON OF THE CZAR

THE CZARINA AND THE CZAREVITCH
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH MADE WHEN THE CZAREVITCH WAS ABOUT TWO YEARS OLD

"What do you suggest, then?"

"Put in each cellar men upon whom you can rely, with instructions to remain there, night and day, until their Majesties' departure. And, above all, see that they hold no communication with the outside. They must prepare their own meals. . . ."

The solution may have been ingenious, but we declined to entertain it. We considered, in point of fact, that it was unnecessary to condemn a number of decent men to underground imprisonment—a form of torture that had not been inflicted on even the worst criminals for more than a century past—for two weeks before the coming of the Czar and the Czarina.

On the other hand, we distributed detectives among the numerous workmen who were engaged in restoring the old château to its ancient splendor. The erstwhile imperial residence, which had stood empty since the war, rose again from its graceful and charming past as if by the stroke of a fairy's wand. The authorities hastily collected the most sumptuous of the furniture formerly in the palace, scattered among the museums. Gradually the deserted halls and abandoned bedrooms were again filled with the objects that had adorned them in days gone by.

The apartments set aside for the Czar and Czarina were those once occupied by the Emperors Napoleon I. and Napoleon III. and the Empresses Marie-Louise and Eugénie. As we passed through them, our eyes were greeted by the wonderful Beauvais tapestries of which the King of Prussia once said that "no king's fortune was large enough to buy them." We hesitated before treading on the exquisite Savonnières carpets with which Louis XIV. had covered the floors of Versailles; in the Czarina's

boudoir, we admired Marie-Louise's cheval-glass; in her bedroom we found the proud archduchess' four-poster; in Nicholas II.'s bedroom we discovered the bed of Napoleon I., the beautifully carved mahogany bedstead in which the man whom a great historian called "that terrible antiquarian," and whom no battle had wearied, dreamed of the empire of Charlemagne. Was it not a striking irony of fate that thus awarded the conqueror's pillow to the first promoter of peaceful arbitration?

While upholsterers, gardeners, carpenters, locksmiths, and painters were carrying out the amazing metamorphosis, the ministry was drawing up the program of the rejoicings, and calling in the aid of the greatest poets, the most illustrious artists, the prettiest and most talented ballet-dancers. Rehearsals were held in the theater where, years before, the Prince Imperial had made his first appearance; the carriages were tested in the avenues of the park; a swarm of butlers and footmen were taught court etiquette in the servants' hall; and certain ministers' wives, in the solitude of their boudoirs, took lessons in solemn curtseying. There were many days and weeks of feverish expectation, during which everything had to be improvised for the occasion; for this was the first time that the Republic was entertaining in the country.

And then the great day came. One morning, on the platform of the Gare du Nord, a gen-

THE RUSSIAN ROYAL FAMILY
THE CZAR AND CZARINA WITH THEIR CHILDREN

THE CZARINA
FROM THE PAINTING BY KOPPAY

tleman dressed in black, with beard neatly trimmed, followed by ministers, generals, and more persons in black, including myself, stepped into a special train. He had been preceded by a valet carrying three bags. The first (is it not a detective's duty to know everything?) was a dressing-case containing crystal, with silver-topped fittings; the second, which was long and flat, held six white shirts, twelve collars, three night-shirts, a pair of slippers, and two broad Grand Cross ribbons, one red, the other blue; in the third were packed a brand-new dress-suit, six pairs of white gloves, and three pairs of patent-leather boots. M. Loubet was starting for Dunkirk to meet his guests.

III

My first impression of the young sovereigns was very different from what I had expected. Judging by the fantastic measures taken in anticipation of their arrival, and by the atmosphere of suspicion and mystery that had been created around them, we had pictured them as grave, solemn, haughty, mystical, and distrustful, and our thoughts had turned, in spite of ourselves, to the court of Ivan the Terrible rather than to that of Peter the Great.

Then, suddenly, the impression was changed. When we saw them close at hand, we beheld a very affectionate couple, simple and kindly, anxious to fall in with everybody's wishes, who obviously hated official pomp and ceremony, liked to be unreserved, and regretted the continual separation by impenetrable barriers from the rest of the world. We detected in the laughter in his eyes a frank and youthful gaiety that itched at restraint; and we suspected in the melancholy of hers the secret tragedy of an over-anxious affection, and a destiny weighed down by the burden of a crown in which there were all too many thorns and too few roses. And I confess, at the risk of being anathematized by our fierce democrats, that autocracy as personified by this young couple, who would clearly have been happier between a samovar and a cradle than between a double row of bayonets — that autocracy under this aspect possessed nothing very terrifying, and even presented a certain charm. . . .

THE CZARINA IN NATIVE RUSSIAN COSTUME. THE CZARINA IS THE DAUGHTER OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S FAVORITE DAUGHTER, PRINCESS ALICE

I think that, generally, an erroneous opinion has been formed of the Czar's character. He has been called a weak man. Now, I should be inclined on this point to think, with M. Loubet, that Nicholas II.'s "weakness" is more apparent than real, and that in him, as formerly in our Napoleon III., we have "a gentle obstinate" with very strong ideas of his own, a man conscious of his power and proud of the glory of his name. To those who know how to read character from handwriting, a study of his signature is very conclusive in this respect. It is true that the slant of the letters composing the signature reveals a loving, imaginative, intuitive disposition, which feels the need of love and affection. On the other hand, his *N* indicates strength and pride, and the hook with which he ends it denotes stubbornness.

Nicholas II. had met M. Loubet before, at the time of his second visit to France. When the Czar first came to France, in 1896, M. Loubet was president of the Senate, and, in this capacity, had not only been presented to the sovereign, but had received a visit from him. In this connection, the late M. Félix Faure used to tell an amusing story, which he said that he had from the Czar direct.

It was after a luncheon at the Élysée Palace. Nicholas II. told President Faure that he would like to call on the president of the Senate, and expressed a wish to go to the Palais du Luxembourg (which was then M. Loubet's residence), if possible, incognito. A landau was at once provided, without an escort; and the Czar stepped in, accompanied by General de Boisdeffre. At that hour the peaceful Luxembourg quarter was almost deserted. The people in the streets, expecting the Czar to drive back to the Russian Embassy, had drifted in that direction to cheer him.

Wishing first to find out whether M. Loubet was at home, General de Boisdeffre ordered the coachman to stop a few yards from the palace, opposite the gate of the Luxembourg gardens, where he alighted to make his inquiry, and to tell the president of the Senate that an august visitor was waiting at his door.

The Czar, left alone in the carriage, and delighted at the feeling of freedom and ease,

looked out of the window with all the zest of a school-boy playing truant, and saw before him one of those picturesque street-Arabs who seem to sprout between the paving-stones of Paris. This particular specimen, seated against the railings, with his nose in the air, was whistling the refrain of the Russian national hymn. Suddenly their eyes met. The street-boy sprang to his feet — he had never seen the Czar, but he had seen his photograph, and the likeness was striking.

"Suppose it is Nicholas?" he said to himself, greatly puzzled.

He resolved to make sure without delay. Walking up to within a yard of the carriage, and bobbing his head, he shouted in a hoarse voice to the unknown foreigner:

"How's the Czarina?"

Picture his stupefaction — for, in fact, he thought that it was only a good joke — when the stranger replied, with a smile:

"Thank you, the Czarina is very well, and is delighted with her journey."

The boy lost his tongue. He stared at the speaker in dismay, and then, raising his cap, stalked away slowly, very slowly, to mark his dignity.

Nicholas II. afterward often amused himself by scandalizing the formal set around him with the story of this private interview with a genuine Parisian.

IV

If, on his second stay, he did not come in contact with the people, he none the less enjoyed the satisfaction of being admirably received.

The episodes of the first day of this memorable visit — from the moment when, on the deck of the *Standart*, lying off Dunkirk, the sovereigns, as is customary whenever they leave their yacht, received the salute of the sailors and the blessing of the old priest in his violet cossack — have been too faithfully chronicled in the press for me to linger over them here. It was a magnificent landing, amid the thunder of guns and the hurrahs of an enthusiastic populace. Then came the journey from Dunkirk to Compiègne, a real triumphal progress, in which the cheers along the line seemed to travel almost as fast as the train, for they were linked from town to town, from village to village, from farm to farm. At last came the arrival, at nightfall, in the little illuminated town, followed by the torch-light procession, in which the fantastic figure of the red Cossack stood out, as he clung to the back of the Czarina's carriage; the entrance into the courtyard of the château, all ablaze with light; the slow ascent of the staircases, lined with cuirassiers, standing immovable with drawn swords, and powdered footmen in blue liveries *à la française;** and, lastly, the presentations, enlivened at a certain moment by the artless question which a minister's wife, in a great state of excitement, and anxious to please, addressed to the Czarina:

"How are your little ones?"

V

Although, from the time of leaving Dunkirk, I had taken up my duties, which, as I have said, consisted more particularly in insuring the personal safety of the Czarina, I had as yet only caught a glimpse of that gracious lady. A few hours after our arrival at the château, I met her by chance, and she deigned to speak to me. I doubt whether she observed my state of flurry; and yet, that evening, she was the cause of a strange hallucination of my mind.

I had left the procession at the entrance to the drawing-rooms, to ascertain whether our orders had been faithfully carried out in and around the imperial apartments. As I penetrated the maze of long-silent corridors, filled with my own officers, impassive in their footmen's liveries, confused memories rose in my brain. I remembered a certain evening, similar to this one, when the palace was all alight for a celebration. At that time I, a young student, had come to see my kinsman, Dr. Conneau, physician to the Emperor Napoleon III. We were walking along these very corridors together, when, suddenly holding me back by the sleeve, and pointing to a proud and radiant fair-haired figure which at that moment passed through the vivid brightness of a distant gallery, he said:

"The Empress!"

Now, at the same spot, forty years after, another voice, that of one of my inspectors, whispered in my ear:

"The Empress!"

I started. In front of me, at the end of the gallery, a figure, also radiant and also fair, had suddenly come into view. Was it a dream, a fairy-tale? No; there was another Empress, that was all. In the same frame in which, as a boy, I had first set eyes on the Empress Eugénie, I now saw the Empress Alexandra coming toward me. I was so taken aback that for a moment I stood rooted to the spot, seeking to recover my presence of mind. She continued her progress, proceeding to her apartments, followed by her ladies in waiting. When she was a few yards from the place where I stood motion-

*The *habit à la française*, once a military coat, now used purely for livery, is a heavily embroidered coat, similar to that of an English flunky, but of a less voluminous cut and shorter.

less, her eyes fell upon me; then she came up to me and, holding out her white and slender hand, "I am glad to see you, M. Paoli," she said, "for I know how highly my dear grandmother, Queen Victoria, used to think of you."

What she did not know was how often Queen Victoria had spoken of her to me. That great sovereign, in fact, cherished a special affection for the child of her idolized daughter, the Grand Duchess Alice of Hesse, who had written to her from Darmstadt, on the day after the birth of the future Czarina of Russia:

"She is the personification of her nickname, 'Sunny' — much like Ella, but a smaller head, and livelier, with Ernie's dimple and expression."

Then, a few days later:

"We think of calling her Alix (Alice they pronounce too dreadfully in Germany) Helena Louisa Beatrice; and, if Beatrice may, we should like her to have her for godmother."

And letters like these, so pretty, so touching, continued through the years that followed. The baby had grown into a little girl, the little girl into a young girl; and her mother kept Queen Victoria informed of the least details concerning the child. She was anxious, fond, and proud by turns, and she asked for advice over and over again.

"I strive to bring her up totally free from pride of her position, which is nothing save what her personal merit can make it. I feel so entirely as you do on the difference of rank, and how all-important it is for princes and princesses to know that they are nothing better or above others save through their own merit, and that they have only the double duty of living for others and of being an example, good and modest. . . ."

Returning to her children at Darmstadt after a visit to England, Princess Alice writes to the Queen:

"They eat me up! They had made wreaths over the doors, and had no end of things to tell me. . . .

"We arrived at three, and there was not a moment's rest till they were all in bed and I had heard the different prayers of the six, with all the different confidences they had to make. . . ."

Princess Alix received an exclusively English education, very simple and very healthy, the program of which included every form of physical exercise, such as bicycling, skating, tennis, and riding, and allowed her, by way of pocket-money, twelve cents a week between the ages of four and eight; twenty-five cents from eight to twelve; and fifty cents from twelve to sixteen years.

In the twenty-nine years that had passed since the first of these letters was written, what a number of events had occurred!

Princess Alice, that admirable mother, had died as the result of kissing her son "Ernie" while he was suffering from diphtheria; the royal grandmother had died quite recently. Of the seven children whose gaiety had brightened the domestic charm of the little court at Darmstadt, two had perished in a tragic fashion: first Prince Fritz, killed by an accidental fall from a window, while playing with his brother; then Princess May, by diphtheria caught at the bedside of her sister "Aliky," the present Czarina of Russia. As for the other "dear little ones," as Queen Victoria called them, they had all been dispersed by fate. Ella had become the Grand Duchess Serge of Russia; Enric had succeeded his father on the throne of Hesse; two of his sisters had married, one Prince Henry of Prussia, the other Prince Louis of Battenberg; and the last had become the wearer of the heaviest of all crowns.

As I looked at her, I remembered those letters that an august and kindly condescension had permitted me to read, and the gentle emotion with which the good and great Queen had used to speak of the Princess Alice and of her daughter, the present Czarina of Russia. Her features had not yet acquired, under the imperial diadem, that air of settled melancholy which the obsession of a perpetual danger was later to give her. In the brilliancy of her full-blown youth, which set a gladsome pride upon the high, straight forehead, in the golden sheen of her queenly hair, in her grave and limpid blue eyes, through which shot gleams of sprightliness in her smile, still marked by "Ernie's dimples" of her girlish days, I recognized her to whom the fond imagination of a justly proud mother had awarded, in her cradle, the pretty nickname of "Sunny."

She stopped before me for a few moments. Before moving away, she said:

"I believe you are commissioned to 'look after' me?"

"That is so, madame," I replied.

"I hope," she responded, laughing, "that I shall not give you too much worry."

I dared not confess to her that it was not only worry, but perpetual anguish, that her presence and the Czar's was causing us.

VI

We had to be continually on the watch, to have trustworthy men at every door, in every passage, on every floor; we had to superintend the least details. I remember, for instance, standing by for nearly two hours while the Czarina's dresses were being unpacked, so great was our fear lest a disguised bomb might be slipped into one of the numerous trunks while the women were arranging the gowns in the special presses and cupboards intended for them. Lastly, day and night, we went on constant rounds, both inside and outside of the château.

On the occasion of one of these minute investigations, I met with a rather interesting adventure. Not far from the apartments reserved for the Czarina Alexandra's ladies was an unoccupied room, the door of which was locked. It appeared that during the Empire this room had been used by Madame Bruante, the Prince Imperial's governess, wife of Admiral Bruante. At a time when every apartment in the château was thrown open for the visit of our imperial guests, why did this one alone remain closed? I was unable to say. In any case, my duty obliged me to leave no corner unexplored; and, on the first evening, I sent for a bunch of keys. After a few ineffectual attempts the lock yielded, the door opened, and — imagine my bewilderment. In a charming disorder, tin soldiers, dancing-dolls, rocking-horses, and beautiful picture-books lay higgledy-piggledy in the middle of the room, around a great, ugly plush bear!

I inquired, and found that they were the Prince Imperial's toys: they had been left there and forgotten for thirty years. And an interesting fact was that the big bear was the last present made by the Czar Alexander II. to the little prince.

I softly closed the door that I had opened upon the past, resolved to respect those playthings; there are memories it were better not to awaken.

The next morning chance allowed me a sight that many a photographer would have been glad to "snap." The Czar and Czarina, who are both very early risers, had gone down to the garden, accompanied by their beautiful white Russian hound, Lofki. It had been expected that the Czar would go shooting that morning, in anticipation of which the keepers had spent the night filling the park with pheasants, reindeer, and hares. Their labors were wasted. Nicholas II. preferred to stroll round the lawns with the Czarina. She was bareheaded, and had put up a parasol against the sun, which was of dazzling brightness; she carried a camera slung over her shoulder. The young couple, whom I followed hidden behind the shrubbery, turned their steps toward the covered walk of hornbeams that Napoleon I. had had made for Marie-Louise, hoping, no doubt, to find in the shade of this beautiful leafy vault, which autumn was already decking with its copper hues, a discreet solitude suited to the billing and cooing of the lovers that they were. But the departments of public ceremony and public safety were on the lookout: already, inside the bosky tunnel, fifty soldiers, commanded by a lieutenant, were presenting arms!

The sovereigns had to make the best of a bad job. The Czar reviewed the men with a serious face, and the Czarina photographed them, and promised to send the lieutenant a print as soon as the plate was developed. Thereupon the Czar and Czarina walked away in another direction. A charming little wood appeared before their eyes. Lofki was running ahead of them. Suddenly, a furious barking was heard, and four gendarmes emerged from behind a clump of fir-trees and, presenting arms, gave the military salute.

There was nothing to be done, and the sovereigns again gaily accepted the situation. With a burst of merry laughter, they turned on their heels, resolved to go back to the château. By way of consolation, the Czarina amused herself by photographing her husband, who, in his turn, took a snap-shot of his wife.

They showed no bitterness on account of the disappointment that their walk must have caused them. In fact, to anybody who asked him, on his return, if he had enjoyed his stroll, Nicholas II. contented himself with saying:

"Oh, yes; the grounds are beautiful. And I now know what you mean by 'a well-minded property'!"

VII

Life was being arranged in the great palace and every one settling down as if we were to stay there for a month, instead of three days. The head of the kitchens, acting under the inspiration of the head of the ceremonial department, was cudgeling his brains to bring his menus into harmony with politics by introducing subtle alliances of French and Russian dishes. The musicians were tuning their violins for the gala concert of the evening, and Mme. Bartet, that divine actress, was preparing to utter, in her entrancing voice, M. Edmond Rostand's famous lines beginning, "Oh! Oh! Voici une impératrice!"* The Czarina, at first a little lost amid these new surroundings, had found a friend in the Marquise de Montebello, our agreeable am-

* "Oho! An empress comes this way!"

bassadress in St. Petersburg, of whom people used to say that she justified Turgenieff's epigram, that wherever you see a Frenchwoman you see all France. The most complete serenity seemed to reign among the inhabitants of the château; but, all the while, a solemn question was stirring men's minds. Would the Czar go to Paris? As it was, the people of Paris were disappointed because the reception had not been held in the capital, as in 1896. Would he give it the compensation of a few hours' visit? A special train was waiting, with steam up, in the station at Compiègne; long confabulations took place between the Czar and M. Waldeck-Rousseau; a luncheon was planned at the Élysée, with a view to the entertainment of an illustrious guest; secret orders were given to the police. In short, everybody hoped that Nicholas II. intended to carry out a plan that was generally ascribed to him.

Nothing came of it. The Czar did not go to Paris.

This sudden change of purpose was interpreted in various ways. It was suspected that the Prime Minister was at the bottom of it, M. Waldeck-Rousseau having declared that he could not answer for the Czar's safety, in view of the inadequate nature of the preparations. In reality, we never learned the true reasons, and I have often asked myself whether this regrettable decision should not be attributed to the influence of Philip.

Who was Philip? A strange, disconcerting being, with something of the quack about him, and something of the prophet, who followed the Czar like a shadow.

His story, from start to finish, was an astounding one. He was a native of Lyons — a Frenchman, therefore — who pretended, with the assistance of mystical practices and of inner voices, which he summoned forth and consulted, to be able to cure maladies, forestall dangers, and foresee future events. He gave consultations and wrote prescriptions, for he did not reject the aid of science. And, as he came within the law that forbids the illegal practice of medicine, he hit upon the expedient of marrying his daughter to a doctor, who acted as his man of straw.

His waiting-room was never empty from the day when the Grand Duke Nicholas Michaelovitch, chancing to pass through Lyons and to hear of this mysterious personage, thought that he would consult him about his rheumatism. What happened? This much is certain: the Grand Duke, on returning to Russia, declared that Philip had cured him as if by magic, and that he possessed the power not only of driving out pain, but of securing the fulfilment of every wish.

The Czar, at that time, was longing for an heir. Greatly impressed by his cousin's stories and by his profound conviction, he resolved to summon the miracle-monger to St. Petersburg. This laid the foundation of Philip's fortunes. Highly intelligent, gifted with the manners of an apostle and an appearance of absolute disinterestedness, and admirably served by his lucky star, he gradually succeeded in acquiring a hold not only on the imperial family, but on the whole court. People began to believe very seriously in his supernatural powers. Respected and made much of, he had free access to the sovereigns, and ended by supplanting both doctors and advisers. He also treated cases at a distance, by suggestion. Whenever he obtained leave to go home on a visit, he kept up with his illustrious clients an exchange of telegrams that would tend to make us smile, if they did not stupefy us at the thought of such a degree of credulity. Thus, a person of quality would wire:

"Suffering violent pains head; entreat give relief."

Whereupon Philip would at once reply:

"Have concentrated thought on pain; expect cure between this and five o'clock tomorrow."

This is not an invention: I have seen the telegrams. He must apparently have effected a number of cures, for people to have had so blind a faith in his mediation. In fact, I believe that the power of the will is such that, in certain affections that depended partly upon the nervous system, he succeeded in suggesting to a patient that he was not, and could not, be ill.

However, what was bound to happen happened. His star declined from the day when people became persuaded that he was not infallible. The Czar's set precipitated his disgrace when the Czarina brought into the world another daughter instead of the promised son. One fine day Philip went back to Lyons for good. He died there a few years ago; and in the following year the mighty empire had an heir.

At the time of the visit of the sovereigns to Compiègne Philip was still at the height of favor. He accompanied our imperial hosts; and his presence at the château surprised us as much as anything. In fact, like the Doge of Venice who came to Versailles under Louis XIV., he himself might have said:

"What astonishes me most is to see myself here!"

But Philip was astonished at nothing. Desirous of retaining his personality in the midst of that gold-laced crowd, he walked about the apartments in a gray suit and brown shoes.

We took him for an anarchist on the first day, and he was within an ace of being arrested.

Our extreme distrust, to which the unfortunate Philip nearly fell a victim, was only too well justified. I believe that I am not guilty of an indiscretion — for the memorable events of 1901 are now a matter of history — when I say that there was an attempt, an attempt of which our guests never heard, because a miraculous accident enabled us to defeat its execution in the nick of time.

A criminal attack had been planned, to be made during a visit of the sovereigns to the Cathedral of Rheims; for they had expressed a desire to see the inside of that exquisite fabric. On learning of their Majesties' intention, our colleagues of the Russian police displayed the greatest nervousness.

"Nothing could be easier," they told us, a few days before the visit, "than for a terrorist to deposit a bomb in some dark place — under a chair, behind a confessional, or at the foot of a statue. The interior of the cathedral must be watched from this moment, together with the people who enter it."

Although we had already thought of this, they decided, on their part, to intrust this task to an "informer" — in other words, a spy — of Belgian nationality, who had joined the Russian detective service. Hennion, always prudent, hastened to set a watch on the "informer." Twenty-four hours later one of his men came to him in a great fright.

"M. Hennion," he said, "I have obtained proof that the 'informer' is connected with a gang of terrorists. They are preparing an attack in the cathedral!"

Hennion did not hesitate a moment. He hastened to Rheims, instituted a police search in a room that the "informer" had hired under a false name, and seized letters that left no doubt whatever as to the existence of the plot. The "informer" himself was to do the work!

He was immediately arrested and questioned.

"I swear that I know nothing about it," he exclaimed, "and that's the plain truth!"

"Very well," said Hennion, who held absolute proof. "Take this man to prison," he ordered, "since he's telling the truth, and bring him back to me when he decides to tell a lie."

The next day the man confessed.

This was the only tragic episode that occurred during the imperial visit. Nevertheless, in spite of the satisfaction that we had felt at receiving the Czar and Czarina, we heaved a sigh of relief when, on the following day, we saw the train that was to take them back to Russia steam out of the station.

They were still alive, God be praised! But that was almost more than could be said of us.

[THE JUNE INSTALMENT OF M. PAOLI'S REMINISCENCES WILL DEAL WITH HIS RECOLLECTIONS OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF ITALY]

THE MOCKING SHEPHERDS

BY

ANITA FITCH

O SHEPHERD Morning, tell me,
What joy is mine to-day?

The one beyond the milk-white field,
The farthest field away.

O Shepherd Noontime, tell me,
Is joying anywhere?

'Tis gossip that the pool o' dreams
Hath drowned a joying fair.

O Shepherd Evening, tell me,
Where lies my life's sweet thing?

Where leads the road unto thy cot:
Behind thy wandering.

M. XAVIER PAOLI

Since M. Paoli began to publish his "Reminiscences of the Kings and Queens of Europe" in McClure's Magazine, the editor has received a great many letters asking for further information about M. Paoli himself. In answer to these he publishes the following sketch by René Lara, the well-known political writer whom "Le Figaro" once sent to the United States to interview President McKinley.

WHEN the time comes for writing the history of the Third French Republic,— not its political history, which is already sufficiently well known, but its picturesque, anecdotic, private history,— when that comes to be written, it is certain that a long chapter, and one of the most interesting, will be devoted to M. Paoli.

M. Paoli is a unique figure in the group of French functionaries who have rendered real and precious service to their country. His official title was until very recently, and had been for twenty-five years, that of Special Commissioner of Railways for the Ministry of the Interior. This somewhat commonplace title, intentionally obscure, tells nothing of the man or his office. Attached to the political police, he plays the part of a sort of Sherlock Holmes, but a very high and particular kind of Sherlock Holmes, until now unknown. M. Paoli's threefold and delicate mission was to watch over the foreign sovereigns and princes who for the last twenty-five years have been coming to France incognito, to facilitate their relations with the Government, and, to quote M. Paoli's own words, "to make their stay among us as pleasant as possible."

After the fall of the Empire, the French Republic was by no means popular with foreign courts. The daughter of the Commune of 1871, her cap still vaguely besmirched, her acts problematical, Royalty was afraid of her, hardly daring to visit her. M. Paoli came to personify the Republic to them and gave them confidence. What tribute could have been more flattering, indeed, than the invitation that he received from Queen Victoria to be present at her Jubilee, and to accept the hospitality of Buckingham Palace? And after her death the royal family begged him to be present at her obsequies, and during all the sad solemnities treated him as a faithful and devoted friend.

No more eloquent testimony to the success of his methods could be found than the remark of the King of England — then the Prince of Wales — when, in the railway station of Brussels, he was fired upon by the young anarchist, Sipido. "If Paoli had been here," he said, "the rascal would have been arrested before he could have used his weapon."

In fact, M. Paoli has always been able to shield his clients from painful surprises and dramatic dangers. His art was always to appear ignorant of the fact that there were anarchists in the world, while at the same time keeping the strictest watch upon them.

It is a curious fact that in the discharge of his delicate duties he never carried a weapon. The King of Siam was greatly disconcerted when he learned that M. Paoli had been charged to protect him during his visit to France in 1896.

"But where are your weapons?" he repeatedly asked.

M. Paoli may be the most decorated functionary in France; he possesses forty-two foreign decorations. His very modest apartment on the rue Bourdalour is a museum that has no equal, harboring portraits of all the sovereigns of yesterday and to-day. Alphonso XIII. and his young wife are in company with the royal pair of Italy; the Czar of Russia seems to be conversing with the Emperor of Austria; the Queen of Saxony receives the salutation of the King of the Bulgarians; the aged King Christian is smiling upon his innumerable grandchildren; the Prince of Wales is talking with his son; the Shah of Persia gazes upon the Bay of Tunis; and, dominating all these crowned heads, the good Queen Victoria, smiling from her golden frame, looks happily around upon all her family. To these photographs, each with its precious autograph, are added most touching testimonials of affection and esteem, letters that were written by sovereign hands, jewels of inestimable price, the gifts of august clients.

As may easily be perceived, the "Guardian of Kings" has often been asked to write his memoirs. But, precisely because he has been the traveling companion of the illustrious guests of the nation, he has believed himself bound to absolute silence and a perhaps excessive discretion.

Happily, arguments have at last prevailed over these exaggerated scruples. M. Paoli, therefore, yielded to the request of Mr. McClure to commit to writing the story of his many journeys in the company of kings, and to revive his memories of former days.

RENE LARA.

PARIS, March 1, 1910.

THE GLAMOUR

BY

OSCAR GRAEVE

AUTHOR OF "THE PROBLEM"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. FOSMIRE

UNTIL the night when Joe arrived home and found Lincoln alighting from a taxicab in front of his door, he had not understood how much more successful than himself Lincoln had been. It was the taxicab that made him realize the fact completely; it seemed a symbol of Lincoln's prosperity. Joe had traveled home to Brooklyn, as usual, in the subway and the elevated, and taxicabs were as much beyond his dreams as French touring-cars.

"Hello, Joe!" called Lincoln, when he caught sight of him. "I telephoned your office to see if I could bring you down with me, but you'd just gone."

Joe felt an instant's regret as he thought of the effect of his arrival upon his neighbors.

"Hello, Linc," he replied. "I wish you had caught me. The subway was fierce to-night — crowded, hot. Awful hot, anyway, isn't it?"

They went up the dingy stairs of the flat-house together, talking, Joe fumbling for his key while Lincoln's fingers gripped his other arm. It was the same old Lincoln, Joe saw. Nevertheless, there was a new sense of constraint between the two men, which, to Joe at least, was very palpable. They were at Joe's door before Lincoln asked, with a certain hesitancy in his voice: "How's Mary?"

"Pretty good," Joe answered. "Here she is herself."

Mary laughed, blushed, and took Lincoln's hat.

"Come in, boys," she said, "and go in front. Dinner's almost ready and I'll call you in a minute."

"Now, don't fuss, Mary," Lincoln protested. "Anything's good enough for me. When Joe asked me down, I told him I'd come after dinner; but he said that wouldn't do."

"Sure, that's right," Mary assured him. "It's a long time since we've eaten together, Linc — I mean we three," she added.

The men went into the small front room —the "parlor."

"Come up and sit by the window, Linc,

where you can get what breeze there is. I won't light the gas, for it would make it hotter."

Lincoln took the green rocker by the window, and fanned himself with a newspaper. Both men had removed their coats.

"What I should have done, Joe," he said, "was to have invited you and Mary down to have supper with me at the Island. There's a new Italian table d'hôte down there which is first-class—Tosti's. Been there?"

"No," said Joe shortly. He was thinking that his friend was sorry he had come. Well, he didn't blame him. It certainly would be a relief to get out of these wretched rooms for one night. He remembered some little suppers he had enjoyed down at the Island, during his bachelor days, with girls whose society he enjoyed, but to whom he owed no— He stopped his reflections at that point, and said to Lincoln:

"It's just about a month you've been back from Utah, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Been around much? Many changes?"

"Oh, Lord, yes," Lincoln answered. "Why, even in the three years I've been away the Island has become a different place. You remember——"

Joe was apparently listening while the other rambled on. Occasionally he nodded yes or no, once or twice he laughed; but all the while his thoughts were spinning their own web. Why had he asked his friend here, to show him so plainly his own poverty, his own failure? How ashamed of it he was—of this flat in a cheap neighborhood; of the gaudy furniture, bought at ridiculously high prices from an instalment house; of everything—of himself, of—his wife.

Mary's voice calling cheerily, "Come on! Come on!" interrupted both Lincoln's reminiscences and Joe's reflections.

The heat seemed intensified in the dining-room; it was too hot there to enjoy the meal. Why couldn't Mary have given them something cold, Joe wondered. The roast lamb, the boiled potatoes, the beans, everything increased his repugnance. Lincoln had his hands at his eyes, a habit of his; but to Joe the action spoke of concealed distaste and perhaps disgust. Mary hovered about the table, adjusting a plate here, another there, piling more beans on Lincoln's plate. She was unbecomingly flushed, and a strand of wet hair lay across her forehead.

"Oh, sit down, Mary," Joe said.

She glanced at him quickly. Joe had not been himself lately, but this tone was new. Then she looked at Lincoln, to see whether he too had noticed. But Lincoln's gaze was on his plate. She took her seat quietly.

There was silence for a time after this. Mary tried to begin a conversation, and Lincoln helped; but Joe sat silent. After a while Mary and Lincoln had it to themselves. There was a great deal to talk about, for Mary had been a stenographer in the office where both Lincoln and Joe had been clerks. That, of course, was before she had married Joe and before Lincoln had gone West.

"Same old crowd, hey, Joe? Old Williams, Red, Billy Ridge, Jack, and all the rest?" Lincoln finally asked Joe, directly.

"Same old crowd," Joe answered.

"Any changes—about positions, I mean?" Lincoln continued.

Joe started. How he wished he could tell him to mind his own business—not to parade his own success before them! But, oh, how much more he wished he could tell him he had been made manager, or at least head bookkeeper. But he could not, and it was foolish to get angry, so he answered in a low voice:

"Nope; same old thing."

Mary tried to get Joe's hand beneath the table. "It's a shame, Lincoln," she said. "Red's been made head bookkeeper, and Joe and I were counting on getting it."

Joe was so humiliated that he could hardly remain seated. He felt that he was placed before Lincoln as a visible failure, an object of pity. Why couldn't Mary be still?

"That was a shame, Joe," Lincoln said. "You've been there two years longer than Red."

"And we were figuring just what we could do with that extra six dollars a week," Mary went on. "We were going to move down to Willoughby Street, Joe's old neighborhood, so he could save half an hour going and coming from business. Joe has been looking for another position, but he can't seem to find anything. Lincoln, if you should——"

"For heaven's sake, Mary,"—Joe had risen, and his chair fell back with a crash,—"don't you know when to shut up!"

Afterward Joe remembered how Mary's face went white at his words, and how she—it seemed ridiculous then—wiped her lips with her napkin again and again. Lincoln also arose, and put his arm around Joe's shoulder.

"What's the matter, old man?" he said. "Something's wrong. Feel sick?"

The three stood silent for a moment, the others waiting for Joe to speak, thinking that he must be ill. Meanwhile, his thoughts were

"'FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, MARY, DON'T YOU KNOW WHEN TO SHUT UP!'"

running like red fire through his brain, burning and searing. Yes, he was sick, sick of it all — of his work, of his home, of his married life! If he hadn't been engaged to Mary he could have gone West with Lincoln, and he, too, could go to dinner at Tosti's, and ride in taxicabs, and talk casually of prominent men. It was Mary who had robbed him of these things. It was marriage that had killed, or rather crushed, his ambitions, enslaved him, chained him down to poverty and ridicule and — he writhed at the word — pity. Yes, he was sick — sick — sick unto death of it!

He remembered that they were waiting for him to compose himself. He looked up, and his glance went directly past Mary's anxious face.

"It — it's the heat, I guess," he said. "I'm sorry I've been such a fool." He looked around — oh, to be away from them! "If you don't mind," he continued, "I'll step out into the street for a minute. You wait with Mary, Linc, until I return."

"Don't you think I'd better go with you, Joe?" Lincoln offered.

"Or me!" Mary exclaimed.

"No, I — I think it's best for me to go alone." He smiled curiously at them, and went into the bedroom for his hat and coat. In a minute they heard him in the hall. "Good-by," he called out, and they answered together, "Don't be long!" Then the door slammed.

The heat had been cruel that week. Men lifted their white, sweat-lined faces to the blazing sky apathetically; they were past the triviality of complaint. The sunlight was avoided like a dread thing, and they slunk along the shaded sides of the streets like whipped dogs. The heat stripped the masks from men's faces, stripped them of what lay beneath the masks — of pride, greed, lust, or of love and light — and left the suffering showing naked. Oh, it was unbearably hot that week!

But to-night, when Joe came out into the street, the breath of one of those cool waves that suddenly bless the sun-ridden city was creeping along the sides of the houses and lifting the papers and dust from the gutters. Joe raised his face to it, breathing it in deeply through his open mouth. His thoughts had stopped their mad racing. He was without purpose. All of his subsequent acts that night were without premeditation; he was like an inanimate thing swept on from accident to accident, like one of the scraps of paper that the breeze blew down the street against iron railings, store signs, and lamp-posts.

He walked to the corner, and, beneath the

light of the lamp, drew from his pocket what money he had. There was eight dollars and seventy-five cents, including five pennies. He divided the amount, throwing the coin left by the division into the street, returned to the entrance of his flat, and dumped half of the money into the letter-box that bore his name. He then walked down the avenue ten or perhaps twenty blocks. Presently he boarded a car going in the same direction, and rode until it reached a railway station, where he alighted and went into the station. In the waiting-room, he read over the bulletins, first consulting a large clock that glared from the wall. It was a quarter after eight. Bulletin No. 12 showed that a train would leave at eight twenty-eight for Westbury, Huntington, and King's Park. He went to the ticket booth.

"A ticket for King's Park, please," he said casually.

"And return?" asked the man.

"No."

The transaction left him with three dollars and a few odd cents. He boarded the train, and sat without impatience, waiting for it to start. Perhaps the waiting made him think of Mary and Lincoln sitting home waiting for him. He laughed aloud, and people sitting near turned to look at him inquiringly.

That night he slept beneath the open sky, sheltered only by what protection a hay-rick gave. He had gone to the city from up the State ten years before, and knew the ways of the country. The next morning he breakfasted on milk stolen from a cow as she stood in a field, and on berries gathered along the roadside. Occasionally, with curious indifference, he thought of Mary and Lincoln. He wondered how they had acted when he did not return — what they had said, how they had looked. He imaged the scenes in the office — the miserable office. How he hated its routine, its monotony, its deadness! He glanced around him at the smiling, golden meadows and wide, high sky, against the blue of which sailed tiny ships of clouds, silvery white as the down picked from a milkweed pod.

Well, that was over, that life. He was free! No thought of returning came to him. Marriage had stifled him, but now he was freed from its bonds. No doubt he had taken a cowardly path, but the fact remained that he was free. He was free to build again; he had his chance of success now, as Lincoln had his. But, for the present, all he wanted was rest, time in which to steady his racked nerves. As for Mary — well, he knew she was perfectly capable of taking care of herself, probably better than he had been able to take care of her. He knew his flight would not affect her material comfort. That, at least, could not be marked down against him.

Evening found him asking for supper and a bed at the door of a farm-house. They were given him with fair grace, and in the morning he proffered a dollar bill, which after some demur was accepted. Still he hesitated; finally, "Can you give me any work here?" he asked the farmer.

The man looked doubtful. "Any references?"

Joe shook his head.

Mr. Clay, the farmer, did not like to express the doubts he felt. His wife was more favorable. "We need help, Will," she said.

Joe had an inspiration. "Here's my watch" — he put the heavy gold piece into the farmer's hands. "It was my father's. Keep it for security."

The man's misgivings vanished. "Take it back," he said, "and stay"; and he gave Joe his hand.

Long days of work in the open air, long nights of heavy sleep, unbroken by dreams, brought to Joe swelling muscles and tanned cheeks. They brought more: they dulled memory, with its many voices. The door that led to memories was bolted and marked "Unrest!"

Sundays, however, were troublesome. All the afternoon there was nothing to do. The farmer had two little girls, the younger of whom spent all her spare time with Joe, chatting and asking questions. She helped to pass many hours and with her tiny hands held shut the door. But Mr. and Mrs. Clay pushed the other way. They were ordinary people, but their quiet content made Joe wonder. They did not say much, but there were glances, instinct with comfort and pride in each other. They were both nearing fifty, yet there was something in their happiness and content that hurt while it swelled the heart.

So July and August went by, and September reigned. And one night in September, not from any sudden accident, not from any touchstone remembrance, the door flew open. It was but the natural force that had been gathering behind it; it had been too completely closed and barred. And with the flood that rushed from it, with its accompanying light, Joe saw himself as he was.

He saw what had entered his married life — his and Mary's — and he saw what had broken it. He saw that it was not poverty, the daily toil, the commonplaceness, that mattered. The trouble was that they had neglected the romance; they had stripped away the glamour. There was no mystery, no allurement left. He

saw it all clearly; and he saw that, while Mary's hands had helped, his had been the more cruel.

Suddenly his thoughts turned to Mary, the woman; he thought of the lovely curve of her tinted cheek, the swell of her bosom beneath the cheap print waist, of her round white arms, and her lips. He thought of the little intimate things of their married life. And he cried aloud that he wanted her — God, he wanted her!

So it was not the spirit alone that was sending him back. The flesh, too, had its part in that wonderful and imperative call to return. And perhaps, after all, that was as it should be.

The next morning, at the first opportunity, he told Mr. Clay that he was going. The way in which he told it showed the quality of the light that had entered into his being. "I left my wife," he said simply, "and now I'm going back to ask her to forgive me."

Mr. Clay sighed. "Well, you've been a great help, and I'm sorry you have to go. I didn't know ——" He looked at Joe with curiosity, but the latter's expression, although placid, did not invite questions. "When are you going, Joe?" he asked.

"I've figured that the best train for me to leave on will be the six-eighteen. That will bring me home about eight-thirty."

He said good-by to them that evening. He kissed the children; and when he came to Mrs. Clay, he took her hand and put it to his lips. The woman flushed and half pulled her hand away. "You've been awful nice to me," Joe explained. He meant more than the words expressed.

"Come and see us sometime," Mr. Clay urged.

"I sure will," said Joe, "and bring my wife — if I can," he added.

He left them standing beneath the two apple trees that sheltered the front steps. When he had gone a little way, Mr. Clay called after him: "Good-by, and good luck to you."

Joe waved his thanks.

Not until he was seated in the train did he have any doubts about finding Mary. His thought visualized the scene on the night he had left. He saw Mary and Lincoln sitting at the disordered table. From the picture leaped the expression of Lincoln's face. Joe suddenly remembered the great tenderness it wore; but he also remembered that the pitying eyes were not on him, but upon Mary. "Good old Lincoln!" he thought. It was not until half an hour later that the thought of Lincoln made him burn.

"LINCOLN'S WILD CLUTCH ON HIS ARM AND LINCOLN'S WILD VOICE IN HIS EARS"

As the disk of a song revolves on a phonograph, so his mind, in turning, had come upon forgotten incidents in which Lincoln and Mary figured. He recalled Mary saying that Lincoln, a long while ago, had asked her to marry him, and her tender confession that even then he, Joe, was the reason for her refusal. From that time on the question that continually arose before him was, "What has Mary done since I've been away?" and always intruding on the question was the face of Lincoln, with its tender eyes fixed on Mary's white face.

When he finally reached the corner of the street where he had lived, he was so shaken by doubt that he stopped short. Suppose Mary had moved away? Why should she keep the flat? What use would she have for him now, anyway? He felt it idle to go on.

"And what of Lincoln?" came, in a flash.

This sent him forward with knitted brows and clenched hands. The powerful springs of jealousy were stronger than the sense of his own unworthiness.

He did not stop until he had reached the door of the flat-house. There he nearly collided with a man coming out. Both started back, and Joe saw that the other man was Lincoln.

"'NO, I HAVEN'T SUFFERED'"

The two gazed at each other, with distrust on one side, contempt on the other. After a moment Lincoln spoke:

"What have you come back for?"

Joe straightened. "To ask Mary if I can stay."

"I can answer for her, Joe, and spare you both the pain. She's got no further use for you."

Joe's light went out, his spirit broken, perhaps, too easily; but for the last two hours doubts had fought skilfully. For a moment he felt that he must receive the message from Mary herself.

"I must hear her say that myself, Lincoln," he said.

"I can't let you, Joe. Mary isn't well; a scene might be dangerous. For her sake, I ask you to go."

"Is — is it you now, Lincoln?"

"After the divorce it will be!" Lincoln's voice was hard and well controlled, but his face burned red.

"Well, good-by, Lincoln," said Joe, as he turned to walk away unsteadily.

He was half-way down the block before he felt Lincoln's wild clutch on his arm and Lincoln's wild voice in his ears, crying, "Go back, you fool! I can't — I can't ——" He flung himself over against the wall, and stood there sobbing, oblivious of the lighted street and the people passing.

Joe did not even glance at him. He turned and, in a walk broken by running, went back. With his mind still dazed, he was at the door of the flat,— his home! — with hand raised to knock. But his fingers fell on the knob; he turned it and the door opened.

It was very dark inside, and he felt his way along the hall and into the front room, pausing once or twice to listen, wondering why he did not call to her. But he was hardly in the room when he saw that Mary was there, seated

by the window, a black silhouette against the gray. He waited for her to speak, but finally he was forced to break the silence with the single word: "Mary!"

"You've come back, Joe," she answered.

"Yes."

"Why?" Her tone was lifeless.

"To ask you — oh, Mary, what have you been doing? How have you been living? Have you been well? Have you suffered?"

"No," — her voice was still calm,— "I haven't suffered. I got a position as a stenographer under my maiden name, and I've held it all this time — until last week. I've been quite well."

They were silent again, while, through the darkness, crept the sounds of the street: the cries of children; a woman singing; a man's laugh coarsened by drink and ending in an oath; the sliding buzz of the trolley — the whole composite of sounds that is silence to the city-dweller, except in moments like these that Joe and Mary were living.

Again it was Joe who was compelled to speak: "Shall — shall I go away again, Mary?"

He waited for her answer, but it did not come. "Shall I?" he repeated.

He waited again, peering through the blackness. As his eyes became accustomed to the dark, he saw that her arms were on the window-sill and her head resting on them. Suddenly he knew that she was crying.

He sprang toward her, and after a moment's hesitation his hand fell on her shoulder. "Mary!" he said.

She swung around, and her hands clutched him. "Oh, Joey — oh, Joey!" And afterward: "Don't ever go away from me again, Joey! You're the only one — the only one for me." Her voice went low and vibrant, so that he had to bend near to hear, and, bending, he felt her quiver. "And I need you now more than ever. That's why I had to give up my position. Lean nearer, Joey, so that I can whisper in your ear." . . .

He sank to his knees before her, his hands in her lap, clasped by her hands. He was thrilled, tender, bold. The woman before him was a mystery, yet as clear to his eyes as a shallow brook running over pebbles. He was a bit afraid of her, yet wonderfully conscious of her love for him. She was as mysterious, as wonderful, as vital to him as life itself. For the romance had returned.

LOVE OF FRIENDS

PROVIDENCE is like the sky,
Like the sun and rain;
Love of Friends is of the ground:
Fragrance, fragrance how profound
In the time of pain!

Was it Asia, was it Spring
Touched the barren bowers?
Quick, delicious, curative,
What was this ye gave and give,
O my world of flowers?

Sweetnesses, a spirit sea,
Welled and overflowed:
Weakened in the Vale of Dread,
There on sweetnesses I fed.
Every breath bestowed

Heaped on one unworthy heart
Balm which never ends.
Dead, I shall inhale it yet,
(Ah, verbena, mignonette!)
Precious Love of Friends.

THE BLUE PEARL

BY

NEITH BOYCE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT EDWARDS

I. Some Letters

PARIS, October 4.

HAROLD, how could you send me that story? How could you write it, *print* it? My own story, that I told you in confidence — if there is such a thing! I am too astounded, too *hurt*, to write about it. I don't know what to make of it, or of you.

ANNE ARMITAGE.

PARIS, October 6.

My dear Harold: I am sure you would not knowingly do anything you did not think right. I am sure you would not knowingly do anything to hurt me. Therefore this action of yours means some essential difference in your and my way of looking at things, or of feeling. Perhaps we can find out what it is when we meet. Writing is so useless now. ANNE.

PARIS, October 7.

Harold, I have just read that story of yours again. It is very, very well done — it's brilliant. But it's terribly cruel — cruel of you to take what happened to me, and turn and twist it the way you did to make a good story. It's so terribly cold-blooded of you — I cannot understand. Surely, if you cared in the least for me, you couldn't have done it. That's what hurts most — more even than the humiliating position you've put me in toward *him*. You've taken my story — and his — and twisted it just enough to make it all wrong. You treat him so badly, you're so unjust to him — and when I told you about it I tried to show you how it was not really his fault. You make him out such a brute, and he is anything but that. And he is almost sure to see that story — because of knowing about you — and he is in New York now. And there's no mistaking it — why, you have put in that incident on the yacht *literally*. Of course he will believe that I told the story to you *that way*, and that I was willing you should print it. I don't understand how you could do it. Why — not to be able to tell you things, even secrets, without seeing them in print! Forgive me, but I am very unhappy.

PARIS, October 9.

I went and looked my farewell to the Sainte Chapelle to-day — my first and best love in Paris. Do you remember the last time we went there together, and the walk back in the twilight? I was so happy that day. You were so charming. I understood everything you said,— your way of feeling,— and it fascinated me, it was so different. It *pleased* me so deeply, you can't know. Your unworldliness, your love of beauty, your humble feeling about yourself, and your pride in what you wanted to do, a kind of high impersonality in your way of looking at life, almost austerity, yet the *warmth* of your love of beauty — I had never *felt* them so much before, I had never loved them so much.

All my life I have seen so much of the other sort of thing. I have lived always among people who cared only for *people*, for the social game — the values of different people, their opinions, what they could be made to count for, how one could count with them; and other things, art and so on, were only a sort of decoration or amusement. People were the real thing, the serious thing. It was like a game of chess, and if you were clever you moved the pieces and played your game. If you weren't clever you were played with, or swept off the board. Then, there was the *human* side of it, too. I was taught that one must think about people, study them — that one must consider their feelings and not hurt them, at least without a reason. One lived in the midst of people, and one must be *always awake* — not go round with one's head in the clouds and one's feet trampling on conventions or other people's toes.

That was manners; that was the decent thing to do.

I saw from the first that you were not a social person. With a higher intelligence than most people, with all your personal distinction, you were not socially at ease. You did not get on with people. You were cold, difficult. But I saw the fine side of that. I saw how disinterested you were, how you never had an ax to grind, how independent and honest you were, how apart from all shams and snobbishness, how you were interested only in real things. And yet — I somehow felt you missed the *human* part of the social game. You cared too little for people; you were apart from them; you did not mind hurting them, ruffling them, in little ways. You did not care whether they liked you or not — you were rather *sauvage*; and they did *not* like you, as a rule.

Oh, but that day at the Sainte Chapelle I felt the appeal of *your* way of thinking and feeling; I felt how beautiful it might be to live out of the world of ambition and struggle, to let it go by, with all its hurry and dust, and to think only of ideas and lovely things, to feel beauty and try to express it and let the rest go. It almost seemed — it *did* seem possible — with you. For I know that is what you live for; I know you have a big way of looking at things. There is nothing petty about you. I can't tell you what a feeling it gave me, that we might live in that way together. It was like looking at a wonderful sunset — gold islands in a green sea — and dreaming of sailing into that sea of light. Life *could* be so beautiful. ANNE.

PARIS, October 11.

Dear Harold: Just a line to tell you not to try to meet the boat. You would have hours on the dock, and I shall have to wrestle through the customs. I'll telephone you as soon as we reach the house. I don't want to see you first where I can't *talk* to you. In haste,

ANNE.

II. Mallock's Side of It

The telephone call came as Mallock was finishing a frugal and nervous dinner at his club. He had dined alone, brusquely declining an invitation to join three acquaintances at a neighboring table. One of these men was the editor of an important magazine that had just accepted Mallock's new novel, "The Garment of Repentance," for serial publication, at a handsome figure.

The editor raised his eyebrows at Mallock's unsocial manner. "Queer fellow! Wonder if he didn't like my letter?" he reflected.

That letter had complimented the "Story of Octavia," which had appeared with success in the current number of the magazine, and which, forwarded in advance sheets by Mallock, had made the row with Anne. But to-night Mallock certainly did not wear the aspect of success — though he had now emerged from the category of "promising younger authors," though his last novel, "The Green Bay Tree," was being dramatized, and he had in the pocket of his slightly out-of-date evening coat a flattering offer from a most important publisher. On the contrary, his handsome face was overcast with gloom. He was frightfully nervous, and he hated being nervous. He both dreaded and longed for the interview with Anne, and could think of nothing until it was over.

Anne's voice over the telephone sounded full and vigorous as ever, though slightly constrained. She said she was tired, that they had had a rough trip, her mother was ill and had gone to bed, but *she* would be glad to see him as soon as possible. He abandoned his dessert, called a cab, and drove around at once.

The house that the Armitages had taken for the winter was in the East Seventies, their own house, an old brownstone farther downtown, being let for a year. This new house, Mallock found, was modern and very small. He was interested in it — in spite of his preoccupation — because of Anne's suggestion that they might keep it on after their marriage, as Mrs. Armitage meant to live abroad. Mallock had caught his breath when Anne mentioned the rental — four thousand dollars for the season. Of course it was furnished, and they might get it cheaper on a long lease.

It was then that Mallock had discovered Anne's quaint idea that it was impossible to live west of Fifth Avenue. The idea had amazed him at first — along with the rest of Anne's elaborate social code, which included so many "taboos." Later it had seemed more serious, when he thought about the fact that Anne was rich and he was poor, and that he would prefer their household to be on a scale that he personally could support. However, that, and all Anne's complex social affiliations, though they were *désagréments*, were nothing in comparison with the wonder of Anne herself and that she should care for him. *Did* she care?

While he waited a few eternal moments for her, Mallock walked about the tiny drawing-room. He could not help reflecting irrelevantly that if he sold a serial each year he could barely pay the rent of this roof-tree for the winter — for of course Anne wouldn't want to stay under it in the summer. He shivered

slightly, and paced the room feverishly from end to end.

Then he heard Anne coming down the stairs. She moved with her usual impetuosity. It sounded as if she were running silkenly to meet him. His heart beat fast, his face lit up. She flashed into the room and came straight into his arms. He had not known *how* she would meet him; he had not expected this. His head swam. She kissed him and clung to him, hid her face on his shoulder for a moment, and when she looked up again her eyes were wet with tears.

"Anne!" he cried. "Anne!"

She was strong and beautiful, her face full of vitality and energy, her mouth wilful, her eyes black and intense. These eyes, through their tears, searched Mallock's face intently, eagerly.

"Well, Harold?" she said faintly, breathlessly.

Mallock made a quick, desperate effort to guess what she was demanding of him. But he could not think. She was very beautiful, with those tears. He tightened his clasp of her.

"Anne — at last!" he said. "Oh, Anne!"

She was quiet, leaning against him. Mallock held her close. His lips touched her black, shining hair. And, holding her so, he felt she was waiting for something, he knew not what. And moment by moment he felt her, as it were, slipping away from him. He felt with terror a distance widening between them. Then she trembled. She was crying.

"You *hurt* me so!" she cried passionately.

"Hurt you?" stammered Mallock.

"Oh, you know you did ——"

"You must have known that I did not mean to hurt you."

She had drawn away from him, drying her tears with quick, impatient dashes. Her eyelids were reddened now, her chin trembling.

"But how could you *not* have known that it would hurt me? How could you not have *felt* it?"

"I don't think you ought to feel it as you do," said Mallock tremulously, very conscious that he was absurd.

"But I *do* feel it!"

"Can't you wait, Anne? Let us talk it over calmly; but not just now, not the first moment I see you."

"But I can't help it. It means so much to me; it makes me so unhappy. How can you put it right — how can you?"

They were still standing nervously facing each other. Mallock's pallor, flecked with uneasy patches, his bitten lower lip, showed how she had struck home to him, while he still strove for calmness and appeared cool.

"Perhaps I cannot," he said, "if you will not hear me."

"Of course I will hear you! For what else am I waiting, hoping? But what can you say?"

"You've judged me already, then? I'm a criminal in your eyes."

To the intense bitterness of his tone Anne flashed back her answer.

"Can't you see what hurts so terribly is that you *couldn't* have done it if you had cared for me really? And, more than that,— more even than that,— you couldn't have done it if you had been as good, as fine, as I thought you."

Her voice broke. She turned away and dropped into a low chair before the unlit fire. Mallock, immobile, looked at her graceful figure in its long black satin dress, at the black coils on her bowed head, the line of her averted cheek. His face for the moment expressed only indifference and hardness — the armor that his excessively sensitive *amour-propre* instinctively seized upon against attack.

There was a long silence. At last Anne shivered and moved. She rang the bell at the side of the fireplace, and gave some orders to the butler in a colorless voice.

"Light the fire, Peter. And ask my maid for those Russian cigarettes I got in Paris."

There was silence until the fire blazed up and the cigarettes were brought.

"Will you have something to drink?" Anne asked, turning to Mallock, who still stood.

"No, thank you."

The butler went out, dropping the curtains behind him. Anne opened the big box of cigarettes and held it out to Mallock.

"Your favorite kind — I got them for you," she murmured.

"Thank you," he said ironically; "I don't think I want to smoke just now." He came toward her. "Perhaps I'd better go now? You must be very tired."

She glanced up quickly.

"No, I am not tired. Won't you sit down?"

"Thank you. If you think I am not sufficiently grilled, another turn or two I suppose would finish me."

Anne's head drooped again.

"Do sit down," she said.

Mallock took a chair at a little distance, and looked stonily at the leaping flames. The silence finally became ridiculous, and he broke it.

"Have you ever read Lewes' biography of Goethe?" he asked.

"No," said Anne.

"Well, he gives a rather interesting account of the 'Werther' incident. Probably you've read 'The Sorrows of Werther'?"

"I suppose I have."

"Goethe never wrote anything that wasn't suggested, in one way or another, by his own

"'I AM VERY UNHAPPY'"

experience. The story of Werther was an adaptation of a love affair of his — not a photographic or phonographic reproduction, mind, but a fantasy embroidered on a theme taken from his own life. The girl was a real girl, and she and the man she married were intimate friends of Goethe's. When the story came out, they quarreled with him."

"I don't blame them," said Anne.

"They found fault, as people usually do, first because the story was like them, and second because it was unlike. They abused Goethe for using a theme that suggested their relations and for introducing some variations on it."

"They were his friends," said Anne.

"Goethe wrote to them," resumed Mallock. "I don't recall the exact words, but something to the effect that they would forgive him when they had had time to think it over. Also, I believe he said that in a hundred years his story would be famous, but otherwise *they* would be forgotten."

"Horrible prig!" cried Anne. "I never knew he was such an egotist."

"I haven't done him justice, I'm aware. There was a good deal of sense in his letter. They were afterward reconciled to him. And it's true about 'Werther'; it's still famous, and no one would ever think of Charlotte if it weren't for the story."

"Do you think that's any consolation to Charlotte for the unkindness of her friend? Besides, Harold, really — you are not Goethe."

"That's true, if rather obvious," he said, reddening slightly. "But then, neither was Goethe at that time — I mean, he was not then world-famous. 'Werther' made him so."

"And do you really think," said Anne, after a slight pause, "that all the fame Goethe got from that story made any difference — that is, justified him at all in causing pain to those two people who were his friends?"

"You seemed to think it made a difference when you remarked a few moments ago that I was not Goethe," observed Mallock.

"Well, I do not think it makes any difference! If a thing is wrong for one person it is wrong for another. And it is certainly wrong to betray the confidence of a friend!"

Another pause.

"People are so horribly personal about it," said Mallock. "It seems to me the intelligent ones ought to be able to look at themselves objectively — or, at least, to allow the artist that privilege, even if he happens to be their friend. I don't understand that excessive reticence, that sense of the sacredness of one's little personality. Of course, Charlotte wasn't in love with Goethe; but, if she had been, it seems to me she ought to have been glad to contribute to his career, his fame, by offering her insignificant individuality as a model, if he wanted it."

Anne's black eyes opened wide, and her gaze fastened intently on Mallock's face.

"The question is not new," he went on somberly. "I imagine every artist who tries to picture life has had to meet it at some time. The great trouble is that the artist has nothing but life to get his material from; he cannot evolve it out of his inner consciousness, as the German scientist did the camel."

"That does not mean that he needs to get it from his intimate friends," said Anne sharply.

"Oh, your idea, then, is that he ought to get it only from strangers? I can't see why it's any more wrong to take a suggestion from a friend than from a person you don't know. Just where would you draw the line? Say you had dined twice with a family, would that prevent you from noting their characteristics and possibly later reproducing them in another environment?"

"I should think it might! Do *you* carry a note-book in your sleeve when you go out to dine?"

"I never carry a note-book — don't need to. But I carry a sort of sensitized film in my brain, and it takes pictures — I can't prevent its doing so. I don't reproduce those pictures literally, any more than a painter reproduces literally what he sees. I generalize, select, compose. Am I wrong?"

"I don't know," said Anne, laughing unsteadily. "But I did not know that I was marrying a camera."

This time the silence was thunderous.

"It's — not too late," stammered Mallock.

"No," whispered Anne.

Then, without warning, she began weeping again.

"Oh, you oughtn't to do it," she sobbed. "What does a story or two matter, in comparison to — hurting some one very much? And you — *you* have hurt *me*. To think you look on me so coldly — just as — 'material'! That you could analyze coldly and put into print *my* feelings about another man! Can't you *see* what you have done? You have struck at my idea of you. I thought you would never do anything *wrong*. You seemed so high-minded. I couldn't think you would be so terribly careless about hurting a person — any one. And it is *me* you choose to hurt. I thought you — loved me!"

"I do love you," said Mallock darkly.

He sat with folded arms, staring at the fire, aware that his defense had been lame, that Anne's emotion had carried the day against his attempt at reasoning. There was plenty of emotion within him, but it would not come to his aid. It was as if Anne's reproaches, her tears, had frozen him.

Anne sobbed.

"I thought, when we talked in Paris and other places," said Mallock coldly, "that you understood how I went to work, the conditions under which I work. You seemed to. I remember you were very sympathetic when I told you about the Wilsons — their quarreling with me because they said I put them into 'The Green Bay Tree.' You seemed to realize just how absurd they were to object because I used their types. Why, there are thousands of people in the world like the Wilsons! There's nothing remarkable about them. And that's precisely why they interested me — because they were types and I could generalize them. Well, the Wilsons not only took my picture to themselves, but chose to be insulted by it — surely unreasonable! I remember you thought so."

"I didn't know their side of it," said Anne, trying to equal his apparent coldness, and surpassing it. "Of course I took your point of view."

"'ANNE—AT LAST!' HE SAID, 'OH, ANNE!'"

"You think perhaps I misrepresented the facts?"

"Not consciously."

"Oh."

"But I *do* think your way of looking at things and people is rather — oblique."

"That is to say, my way of looking differs from yours."

"I'm afraid it does — and from most other people's."

"Then it must, of course, be wrong."

"Well, I can't feel that *I* am wrong or that the majority of people are."

"The deuce of it is — I feel we may both be right," said Mallock.

"That's *impossible!*"

"Oh, Anne — how fine that is — that *impossible!*"

Mallock rose and held out his hand.

"But I suppose you won't care to go on with this to-night?"

Anne disregarded it.

"I prefer to have it out now," she said.

"Forgive me if I point out to you that it's about midnight and that you look very tired. I shall consider myself remanded to jail and shall await your summons to-morrow. Or, if it will facilitate matters, I can plead guilty now, and you may impose sentence."

"I don't wish to have you plead guilty unless you feel so."

"Then good-by. A telephone message at the club any time to-morrow will reach me."

Anne in silence bent down over the fire. And thus these lovers parted, each to a sleepless night.

III. Additional Correspondence

University Club,
Sunday, 6 P.M.

My dear Anne: Did you telephone me to-day? I received no message, though I've been waiting here all day. Please reply by messenger, who will wait. Yours, H. M.

Sunday, seven o'clock.

Dear Harold: Coming in, I find your messenger. No, I did not telephone you. I rather thought you would come here. Gerald Allison came to see me to-day. I did not receive him. I am sure he must have read that story, otherwise I can't imagine his coming. And you haven't even said you're sorry! Mother sends you her love. A.

Club, 7.20.

Yours just rec'd. It's evident you care so much more for G. A.'s feelings than you do for mine that I am convinced you have made a mistake in thinking you could marry me. I am not clear whether we have ever been actually engaged, but it seems plain that we are not so now. If you wish to see me, I wait your message. H. M.

P. S. Please thank your mother for her kind word to me, and give her my love.

P. P. S. Even if I did not say that I was sorry for having hurt you, you should know that I am.

Monday morning.

Dear Harold: I received your note last night, and this morning the inclosed letter, which I shall not answer, because I can't without being disloyal to you. He must think what he must. Anne.

INCLOSURE

City Club, Sunday.

Dear Anne Armitage: Kind friend has called my attention to clever story by Mallock in highbrow magazine. Kind of thing friends *will* do. Friend was on the yacht and is cross about it, you know. Says man in story is meant for me — girl obviously you. Girl very charming, man all kinds of a cad. Suppose you told Mallock all about it — quite all right. No secret — everybody knows I was off my head about you — am still. Never mind. Quite right to prefer Mallock — much cleverer fellow. But don't like you to think I was a cad. Really never behaved that way, you know, about other woman. Couldn't. Don't see how you got the impression. Very sorry you wouldn't see me this afternoon. Very, very sorry you think badly of me. Wish I could explain.

Yours always, G. A.

Monday, 5 P.M.

Dear Anne: After I had had the pleasure of reading your note and inclosure this morning, I telephoned to the City Club and left a message for Allison. Later he called me up and asked me to lunch. I've just left him. I enjoyed the meeting, though I didn't expect to. He's a most frank, agreeable fellow — charming manners; I quite see why you object to mine. Certainly he is infinitely more attractive than I am, and I quite understand now how you felt about that —— story of mine.

Naturally, however, not knowing him, I — oh, well, there's no use going over that. You won't understand. The queer thing is that *he* did. Of course I explained to him that I hadn't in the least meant to libel him; that, starting from a situation that is, after all, common enough, I'd merely imagined the characters and

"MALLOCK, IMMOBILE, LOOKED AT THE LINE OF HER AVERTED CHEEK"

developments; and, of course, that you hadn't anything to do with the picture of the man. I told him how you felt about it, and why you wouldn't see him. He seemed a good deal moved and pleased. Of course there's no reason now why you shouldn't see him. I — oh, Anne, I see how much more your kind he is than I am, how much more he is what you like. I see how difficult I must be for you. A man like that could help you in the kind of life you like, while I should only, I fear, hold you back. It's true, what you say — I'm not a social being; it's hard for me to live with people. I know I'm always stepping on them. I don't know why you ever imagined you cared for me. But your caring, your interest in my work — I feel somehow now that they were all imaginary. I feel *you* feel it. I believe you really dislike me. We are so different; and I know only too well, without your pointing it out, that I'm not lovable.

Dear, dear Anne, if it has been a mistake, tell me as soon as possible. I couldn't blame you even now for preferring Allison. H.

CITY CLUB, Monday.

Dear Anne: Just lunched with Mallock — talked about you. All right. Awfully glad that chap in the story wasn't meant for me. Awfully nice of Mallock to come out straight about it. Fine fellow — splendid character. No end of brains, too — bound to be famous. Of course it's plain enough why he gets you — you always went in for intellect. No use for fellows like me, just muddling along, doing nothing much. Like Mallock immensely, and do honestly wish you joy. He seemed hipped, too — quite cut up. Said he wished story was in h ——, but d —— if he'd tell you so. Suppose you've been having bit of a tiff.

You know, Anne, you've got a nasty temper. Awfully set in your ideas. High ideals, too. All seem to go together, somehow. Better ease down a bit. Other fellow *might* be right, after all, you know.

Dear Anne, I'm off Saturday to Algeria. Sha'n't be at your wedding. God bless you —— G.

"ANNE LAID HER HAND ON HIS. 'WHAT'S THAT ON YOUR CUFF?' SHE ASKED"

IV. What Always Happens

Mallock, moping by himself after having sent his letter, was called to the telephone and heard Anne's voice, imperious and rather irate.

"I wish to know if you are ever coming to see me again," she said.

"I've been waiting for permission," Mallock replied quickly.

"I should think you might have come without. You're very formal. I suppose it's pride."

"Certainly not; I have no pride, nor self-respect, either."

"Really? Will you come to dinner?"

"I shall come immediately. Good-by."

He found Anne waiting in the drawing-room. She was wearing a black dress and a big black hat, and had dropped her gray furs on a chair. She was as full of color as the sparkling autumn day outside.

"I've been walking with Gerald," she said.

"Yes?" Mallock did not pretend to smile. He shook her warm hand with icy fingers. His eyes showed the strain of sleeplessness and trouble.

"He sails Saturday for Algeria. Will you have a cup of tea?"

"Thank you! If you please, Anne."

Mallock drew a deep breath and sat down near her, looking a little more cheerful.

"Are you sure he's going?" he inquired.

"Oh, yes. Why? I thought you liked him."

"I do. That's one reason I want him to go. And you like him — that's another. I have enough to fight against without increasing the odds."

"You have? What, for instance?"

"Myself," said Mallock gloomily. "I feel that I've wasted my life."

"How so?"

"I wish I had gone in for adventure, like Allison. To live life, rather than write about it —that's the thing! And he seemed to think it all so matter-of-fact. Why, his experiences down in Venezuela, and the life he describes down there on Trinidad — bully! Oh, life is so much better than anything we fools of writers can write about it — it makes me hate myself. And you despise me, too — I've a mind never to write another line."

He drank his tea desperately, and bent over to put his cup on the table. Anne laid her hand on his.

"Don't be silly! What's this on your cuff — something scribbled in pencil. 'Concession in V — Rubber Plantat— '?"

"Oh," Mallock said hastily and in some embarrassment. "Just a note or two — those stories Allison told were such ripping material. Sorry! I'll go back and dress before dinner."

"Oh, Harold! And in the same breath you turn your back on art!" Anne laughed.

"Yes, hang it; but I'm serious, all the same. Sometimes I feel we're all idiots — people like me. We only write because we aren't able to live, I suppose. As some artist chap says, all art is the product of weakened vitality ——"

"Well," said Anne softly, "perhaps the pearl is a sign of the weakened vitality of the oyster. All the same, I prefer pearls to perfectly healthy oysters."

"Do you, Anne? Are you *sure* you do?"

"Of course I do — regarding you as a pearl."

"Oh, don't joke, Anne! It's serious! I — brought you something the other night, but I didn't dare offer it."

Mallock laid in her lap a little vellum box. In it was a ring with a blue pearl set in enamel.

"Why — you remembered I like blue pearls!" she cried.

"Yes. Look here, Anne — I bought it with the money from the 'Story of Octavia.' I got it before you wrote me from Paris."

Anne looked at the ring for some moments in silence. Then she looked musingly at Mallock. In her eyes, deep down, there was the sparkle of mirth, and deeper still a tender pity.

"You need me," she said pensively and positively.

And she put the ring with the blue pearl on the third finger of her left hand.

REPRESENTATIVE TYPE OF THE ROUND-HEADED EASTERN EUROPEAN JEWS WHO FORM SO LARGE A PART OF NEW YORK'S POPULATION

THE SKULLS OF OUR IMMIGRANTS

HOW THE NEW YORK ENVIRONMENT IS BRINGING ABOUT FUNDAMENTAL CHANGES IN PHYSICAL TYPE—SHORT-HEADED JEWS BECOMING LONG-HEADED AND LONG-HEADED SICILIANS SHORT-HEADED

BY

BURTON J. HENDRICK

AUTHOR OF "THE GREAT JEWISH INVASION," "WORK AT THE ROCKEFELLER INSTITUTE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

IN the last twelve or fifteen months the Jewish and Italian sections of New York have had a new experience. For many years the objects of interest to the slummer, the settlement worker, the charity visitor, and the political reformer, they have finally been invaded by the cold-blooded scientist. A small army of serious, scholarly-looking young men have entered the homes of the tenement dwellers, interested, not primarily in their living conditions and their social and moral elevation, but in the shape of their skulls.

This is an important matter, not only for the people chiefly concerned, but for the nation. It bears weightily upon the whole problem of racial assimilation. Our immigrant peoples, especially the Jews and Italians, have long been looked upon as "problems." We have supposed them to retain tenaciously their physical and mental characteristics, and therefore to be unfitted for ultimate absorption in the coming American race. "You may educate them," we have been told; "you may teach them English, send them to the public schools, even give them the ballot. But can you undermine the inheritance of centuries? Can you change

EAST SIDE RUSSIAN HEBREW, FRONT AND SIDE VIEW. THIS SHOWS THE TYPICAL ROUND HEAD, WHICH, IN THE SECOND GENERATION, TENDS TO BECOME LONG

the shape of a man's skull?" In answer to this latter question, which probably underlies all the others, about thirty thousand New York immigrants, in the last twelve months, have graciously subjected their heads to scientific examination.

Head Form Always Regarded as the One Permanent Characteristic of Race

By boldly accepting this challenge, our alien peoples have submitted themselves to a fundamental physical test. Nearly all of our physical characteristics — pigmentation, stature, physiognomy — are admittedly very largely influenced by environment. But, while the larger part of the human frame has seemed to be so plastic, the plaything of external circumstances, at least one character apparently has refused to yield. According to leading scientists, the shape of our skulls is the one thing that does not change. We may be tall when our parents are short, ugly when they are beautiful; but, whatever the shape of their heads has been, that likewise shall be our own. If both our father and mother are round-headed Hebrews, we shall be round-headed too; if they are both long-headed Sicilians, that character will similarly be handed down to us. Of course, if our parents have heads of different shapes, we may inherit from one or the other, or form an intermediate type, in accordance with the well-known laws of heredity; but that fact only forces home the point at issue — that the shape of our heads is not influenced by environment, but is our inheritance. Actual observation has apparently proved the uniformity of this law. Thus, a few years ago a well-known anthropologist examined the heads of 48 infants in Rouen, and found that 41 had identically the same formation as their parents. The natives of the Caucasus region have been round-headed from time immemorial. For the last two centuries, however, there have been large colonies of Germans living among them, who still retain the long-headed skulls of their ancestors. In the same environment tribes of long-headed Kurds have also lived for many generations, their skulls showing no sign of taking on the rounded character of those of the natives.

According to the modern view of heredity, the characteristics that children inherit from their parents are innate in the microscopic germ cell from which they grow. This cell, so tiny that only the most powerful microscope can bring it to our vision, contains the thousands

CHARACTERISTIC LONG SICILIAN HEAD — CHARACTERISTIC ROUND JEWISH HEAD
UNTIL RECENTLY SCIENTISTS REGARDED THE SHAPE OF THE SKULL AS AN IMMUTABLE QUALITY. PROFESSOR BOAS HAS DISCOVERED THAT THE HEADS OF OUR IMMIGRANTS ARE RADICALLY CHANGING IN TYPE

and millions of characters, physical, psychological, and moral, that make up our inheritance. Any qualities that we take on after this marvelous organism begins to develop into a man, whether during gestation or after birth, are the products of environment. Until recently, scientists regarded the shape of the skull as one of the immutable qualities held tenaciously in this infinitely tiny cell. In a sense, the whole science of ethnology has rested upon this fundamental assumption. Leading authorities have accepted or rejected certain explanations of great historical events in the light of this supreme head test.

It is on the continent of Europe, from which most of our immigrants come, that we find the greatest diversity in head form. During both prehistoric and historic times the races of Europe have been in a continual state of flux. The history of this favored continent has been one of constant racial innovation; race has been superimposed upon race, like geological strata; there has been a long succession of migrations, conquests, crossings, recrossings, colonizations, and amalgamations. The geologic deposits tell us of these prehistoric changes; our histories have familiarized us with the movements and counter-movements of the comparatively recent Goths, Vandals, Lombards, Saracens, Huns, and Mongols. This constant laying of one people upon the remnants of the old, the invaders intermarrying with the invaded, has made the continent of Europe, especially in its central part, something of an ethnological hodge-podge. From the racial jumble, however, a few facts stand forth clearly.

Thus, long-headedness is apparently the prevailing characteristic of the races of northern Europe — of the British Isles, Scandinavia, eastern Russia, central France, and northern Germany; and also of the peoples living close to the shores of the Mediterranean — Spain, Sardinia, Corsica, Sicily, and southern Italy. But when we go into Servia, Austria, Switzerland, northern Italy, southern Germany, and southern France, we find an emphatic change in head form. For here the people are as distinctly round-headed as the people of northern and southern Europe are long-headed. This fact has led some scholars to conclude that in the

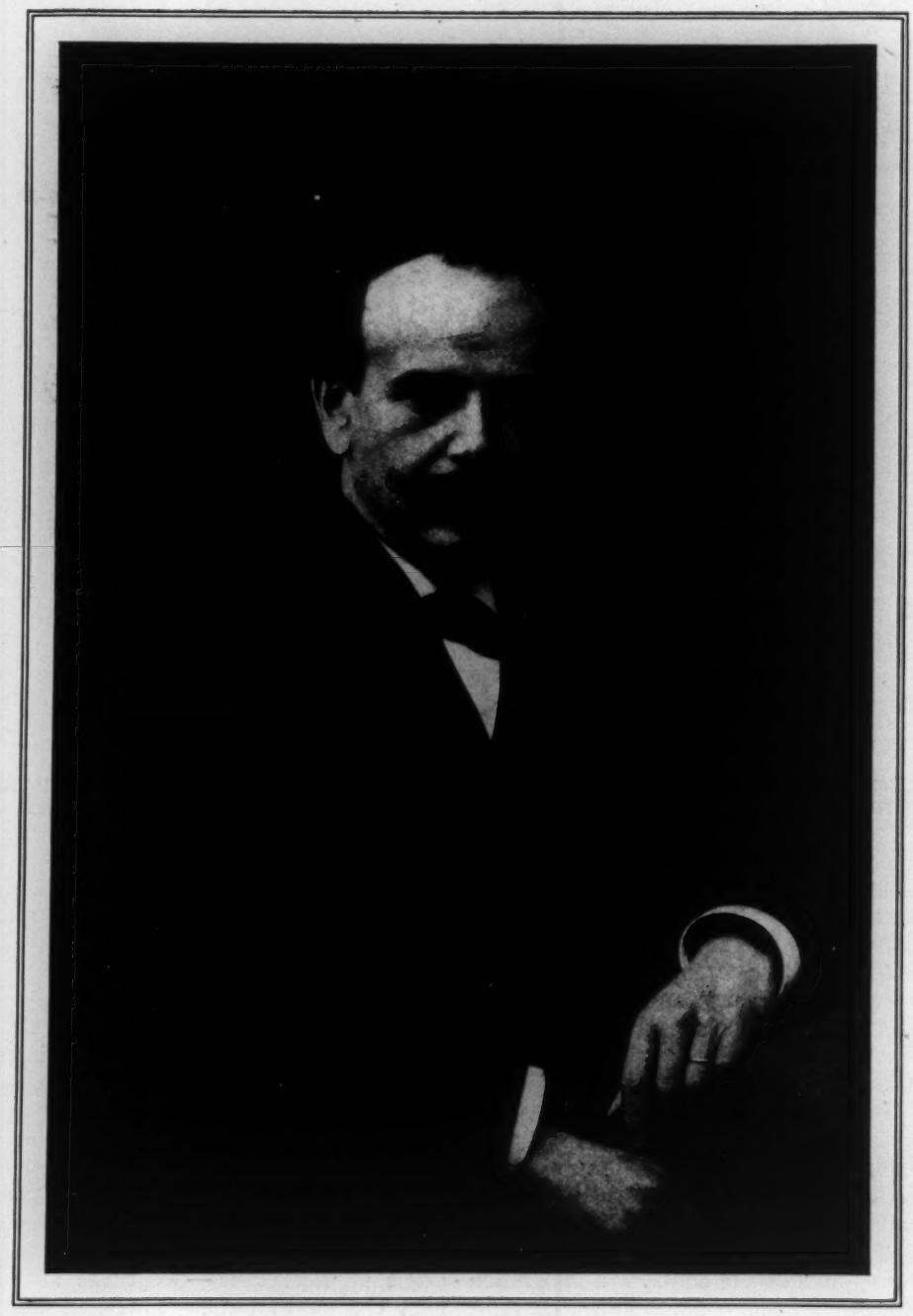
A SICILIAN IMMIGRANT, FRONT AND SIDE VIEW. FOR CENTURIES THE SICILIAN HEAD, LIKE THAT OF THE SOUTHERN ITALIANS, HAS BEEN LONG. UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THE NEW YORK ENVIRONMENT IT IS LOSING IN LENGTH AND TENDING TO BECOME BROADER

days when there was no Mediterranean Sea, but when the Desert of Sahara was covered with water, a long-headed people extended from northern Africa all over Europe — that these were the natives, the autochthons, and that the round-headed peoples of Central Europe represent the Asiatic migrations.

The geologic record apparently sustains this view. Judging from the deposited skulls, the original inhabitants of southern Italy, Spain, and Scandinavia had identically the same head form as those of their present-day successors. The farther down into the soil we dig, the longer are the skulls that we find. This view reverses the once popular idea of an "Aryan" migration of yellow-haired, blue-eyed, long-headed races from Central Asia. According to the modern view, these peoples did not come from Asia, but are native to the soil; the real immigrants are the round-headed "hordes" that now populate Central Europe. In other words, scientists regard the head form as constant from generation to generation; and the fact that the skull of modern Scandinavia, southern Italy, and Spain is essentially the same as that of prehistoric man in these regions seems fairly to indicate that the prehistoric peoples are the ancestors of the present generations.

Changing Physical Types in Immigration

In those characteristics avowedly influenced by environment, such as stature, the peoples in the several parts of Europe differ even more markedly. Science clearly recognizes three physical types of Europeans, all of them numerously represented among the immigrants to this country. After the American Revolution up to about 1880, the great majority were of a single physical type — what the anthropologists classify as the Northwestern European. The English, the Scots, the Irish, the Germans, the Scandinavians, who so largely composed this immigration, belonged to this group. Whatever may have been their national or religious differences, these peoples, from the physical standpoint, were brothers. They were all long-headed; they had the prevailing blond hair, blue eyes, red and white skin, narrow nose, thin, delicate lips, tall stature, long legs — all



FRANZ BOAS, PROFESSOR OF ANTHROPOLOGY IN COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, UNDER WHOSE DIRECTION THE HEADS OF NEARLY 30,000 NEW YORK IMMIGRANTS HAVE RECENTLY BEEN MEASURED. PROFESSOR BOAS FINDS MARKED CHANGES IN PHYSICAL TYPE

the physical characteristics of that race whose manifest destiny, we have been told, it is to civilize mankind. Since 1880, however, our blue-eyed cousins have not come to our shores in the same numbers as heretofore. Instead, as the ships have docked at Castle Garden and Ellis Island, a variegated assembly of strange forms and faces have clambered ashore. The skins are no longer fair, but dark, olive, or swarthy; the eyes are no longer blue, but black; the hair is no longer blond, but dark; the figures are no longer tall and striding, but short, squat, and sometimes shambling. These are the peoples representing the other two European types — what the ethnologists call the Central European and the Mediterranean; and a fourth type — the Jew. The Northern European and Mediterranean races seem always to have had a particular affinity for the plains, but the Central European type is found largely in hilly or mountainous country. Its point of dissemination is the Alps, and thence it spreads into the hilly parts of France and Germany, Auvergne, Savoy, Bavaria, through Switzerland, the Tyrol, the Black Forest, into northern Italy, a considerable part of Austria, and the Balkans. These Central Europeans have heads that are emphatically round; their faces are short and broad, with full chins, somewhat heavy noses, and complexions tending to swarthiness. Their hair is dark, sometimes brown, and their eyes are frequently gray. They are of medium height, short-legged, and stocky in build. The Bohemians, the Magyars, the Slovaks, who are found in such large numbers in our coal-mines and packing-houses, belong to this Central European race.

The Sicilians: Short, Black-Haired, and Long-Headed

The third great European type is that which is found on the southern shores of the Mediterranean and the adjacent islands. These people, as already described, have one strong similarity to the Northwestern Europeans, in that they are long-headed. In the characteristics that are more susceptible to environment, however, they have little resemblance to northern Europeans. They are short of stature — according to "Anglo-Saxon" ideals, decidedly undersized; they are dark of skin, black-haired, and black-eyed. The Sicilians, who comprise one fifth of the Italian immigration in this country, are excellent representatives of this group. Of all the heterogeneous peoples of Europe, there is probably none of a more mixed origin than they. In the last three thousand years, Phenicians, Greeks, Romans, Vandals, Saracens, and Normans have made permanent settlements upon the island of Sicily, and left lasting traces in the present people. And now this composite Sicilian race, the outcome of centuries of turmoil, of invasions, conquests, subjections, and massacres, has established colonies containing nearly 200,000 people in the tenement districts of New York.

Masslike Movement of Jews to the United States

The last great element in present-day immigration is, properly speaking, not European at all, but Oriental. The migration of hundreds of thousands of eastern European Jews to the United States is one of the stupendous facts of modern times. It is unquestionably the most far-reaching event in the annals of Israel since the fall of Jerusalem. Purely from the standpoint of numbers, history records nothing like it. In the two thousand years that this people has been homeless, forcing its presence upon the unwelcoming nations of Europe, it has been subjected to many expulsions, many forced migrations; but never have its comings and goings resembled the present masslike movement to the United States. The expulsion of the Jews from England, in the reign of Edward I., is a sorry chapter in their history; yet this edict exiled only about 15,000 people, less than one tenth the number that landed in New York last year. The expulsion of the Jews from Spain by Ferdinand and Isabella has been tragically described by many historians, but it affected only 150,000 souls, less than one quarter of the present Jewish population of New York. Jerusalem, in its greatest days, contained less than one sixth the number of Jews now found in the American metropolis; indeed, about one tenth of all the Jews in the world, or 800,000, live upon Manhattan Island and the adjoining territory. In the greater city one man in every four is a Jew.

The "Jewish Nose" Not Characteristic of Jews

In their physical characteristics the Hebrews present many surprises. In the popular mind there is a clearly defined Jewish type — black-haired, black-eyed, thick-lipped, swarthy-complexioned, hook-nosed, short-statured, somewhat narrow-chested and bent. The caricaturist and the low comedian know this figure well, but to the anthropologist it seems to be scarcely more distinct than is the stage Irishman of a generation ago. Nearly anybody can tell a Jew on sight, and yet, it is very difficult to

define the typical Jewish characteristics. The things that we have been taught to regard as almost exclusively Jewish appear, when subjected to close analysis, not to be necessarily peculiar to this race. No feature is quite so dear to the caricaturist as the so-called Jewish nose; and yet the anthropologist tells us that this is not distinctively a Jewish characteristic at all.

Dr. Maurice Fishberg, a high authority, recently conducted a scientific investigation into the physical characteristics of the Jewish population of New York. Among other things, he found, by actual scientific measurement, that nearly sixty per cent of both Jews and Jewesses had that finely shaped straight nose that is commonly found in Greek sculpture. The remaining forty per cent had noses as variously shaped as those of Christians. Only twelve per cent had the well-defined beaks that the comic papers attribute to the entire race, almost thirteen per cent were retroussé, and about fourteen per cent were flat or broad.

New York Jews Largely Blond, Blue-Eyed, and Straight-Nosed

In other physical characters, Dr. Fishberg likewise found that the Jews were not living up to their traditions. We usually think of Jewish hair as black,— the "raven locks" of the Bible, — in spite of the fact that the artist always paints Mary Magdalene with wavy yellow hair, and Christ frequently as light- or brown-haired. Similarly, blond Madonnas are probably more numerous than raven-black ones, and the Jew of Rembrandt is more frequently light than dark. Dr. Fishberg found that the artist had drawn true; for New York City is filled with blue-eyed, yellow-haired, straight-nosed, pink-and-white-complexioned Hebrews. He found, indeed, that everywhere the Jews had approximated the physical type of the people among whom they lived — the Galician Jews resembled native Galicians, the Polish Jews native Poles, the Rumanian Jews native Rumanians; that the famous Jewish purity of stock, going back four thousand years, was a myth; and that, in the words of Renan, "Judaism is a religion, not an ethnological fact." Dr. Fishberg attributes these changes to intermarriage with Christians; and, indeed, such intermarriages have taken place on a large scale in the past, and are taking place now.

The Jewish Type Always Short in Stature

In spite of all this, there appear to be certain characteristics that may be regarded as distinctive of the Jewish race. All over the world, the Jews tend to shortness of stature. This tendency is clearly inborn, in that the Jews are everywhere shorter than the Christian population; it is largely influenced by environment, in that there is no uniformity of size. In other words, the Jewish stature varies everywhere in accordance with economic conditions, and yet, strangely enough, never quite reaches the height of other populations living in precisely the same sorroundings. In London, for example, the prosperous West End Jew is taller than the denizens of the East End ghetto; but he is about three inches shorter than his Christian neighbor in the West End. That environment is the important factor is shown by the way in which stature varies automatically with occupation. Statistical studies show that the shortest Jews are tailors, cobblers, and factory workers, while carpenters and house-painters are somewhat taller, and merchants and clerks are taller still. The narrow chest and the bent shoulders also seem to be typically Jewish — another penalty exacted by nature from the unsanitary and crowded conditions in which these people have lived for centuries. In spite of their apparently poor physique, however, the Jews evince a marvelous vitality. The tenement sections in New York with the lowest death rate are those that have the largest Jewish population, and the Jews seem, to a considerable degree, to be insusceptible to tuberculosis. In these facts some scientists see another illustration of the great law of natural selection; it is their theory that, in the face of ages of persecution and confinement within ghettos, the struggle for existence among the Jews has been so terrible that the weaker strains have been eliminated, leaving only the most efficient to perpetuate their kind.

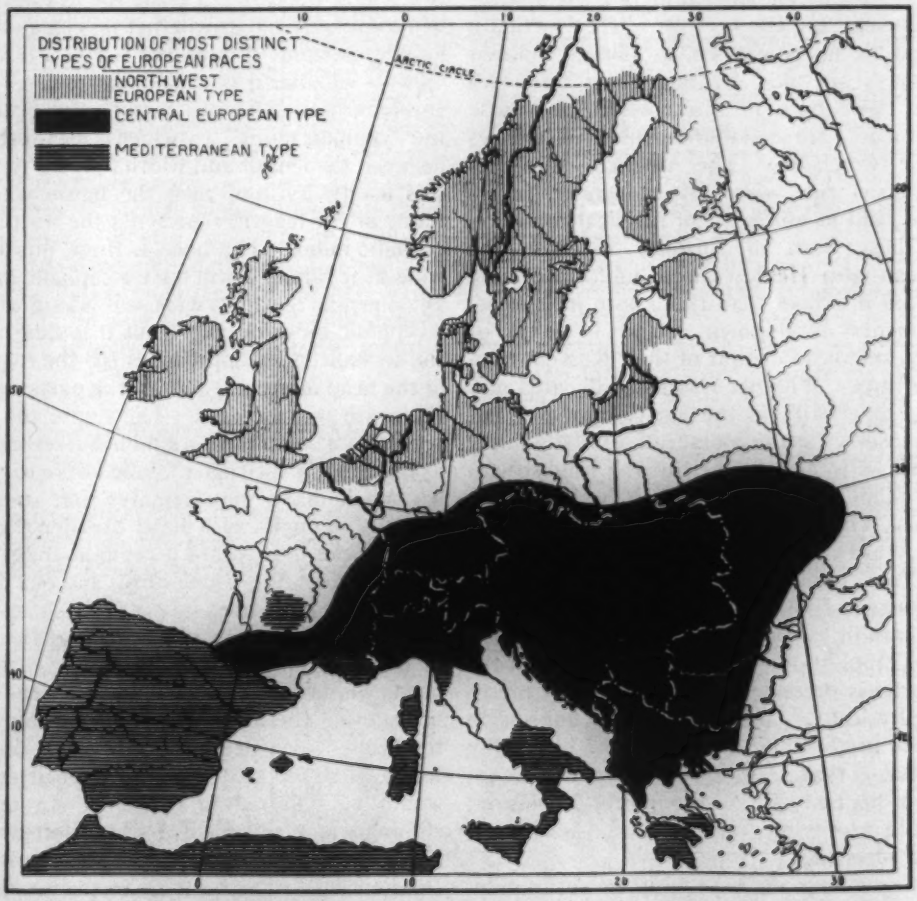
Twenty-five Million Immigrants in Ninety Years

For the last fifty years, Americans of the original pre-Revolutionary stock have witnessed, with more or less mixed feelings, the ever-swelling inroads of these European "hordes." Since 1820, when the United States first began to compile immigration statistics, about 25,000,000 immigrants have landed in this country — a number larger than the entire population of Spain to-day. If we should take the people in Norway and Sweden and dump them into the United States, we should have just about the same number — nearly 8,000,000 — that have found their way here in the last seven years. The success of the American Republic clearly depends upon the extent to which these

heterogeneous elements can be assimilated. In considering this question we must guard ourselves against taking too narrow a view. When the average native-born American of "Anglo-Saxon" descent discusses the assimilation of the immigrant, he usually has in mind the possibility of transforming him into something like himself. The resultant perspective is that of a homogeneous people reaching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, speaking the language of the pioneer settlers, adopting all their political and social ideals, and even resembling them in face and figure. The basic absurdity of this conception is the assumption that the "Anglo-Saxon" descendants of the colonists are exact reproductions of their forefathers. What we should look for, of course, is a new type, a mixture of our old-world inheritance and our new-world environment — a type to which not only our recent immigrants but we ourselves are converging.

It was with the desire to illuminate this question that the Immigration Commission requested Franz Boas, professor of anthropology at Columbia University and one of the world's leading scientists, to make a detailed study of the physical characteristics of New York immigrants. Professor Boas proceeded to learn, by strictly scientific methods, whether the immigrants' children retained their parents' characteristics, or whether existence on American soil tended to produce changes. It might safely be assumed that, if the physical frame is susceptible to environmental changes, the mental and moral make-up will be still more adaptable. It is manifestly easier to adopt another people's language, customs, political and social ideals, even their religion, than it is to acquire their stature, the color of their hair, and the shape of their skulls.

Professor Boas found in the variegated population of New York City an especially fruitful



MAP SHOWING ROUGHLY THE THREE MOST IMPORTANT EUROPEAN RACES. IN THE UNSHADED PORTIONS THE PEOPLES ARE OF SUCH MIXED TYPES THAT THEY CANNOT BE SHARPLY DIFFERENTIATED. UP TO 1880 IMMIGRANTS CAME ALMOST EXCLUSIVELY FROM THE NORTHWEST EUROPEAN RACES. NOW THE MEDITERRANEAN, THE CENTRAL EUROPEAN, AND THE JEWISH TYPES FURNISH THE LARGER NUMBER

field of operation. His purpose was to study the changes wrought by the New York environment, or, more strictly, the congested East Side environment, upon the three great European types — the Northern European, the Central European, and the Mediterranean — and also upon the Jews. For his Northern European type he selected the Scots, for his Central European type the Bohemians, and for the Mediterranean type the Neapolitans and the Sicilians. And, because Sicilian and Jewish immigration seems to present the greatest social problems, Professor Boas devoted the larger part of his time to these peoples.

American-Born Jews Better Physical Types Than Those Born in Europe

He made his first studies among the children of the High School of Commerce, the De Witt Clinton High School, and the New York City College — the attendance at all of these institutions being largely Jewish. He virtually confined his investigations to Jewish children fourteen years old, dividing them into two classes, those born in this country and those born abroad. He soon found marked differences in these two classes. The American-born Hebrews, as a rule, were taller, heavier, fuller-chested, and in much better physical condition than those born in Europe. Likewise the American-born Hebrews were uniformly more advanced in school than those born in Europe. Their mental development seemed to be two or three years ahead of that of their Russian-born compatriots. Whether this fact indicated any mental superiority in the native-born was not clear, inasmuch as the comparative unfamiliarity of those of foreign birth with the English language might largely explain their backwardness in school. Other investigators, however, notably Dr. C. Ward Crampton, physical director of the New York public schools, had observed the superiority of American-born children over those born in Europe. Professor Boas' investigations brought out the interesting fact that the child who is precocious mentally is also precocious physically. Thus the popular impression that the bright child is likely to be physically defective — that "his brain grows at the expense of his body" — is apparently a delusion; the child who is mentally advanced is also advanced physically.

Professor Boas' experience as an anthropologist led him to expect an improved stature and physique in American-born Hebrews; but other facts soon developed, the existence of which he had not hitherto suspected. For there seemed to be indications of a slight change in head form. As described above, the heads of eastern European Jews are emphatically round. Professor Boas, in his preliminary study, was amazed to find indications tending to show that the heads of their children were slightly lengthening. The heads of native Sicilians, on the other hand, are extremely long; but Professor Boas found indications that the heads of their children who were born in New York were becoming shorter. Here, undeniably, were changes that science could not readily explain; here were signs that pointed to a radical change in type.

The Cephalic Index

In speaking of long-headed and short-headed peoples, we have in mind simply the ratio between the length and breadth of the skull. The length is, roughly, the distance from the space between the eyes and the back of the head; the breadth, roughly, the longest distance measured just above the ears. Taking the head in profile will commonly tell us whether it is long or short; looking down at it from the top — a bird's-eye view — whether it is wide or narrow. The scientific term used for the classification of skulls is the "cephalic index," by which is meant the ratio between the length and width. If we represent this length by 100, then the figure which, in terms of the length, represents the width is the cephalic index. If a head is three quarters as wide as it is long it will have a cephalic index of 75; one nine tenths as wide as it is long will have a cephalic index of 90. Thus it is clear that as the cephalic index approaches 100 the roundness of the head increases, and as it departs from 100 its length will increase. The figure 100 would represent a completely round head, one as broad as it is long; if the cephalic index were 105 or 110, we should have the anomaly, that sometimes actually happens, of a head broader than it is long. Scientists regard a cephalic index below 75 as representing a long head, and one of 75 or above as a short one.

Professor Boas now saw signs that the cephalic index of the Jews was decreasing — that the heads were getting longer; and that the cephalic index of the Sicilians was increasing — that the heads were getting shorter. This discovery was so startling that the most explicit evidence would be required to prove it. In order to eliminate all elements of doubt, Professor Boas now decided to make direct comparisons of children with their parents, to see whether the descendants of round-headed Hebrews remained round and the descendants of long-headed Sicilians remained long. He organized a corps of assistants, nearly all of them graduate students in his courses at Columbia, and sent them

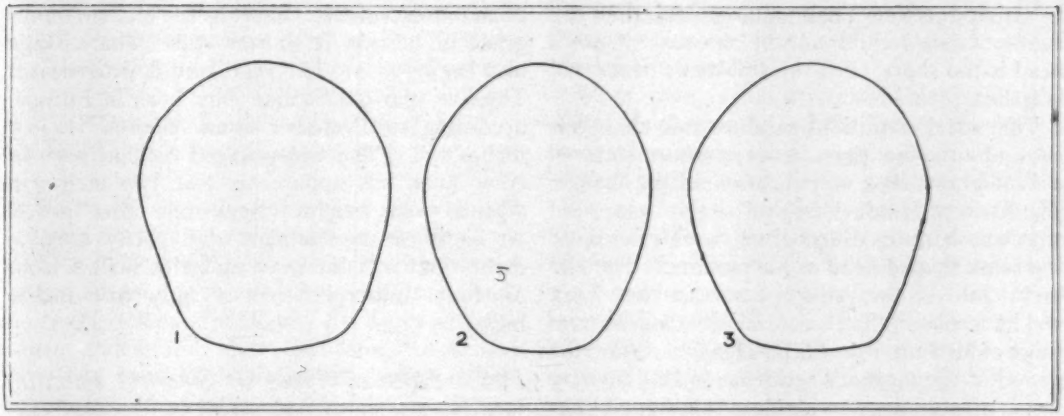
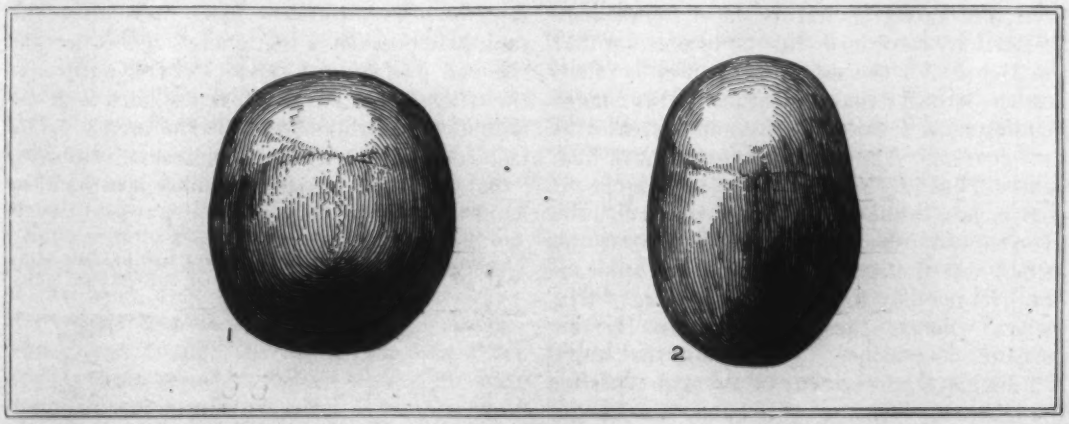


DIAGRAM NO. 1 REPRESENTS THE SHAPE OF THE TYPICAL JEWISH SKULL IN NEW YORK; DIAGRAM NO. 2, THAT OF THE TYPICAL SICILIAN SKULL. THE THIRD DIAGRAM SHOWS THE HEAD FORM WHICH THE SKULLS OF BOTH JEWS AND SICILIANS IN THE SECOND GENERATION ARE APPROACHING. THIS MAY BE CALLED THE NEW YORK HEAD FORM

forth, armed with the proper instruments, to measure whole families of immigrants. These men spent more than a year in the lower East Side and in "Little Italy." Their program was to measure first the heads of the father and mother, then those of their children. It was necessary, of course, to protect themselves against mistakes due to admixture with other races. The investigators, therefore, measured only families of pure Hebrew or Sicilian blood. The only other possible source of error was that the children whose heads were measured might not really be the descendants of their reputed parents — that they might be illegitimate; but this danger, never very serious, was satisfactorily guarded against.

Jews Growing Longer-Headed; Sicilians Growing Shorter-Headed

The examination clearly showed that in the second generation the heads of both Hebrews and Sicilians differed perceptibly from those of their parents. The heads of the young East European Jews were considerably narrower than those of their fathers and mothers. Among the Sicilians, the change took place in precisely the opposite direction: the heads of children of long-headed parents showed a perceptible shortening. Professor Boas has collected a large mass of statistics on this subject, but they are too complex to quote here. They show, in brief, that, whereas the cephalic index of the East European Jews averages 84, the cephalic index of their descendants in New York is 81. For native Sicilians the proportion of the breadth of the skull to its length is represented by 78, whereas in New York it is represented by 80. The fact that the Jews are getting long-headed and the Sicilians short-headed is not quite so remarkable as that the heads of both peoples seem to be approximating the same type. In other words, there seem to be certain forces working in the East Side of New York that tend to produce a head of a certain length and a certain breadth. If one's head is too long



1. THE TYPICAL ROUND SKULL. 2. THE TYPICAL LONG SKULL. VIEWS TAKEN FROM ABOVE

to satisfy the New York requirements, then the heads of one's children will shorten; if one's head is too short, then the children's heads will lengthen.

That local conditions produce this change is shown by the fact that the foreign-born children of immigrants show no indications of the change. The Eastern Hebrew child of twelve years old who was born in Europe will have essentially the same shaped head as his parents. The Hebrew child of the same age born in New York will have a head that is considerably longer than those of his European-born parents. Again, the period of the mother's residence in this country seems mysteriously to regulate the shape of her son's or daughter's skull. The longer the Hebrew mother has lived in the New York environment, the longer become the heads of her children; on the other hand, the longer the Italian mother has lived here, the shorter become her children's heads.

That these changes are general, affecting all peoples subjected to the New York environment, — Americans of native stock as well as the foreign-born, — is shown by Professor Boas' measurements of Bohemians. In all, children and parents, he has records of from 3,000 to 4,000 members of this race. The Bohemian head is especially interesting and striking, combining the largest measurements of both Sicilian and Jew. It is quite long and at the same time as wide as the Hebrew's. In the second generation the Bohemian head is markedly smaller. All measurements so far taken show a shrinkage. These facts, again, seem strikingly to indicate that there is such a thing as the New York shaped head, and that nature is ingeniously molding so recalcitrant a type as that of the Bohemian to it.

The Jew is Growing Taller, the Sicilian Shorter

In the matter of stature, more detailed investigations confirmed the first impression that the Hebrew of the second generation is taller, heavier, stronger than his father. This change manifests itself early in life, and increases as time goes on. Thus the average height of five-year-old Jewish children born in Europe is 39.8 inches, while the average height of the five-year-old American-born Hebrew is 41 inches. At the age of eighteen this European-born Hebrew boy has reached a stature of 64.4 inches, whereas the American-born Hebrew measures 66.4 inches. This means that there is a distinct improvement in physical types for the Hebrews. On the other hand, the changes in the Italian's physique can hardly be regarded as an improvement. Short as the Sicilian immigrant is, his son is shorter still. This change also begins at an early age, and is progressive. The five-year-old Sicilian boy born in Europe, according to Professor Boas' figures, is 40.5 inches tall. The five-year-old Sicilian born in New York has apparently lost two inches in stature — his height is now only 38.2 inches. At eighteen the Sicilian from Sicily is 63.9 inches high; at the same age, the Sicilian from Mott or Mulberry Street is only 62.8 inches high.

Finest Physical Types in Smallest Families

An interesting sign of Americanization is brought out in the size of the families of both Italians and Jews. There is a popular impression that immigrants have larger families than the native-born; and this is true of the earlier settlers. Professor Boas finds, however, that, in the second generation, the size of families is about the same among the immigrants as it is among the native stock — two or three children to a family. Whatever bearing this fact may have upon individual morality and the future of the nation, Professor Boas clearly shows that race suicide also spells race improvement. He finds the finest physical types, as a rule, in the smallest families. Professor Boas presents remarkable statistics* showing how the stature of children varies according to the size of the family. When a family has one child, the height of that one tends to be considerably above the normal. When a family has two children their height is still above the normal, but not so far above as is that of the child of the one-child family. In families of three, four, and five children the average height is still above the normal, though in decreasing stages; but after the fifth child the stature becomes abnormally low. This fact is partly but not entirely explained by the better care and nutrition the earlier children receive. For Professor Boas finds that the same rule prevails in the families of the mercantile and professional classes, where, naturally, the struggle for existence is not so hard as in the families of skilled and unskilled laborers. "The fact comes out with great clearness," he says, "that reduction in size of families goes hand in hand with the improvement of physical devel-

*TABLE SHOWING STATURE ABOVE OR BELOW NORMAL OF CHILDREN IN FAMILIES OF DIFFERENT SIZES

NUMBER OF CHILDREN IN FAMILY	CENTIMETERS ABOVE OR BELOW NORMAL	NUMBER OF CHILDREN IN FAMILY	CENTIMETERS BELOW NORMAL
1	+0.24	7	—0.14
2	+0.12	8	—0.13
3	+0.05	9	—0.12
4	+0.04	10	—0.24
5	+0.01	11	—0.07
6	—0.08	12	—0.16

opment." In other words, nature seems to be subtly protesting against overbreeding, by stunting the growth of the superfluous children.

Is There a New "American Type" Developing?

Do these investigations show that a new "American type" is in process of evolution — something that will be as distinct as the flaxen-haired Saxon, the swarthy Bohemian, the black-haired, black-eyed Italian? To begin with, we must understand that the term "American type" is, from the standpoint of science, pure nonsense. Physical types recognize no national boundaries. There is no such thing as the English type, the French type, the German type, and, naturally, there can be no such thing as the American type. The southern Italian is as different from the northern Italian as the Spaniard is from the Englishman. There are in France two diametrically distinct types — the long-headed, blue-eyed peasants of the great central region extending from Orléans to Bordeaux, and the short, round-headed, black-haired people of Auvergne, Savoy, and other upland provinces. Prussians and Bavarians regard themselves as being absolutely German; but Prussians are generally long-headed blonds and Bavarians are round-headed brunets. If we divide races according to climatic and topographical variations, however, we do find appreciable changes. The mountains, for example, have a larger proportion of stunted, round-headed peoples than the plains; the sections of the world where the greater moisture is found seem to contain the largest proportion of dark-skinned races. In other words, if it is environment that determines types, a single country will have just as many distinct "types" as it has distinct physical environments.

In a country as large as the United States, presenting climatic and topographical conditions so different, it would be rather absurd to look for a uniform "American type." The investigations of Professor Boas were confined to the congested tenement sections of New York. Had he gone into Kentucky or Texas or Colorado, he would probably have obtained far different results. Moreover, he has completed studies of only a few races and has investigated only a few physical characteristics — the shape of the head, the stature, etc. — of each race. His radical discovery is that external circumstances can change the head form. In other words, there seems to be absolutely no such thing as stability in physical types; races of men are not born, cast definitely in a fixed mold, but they are made — the complex product of that intricate combination of circumstances that we call environment.

What, then, is that mysterious alchemy in the soil of Manhattan Island that makes the Jewish head grow longer, the Italian head grow shorter — that adds a cubit to the stature of the Hebrew and takes one from the stature of the Sicilian? If we trace the progress of the average Hebrew from his home in Russia to his New York tenement, and the Italian from his native farm in Sicily to "Little Italy" in Harlem, we may gain much light, though probably not a definite answer to this question.

American Environment an Improvement for the Jew

It is a sad inheritance to which the average Russian Hebrew is born. His sufferings are of all kinds — physical, moral, psychical. The policy of the Russian government for the last thirty years has been to stunt his body, his mind, and all those finer feelings that make up family and national pride. The child of the Russian Jew, unless he is favored far above his kind, is necessarily a city dweller. By law, the government prevents the Jew from owning or leasing agricultural land, and forces the better part of five millions of people to live in the congested cities of the "Jewish Pale." Everywhere in Europe the city type is physically degenerate, especially in the Jewish slums. In western Russia, the Jewish child of the poorer artisan class first sees the light in a wretched, unsavory dwelling usually bordering on a narrow, filthy, unpaved street. His parents, in a large number of cases, have no settled occupation — no definite means of regularly providing the child with food and clothes and shelter. The state provides virtually no educational facilities — sometimes even prevents the Jews from establishing their own schools. The Jewish child learns a little Hebrew and studies the Talmud at his local *cheder* — a school kept by some orthodox gray-beard, usually in a small, unventilated room that serves also as the kitchen, work-shop, and living-room of a large family.

Education in the broader sense is impossible. The child often grows up unable to read or write, except for snatches of Hebrew, and the prospect of university life is hopelessly shut to him. But his childhood is happy in comparison with the future that he faces as a young man. He finds many avenues of employment barred; the laws forbid his entrance into professional life, and keep him away from the farms. He cannot live anywhere outside of the restricted area in which he was born. If he learns a manual trade, the

chances are that he will find no opportunities to exercise it — since the labor market, because of this forced congestion of population, is enormously overcrowded. He may become a peddler, a small merchant, a speculator, or he may join his co-religionists in one of the deadly indoor trades — tailoring, bootmaking, and the like. To cap it all, he usually marries young, sometimes under twenty, and rears a large family to share his misfortunes.

New York Conditions a Marked Improvement Over Russian

Much may be said against the tenement districts of New York, but clearly they are an improvement over these ghettos of Russia. There is better food and more of it, more fresh air, more light, better sanitation. The Jewish child, instead of picking up scraps of Talmudic lore in an insalubrious *cheder*, begins his education in the free public kindergarten, thence finds his way to the grammar schools, the high schools, and even the Normal College and the College of the City of New York. The physical surroundings of these institutions form a striking contrast to the conditions in Russia. There is plenty of light and air, plenty of social and mental diversion, and of the independent interplay of mind and character. And, unfortunate as are many of the social influences of the East Side, the childhood of the New York Jew is spent largely in play, and for the young men and women there are endless forms of amusement unknown in the Russian ghettos — clubs, restaurants, theaters, debating societies, Yiddish newspapers. Above all, the New York Jew is a free agent; he is not constantly dogged by police on the outlook for infractions of an endless number of anti-Jewish regulations; he can go wherever he wills, and can freely enter any occupation or profession. The East Side has its sweat-shops and its sunless and airless tenement rooms; but the Hebrew is not penned in them by law. His social and economic betterment, especially in the case of Jews of the second generation, depends upon himself. To be sure, he has simply changed from one city environment to another city environment, but, with all its faults, the new is infinitely superior to the old.

New York Environment Not an Improvement for the Italian

In the case of the New York Italian, however, the change is radically different. Unlike the Jew, the Italian in Europe is not a city dweller: he is a peasant. For many generations the industrious Sicilian has earned his livelihood by tilling the soil. He may have his living quarters in the village, it is true; but early every morning he leaves it for the farm or vineyard, spends the entire day in the fields, and returns late in the evening to his stone cottage. In Sicily the fertility of the soil is almost exhausted; what was once the "granary of the empire" now scarcely sustains its own population; but the social surroundings of the Sicilian peasant still make life attractive, and, hard as he may labor, small as may be his returns, his condition can hardly bear comparison with that of the Jew in Russia.

When we take this out-of-door peasant, therefore, and place him in a densely populated tenement-house in New York, we have hardly improved his physical environment. In America, of course, his wages are higher; he has the money to improve his diet, if he wishes, but, as a rule, he eats precisely the same innutritious food here as he did in Sicily. He is so ambitious to make headway that he usually economizes in his food supply. According to Dr. Antonio Stella, an authority on Italian conditions in the East Side, many Sicilians frequently limit themselves to one meal a day. Above all, the Sicilian does not follow the same healthy outdoor life that he enjoyed in Sicily. What represents improved ventilation for the Jew may represent practical asphyxiation for the Sicilian. His occupations here, too, unquestionably induce physical degeneration. Farming and wine-pressing in Sicily are not lucrative means of livelihood, but they are more healthful than rag-sorting, boot-blacking, hod-carrying, plastering, or engaging in the noisome employments of the sweat-shops.

Changes in Environment Explain Changes in Stature

These changes in environment satisfactorily explain the changes in stature. Stature is probably the one physical characteristic that is most susceptible to external circumstances. Economic prosperity powerfully influences our stature. Our height in mature life depends largely upon our physical condition as children; if we are sickly, the chances are that we shall be stunted in growth. As the economic condition of the family largely regulates the surroundings of the child, and makes for or against good health, it is clear enough why the tallest races are usually the prosperous ones. Another important factor is food. This does not necessarily mean the chemical constituents of food,— whether it consists of animal or vegetable protein,— but whether it is fresh and varied and sufficiently abundant. The direct relation between the fer-

tility of the soil of a country and the stature of its inhabitants is almost an anthropological law, scientists having always observed that the people who live in rocky, unproductive mountainous regions are almost invariably shorter than the dwellers in the more responsive plains. Even in the same countries, stature varies with prosperity: professional men are usually taller than farmers, farmers are taller than factory workers, and factory workers are taller than miners. Professor Boas, in his present investigation, as described above, found the greatest differences in stature in the same family — a circumstance chiefly attributable to the better nutrition and general care received by the older children.

Environment Cannot Directly Affect the Head Form

Better nutrition, better air and sanitation readily account for the Hebrews' improved physique, as poorer air and sanitation account for the Sicilians' apparent degeneration; but environment does not so readily explain the change in head form. This is the one characteristic, as already explained, that is supposed to remain constant from generation to generation. The reason why environment affects the head so inappreciably is because it is formed so early in life. Many authorities hold that it reaches its mature proportions — though not, of course, its mature size — during pre-natal existence. The human infant, when born, resembles, in many physiological essentials, an ape almost as much as a man. The baby's spine, for example, is rounded like a bow, as is the ape's, and does not have the graceful curve that characterizes the spine of the mature man. There is one feature, however, that is indisputably *homo* — and that is the shape of the skull.

For the first year of life, environment has little influence upon the child. The most powerful environmental factor, nutrition, is essentially the same for all children in the first year of their lives. We all know, from everyday observation, that the head of a small child is much larger, in proportion to its body, than is a man's; but few realize how completely it is formed, not only in shape, but actually in size, during babyhood. Measurements taken by Professor Boas show that from the fourth to the twentieth year — the latter representing, of course, complete physical maturity — the human head increases in width less than half an inch and in length less than two thirds of an inch. By the time the second teeth arrive, when the child is about the age of seven, the palate is completly formed, both in size and shape. The musculature of the face changes markedly as we grow older, which accounts for the change in physiognomy; but the bony structure undergoes little transformation. This explains why environment can affect it only slightly, for the mold is almost definitely cast before environmental factors can come into play.

Perhaps Mother's Changed Environment Explains New Head Form

Since the Jewish and Italian skull is normally fashioned in babyhood, it seems unlikely that the sudden change in environment can explain the change in head form. There is one other possibility — that the changed environment of the mother may produce these changes in the child during the period of gestation. According to this theory, the new conditions cannot produce any alterations in the mother's skull, but they may introduce small and invisible anatomical changes that cause the infant's head to lengthen or shorten. Many biologists, however, might object to this explanation on the ground that it presupposes that an acquired character can be transmitted. We should thus precipitate again one of the most fiercely disputed controversies in biological science — whether the characteristics that we acquire from our environment, as distinct from those that we inherit from our parents, are transmissible to our offspring. The usual illustration is that of the cat's tail. We can cut off the tail of ancestor cats for thirty generations, and yet the successive families of kittens are always born with complete appendages. The cat's tail resists the most persistent attempts to annihilate it. To those who believe that acquired characters can be transmitted, however, this illustration proves nothing; it is true, they say, that the kittens have not inherited the absence of the tail, but it is not unlikely that the deprivation has produced certain important nervous or anatomical changes in the mother cat that may actually have been handed down. In other words, changes may be inherited and yet not necessarily reproduce the characters of the parent. To apply this theory to the present instance, we might assume that the New York environment had produced certain changes in Jewish and Sicilian women — changes not necessarily affecting the head form, but perhaps affecting other physical characteristics so recondite that it would be useless to attempt to trace them, but manifesting themselves concretely, in their children, in an elongated or a shortened skull. However, it is quite possible that we can leave the question of heredity entirely out of consideration. Environment, through the

mother, can probably act directly upon the foetus; and this fact in itself may sufficiently explain the change. But the phenomenon is so new and startling that scientific men have not yet had the opportunity to account for it.

Is the New Head Form an Improvement?

Another inevitable question is whether the new head form represents an improvement over the old. Does a long head indicate a higher physical type than a round one? If we have longer skulls, are we likely to be better citizens, have higher standards of personal and civic morality, and greater intellectual and artistic capacity than if our skulls are broad? Unquestionably the "Anglo-Saxon" people are strongly prejudiced in favor of the long-headed type. The great Teutonic races are long-headed; and therefore we are likely to conclude hastily that the long head is the indication of a "superior people." Unfortunately, we cannot test the superiority or inferiority of a race by applying a yard-stick to its characteristic skull. One of the longest-headed peoples known are the Greenland Eskimos. Among the lowest in civilization are the native Australians and Melanesians, whose heads, in their length and breadth, quite closely resemble the most approved Anglo-Saxon type. Nearly all the negroes of Africa are long-headed — a fact that has led some anthropologists to trace a negroid origin for the European races. That feature which we regard as especially characteristic of "apelike man" — prognathism, or the elongation of the chin and jaw — frequently accompanies the long-headed skull, but scarcely ever the round one.

The fact that our Jewish citizens are getting taller, fuller-chested, and heavier may fairly be regarded as an improvement in physical type. But the increasing length of their skulls probably in itself does not indicate any moral or intellectual change, one way or the other. Similarly, the fact that the New York Italian is manifestly losing stature and weight is regrettable, because it indicates physical degeneration; but the decreasing length of his skull cannot be regarded as a reversion to an inferior type. No; the one broad and encouraging lesson to be learned from Professor Boas' statistics is simply that physical types, under the influence of the American environment, do change. The fact that these changes affect even the characteristic always regarded as absolutely permanent — the shape of the head — shows that there is really no such thing as stability among the races of men. To a greater degree than we had hitherto supposed, we are the creatures of circumstances — of climate, food, occupation, social and economic conditions. And it would be absurd to suppose that these changes are only physical — that there are not moral and intellectual changes also. If our alien peoples are developing skulls shaped differently from those of their fathers, they are also taking on new ideas, new standards — are absorbing the mental and moral traits that are every day forced upon them. The broad lesson deducible from these studies is that the mind of the infant child is virtually a sheet of white paper, upon which we may write that which we will. If we give him an unwholesome environment, the results will be deplorable; if we make his surroundings healthful and uplifting, the results, upon the whole, will be satisfactory. If, by changing these environmental factors, it is possible, in a single generation, to give the child a different shaped skull from his parent, it is likewise possible to fill it with high ideals — to make him, what his father was not and probably never can become, an intelligent, self-respecting, industrious American.

THE NINETEENTH HAT

BY

ARNOLD BENNETT

AUTHOR OF "WHAT THE PUBLIC WANTS"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

A DRAMATIC moment was about to arrive in the joint career of Stephen Cheswardine and Vera his wife. The motor-car stood by the side of the pavement of the Strand, Torquay, that resort of southern wealth and fashion. The chauffeur, Felix, had gone into the automobile shop to procure petrol. Mr. Cheswardine, looking longer than ever in his long coat, was pacing the busy foot-path. Mrs. Cheswardine, her beauty obscured behind a flowing brown veil, was lolling in the tonneau, very pleased to be in the tonneau, very pleased to be observed by all Torquay in the tonneau, very satisfied with her husband and with the Napier car, and especially with Felix, now buying petrol. Suddenly Mrs. Cheswardine perceived that next door but one to the automobile shop was a milliner's. She sat up and gazed. According to a card in the window, an "after-season sale" was in progress that June day at the milliner's. There were two rows of hats in the window, each hat plainly ticketed. Mrs. Cheswardine descended from the car, crossed the pavement, and gave to the window the whole of her attention.

She sniffed at most of the hats. But one of them, of green straw, with a large curving green wing on either side of the crown, and a few odd bits of fluffiness here and there, pleased her. It was Parisian. She had been to Paris—once. An "after-season" sale at a little shop in Torquay would not, perhaps, seem the most likely place in the world to obtain a chic hat; it is, moreover, a notorious fact that really chic hats cannot be got for less than three pounds, and

this hat was marked ten shillings. Nevertheless, hats are most mysterious things. Their quality of being chic is more often the fruit of chance than of design, particularly in England. You never know when nor where you may light on a good hat. Vera considered that she had lighted on one.

"They're probably duck's feathers dyed," she said to herself. "But it's a darling of a hat and will suit me to a T."

FELIX

As for a price, when once you have taken the ticket off a hat the secret of its price is gone forever. Many a hat less smart than this hat has been marked in Bond Street at ten guineas instead of ten shillings. Hats are like oil-paintings — they are worth what people will give for them.

So Vera approached her husband, and said, with an enchanting, innocent smile: "Lend me half a sovereign, will you, Doggie?"

She called him Doggie in those days because he was sort of a dog-man, sort of a St. Bernard, shaggy and big, with faithful eyes; and he enjoyed being called Doggie.

But on this occasion he was not to be bewitched by the enchanting innocence of the smile nor by the endearing epithet. He refused to relax his features.

"You aren't going to buy another hat, are you?" he asked sternly, challengingly.

The smile disappeared from her face, and she pulled her slim young self together.

"Yes," she replied harshly.

The battle was definitely engaged. You may inquire why a man financially capable of hiring a 20–24 horse-power Napier car, with a French chauffeur named Felix, for a week or more, should grudge his wife ten shillings for a hat. Well, you are to comprehend that it was not a question of ten shillings; it was a question of principle. Vera already had eighteen hats, and it had been clearly understood between them that no more money should be spent on attire for quite a long time. Vera was entirely in the wrong. She knew it, and he knew it. But she wanted just that hat.

"'LEND ME HALF A SOVEREIGN, WILL YOU, DOGGIE?'"

"STEPHEN SWALLOWED HIS WRATH"

And they were on their honeymoon, you know; which enormously intensified the poignancy of the drama. They had been married only six days; in three days more they were to return to the Five Towns, where Stephen was solidly established as an earthenware manufacturer. You who have been through them are aware what ticklish things honeymoons are, and how much depends on the tactfulness of the more tactful of the two parties. Stephen, thirteen years older than Vera, was the more tactful of the two parties. He had married a beautiful and elegant woman with vast capacities for love in her heart. But he had married a capricious woman, and he knew it. So far, he had yielded to her caprices, as well became him; but in the depths of his masculine mind he had his own private notion as to the identity of the person who should ultimately be master in their house, and he had decided only the previous night that when the next moment for being firm arrived, firm he would be.

And now the moment was upon him.

It was their eyes that fought, silently, bitterly. There is a great deal of bitterness in true love.

Stephen perceived the affair broadly, in all its aspects. He was older and much more experienced than Vera, and therefore he was responsible for the domestic peace, and for her happiness and for his own, and for appearances, and for various other things. He perceived the moral degradation that would be involved in an open quarrel during the honeymoon. He perceived the difficulties of a battle in the street, in so select and prim a street as the Strand, Torquay, where the very backbone of England's respectability goes shopping. He perceived Vera's vast ignorance of life. He perceived her charm, and her naughtiness, and all her defects. And he perceived, further, that, this being the first conflict of their married existence, it was of the highest importance that he should emerge from it the victor. To allow Vera to triumph would gravely menace their future tranquillity and multiply the difficulties that her adorable capriciousness would surely cause. He could not afford to let her win. It was his duty, not merely to himself but to her, to conquer. But, on the other hand, he had never fully tested her powers of sheer obstinacy, her willingness to sacrifice everything for the satisfaction of a whim; and he feared these powers. He had a dim suspicion that Vera was one of that innumerable class of charming persons who are perfectly delicious and perfectly sweet as long as they have precisely their own way — and no longer.

Vera perceived only two things: she perceived the hat — although her back was turned toward it; and she perceived the half-sovereign — although it was hidden in Stephen's pocket.

"But, my dear," Stephen protested, "you know ——-"

"Will you lend me half a sovereign?" Vera repeated, in a glacial tone. The madness of a desired hat had seized her. She was a changed Vera. She was not a loving woman, nor a duteous young wife, nor a reasoning creature. She was an embodied instinct for hats.

"'WHAT DO YOU THINK OF MY NEW HAT, FELIX?'"

"IT WAS NOT IN THE HAT-BOX, NOR ON THE COUCH, NOR UNDER THE COUCH"

"It was most distinctly agreed," Stephen murmured, restraining his anger.

Just then Felix came out of the shop, followed by a procession of three men bearing cans of petrol. If Stephen was Napoleon and Vera Wellington, Felix was the Blücher of this deplorable altercation. Impossible to have a row — yes, a row — with your wife, in the presence of your chauffeur, with his French ideas of chivalry.

"Will you lend me half a sovereign?" Vera reiterated, in the same glacial tone, not caring twopence for the presence of Felix.

And Stephen, by means of an interminable silver chain, drew forth his sovereign-case from the profundity of his hip-pocket — it was like drawing a bucket out of a well. And he gave Vera half a sovereign; and *that* was like knotting the rope for his own execution.

And while Felix and his three men poured gallons and gallons of petrol into a hole under the cushions of the tonneau, Stephen swallowed his wrath on the pavement, and Vera remained hidden in the shop. And the men were paid and went off, and Felix took his seat, ready to start. And Vera then came out of the hat place, and the new green hat was on her head, and the old one in a bag in her pretty hands.

"What do you think of my new hat, Felix?" she smiled to the favored chauffeur. "I hope it pleases you."

Felix said that it did.

In these days, chauffeurs are a great race and a privileged. They have usurped the position formerly held by military officers. Women fawn on them, take fancies to them, and spoil them. They can do no wrong, in the eyes of the sex. Vera had taken a fancy to Felix. Perhaps it was because he had been in a cavalry regiment; perhaps it was merely the curve of his mustache. Who knows? And Felix treated her as only a Frenchman can treat a pretty woman, with a sort of daring humility, with worship — in short, with true Gallic appreciation. It ravished her to think that she was the light of poor Felix's existence, an unattainable star for him. Of course, Stephen didn't mind. That is to say, he didn't really mind.

The car rushed off in the direction of Exeter, homeward.

That day, by means of Felix's expert illegal driving, they got as far as Bath; and there were no breakdowns. The domestic atmosphere in the tonneau was slightly disturbed at the beginning of the run, but it soon improved. Indeed, after lunch Stephen grew positively bright and gay. At tea, which they took just outside Bristol, he actually went so far as to praise the hat. He said that it was a very becoming hat, and also that it was well worth the money. In a word, he signified to Vera that their first battle had been fought and that Vera had won, and that he meant to make the best of it and to accept the situation.

Vera was naturally charmed, and when she was charmed she was charming. She said to herself that she had always known that she could manage a man. The recipe for managing a man was firmness coupled with charm. But there must be no half measures, no hesitations. She had conquered. She saw her future life stretching out before her like a beautiful vista. And Stephen was to be her slave, and she would have nothing to do but to give rein to her caprices, and charm Stephen when he happened to deserve it.

But the next morning the hat had vanished out of the bedroom of the exclusive hotel at Bath. Vera could not believe that it had vanished; but it had. It was not in the hat-box, nor on the couch, nor under the couch, nor perched on a knob of the bedstead, nor in any of the spots where it ought to have been. When she realized that, as a fact, it had vanished, she was cross, and on inquiring from Stephen what trick he had played with her hat, she succeeded in conveying to Stephen that she was cross.

Stephen was still in bed, comatose. The tone of his reply startled her.

"Look here, child," he said, or rather snapped, — he had never been snappish before,—"since you took the confounded thing off last evening I haven't seen it and I haven't touched it, and I don't know where it is."

"But you must ——"

"I gave in to you about the hat," Stephen continued to snap, "though I knew I was a fool to do so, and I consider I behaved pretty pleasantly over it, too. But I don't want any more scenes. If you've lost it, that's not my fault."

Such speeches took Vera very much aback. And she, too, in her turn, now saw the dangers of a quarrel, and in this second altercation it was Stephen who won. He said he would not even mention the disappearance of the hat to the hotel manager. He was sure it must be in one of Vera's trunks. And, in the end, Vera performed the day's trip in another hat.

They reached the Five Towns much earlier than they had anticipated,—before lunch on the ninth day,— whereas the new servants in their new house at Bursley were only expecting them for dinner. So Stephen had the agreeable idea of stopping the car in front of the new Hotel Metropole at Hanbridge and lunching there. Precisely opposite this new and luxurious caravanserai (as they love to call it in the Five Towns) is the imposing garage and agency where Stephen had hired the Napier car. Felix said he would lunch hurriedly in order to transact certain business at the garage before taking them on to Bursley. After lunch, however, Vera caught him transacting business with a chambermaid in a corridor. Shocking though the revelation is, it needs to be said that Felix was kissing the chambermaid. The blow to Mrs. Cheswardine was severe. She had imagined that Felix spent all his time in gazing up to her as an unattainable star.

She spoke to Stephen about it, in the accents of disillusion.

"What?" cried Stephen. "Don't you know? They're engaged to be married. Her name is Mary Callear. She used to be parlor-maid at Uncle John's at Oldcastle; but hotels pay higher wages."

Felix engaged to a parlor-maid — Felix, who had always seemed to Vera a gentleman in disguise! Yes, it was indeed a blow.

But balm awaited Vera at her new home in Bursley. A parcel, obviously containing a cardboard box, had arrived for Stephen. He opened it, and the lost hat was inside it. Stephen read a note, and explained that the hotel people at Bath had found it and forwarded it. He began to praise the hat anew. He made Vera put it on instantly, and seemed delighted — so much so that Vera went out to the porch to say good-by to Felix in a most forgiving frame of mind. She forgave Felix for being engaged to the chambermaid.

And there was the chambermaid walking up the drive, quite calmly! Felix, also quite

"FELIX WAS KISSING THE CHAMBERMAID. THE BLOW TO MRS. CHESWARDINE WAS SEVERE"

calmly, asked Vera to excuse him, and told the chambermaid to get into the car and sit beside him. He then informed Vera that he had to go with the car immediately to Oldcastle, and was taking Miss Callear with him for the run, this being Miss Callear's weekly afternoon off. Miss Callear had come to Bursley in the electric tram.

Vera shook with swift anger — not at Felix's information, but at the patent fact that Mary Callear was wearing a hat that was the exact replica of the hat on Vera's own head. And Mary Callear was seated like a duchess in the car, while Vera stood on the gravel. And two of Vera's new servants were there to see that Vera was wearing a hat precisely like the hat of a chambermaid!

She went abruptly into the house and sought for Stephen — as with a sword. But Stephen was not discoverable. She ran to her elegant new bedroom and shut herself in. She understood the plot. She had plenty of wit. Stephen had concerted it with Felix. In spite of Stephen's allegations of innocence, the hat had been sent somewhere — probably to Brunt's at Hanbridge — to be copied at express speed, and Stephen had presented the copy to Felix, in order that Felix might present it to Mary Callear, the chambermaid, and the meeting in the front garden had been deliberately arranged by that odious male, Stephen. Truly, she had not believed Stephen capable of such duplicity and cruelty.

She removed the hat, gazed at it, and then tore it to pieces and scattered the pieces on the carpet.

An hour later Stephen crept into the bedroom, and beheld the fragments, and smiled.

"Stephen," she exclaimed, "you're a horrid, cruel brute!"

"I know I am," said Stephen. "You ought to have found that out long since."

"I won't love you any more. It's all over," she sobbed.

But he just kissed her.

THE ANTHROPOLOGIST AT LARGE

BY

R. AUSTIN FREEMAN

EDITOR OF THE LONDON "LANCET"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY RALEIGH

THORNDYKE was not a newspaper reader. He viewed with extreme disfavor all scrappy and miscellaneous forms of literature, which, by presenting a disorderly series of unrelated items of information, tended, he considered, to destroy the habit of consecutive mental effort.

"It is most important," he once remarked to me, "habitually to pursue a definite train of thought, and to pursue it to a finish, instead of flitting indolently from one uncompleted topic to another, as the newspaper reader is so apt to do. Still, there is no harm in a daily paper—so long as you don't read it."

Accordingly, he patronized a morning paper, and his method of dealing with it was characteristic. After breakfast, the paper was laid on the table, together with a blue pencil and a pair of office shears. A preliminary glance through the sheets enabled him to mark with the pencil those paragraphs that were to be read, and these were presently cut out and looked through, after which they were either thrown away or set aside to be pasted in an indexed book. The whole proceeding occupied, on an average, a quarter of an hour.

On the morning of which I am now speaking, he was thus engaged. The pencil had done its work, and the snick of the shears announced the final stage. Presently he paused with a newly excised cutting between his fingers, and, after glancing at it for a moment, he handed it to me.

"Another art robbery," he remarked. "Mysterious affairs, these — as to motive, I mean.

You can't melt down a picture or an ivory carving, and you can't put them on the market as they stand. The very qualities that give them their value make them totally unnegotiable."

"Yet, I suppose," said I, "the really inveterate collector — the pottery or stamp maniac, for instance — will buy these contraband goods, even though he dare not show them."

"Probably. No doubt the *cupiditas habendi*, the mere desire to possess, is the motive force, rather than any intelligent purpose ——-"

The discussion was at this point interrupted by a knock at the door, and a moment later my colleague admitted two gentlemen. One of these I recognized as Mr. Marchmont, a solicitor for whom we had occasionally acted; the other was a stranger — a typical Hebrew of the blond type — good-looking, faultlessly dressed, carrying a bandbox, and obviously in a state of the most extreme agitation.

"Good morning to you, gentlemen," said Mr. Marchmont, shaking hands cordially. "I have brought a client of mine to see you, and when I tell you that his name is Solomon Lowe, it will be unnecessary for me to say what our business is."

"Oddly enough," replied Thorndyke, "we were, at the very moment that you knocked, discussing the bearings of his case."

"It is a horrible affair!" burst in Mr. Lowe. "I am distracted! I am ruined! I am in despair!"

He banged the bandbox down on the table, and, flinging himself into a chair, buried his face in his hands.

"Come, come," remonstrated Marchmont, "we must be brave; we must be composed. Tell Dr. Thorndyke your story, and let us hear what he thinks of it."

He leaned back in his chair, and looked at his client with that air of patient fortitude that comes to us all so easily when we contemplate the misfortunes of other people.

"You must help us, sir," exclaimed Lowe, starting up again,—"you must indeed, or I shall go mad! But I will tell you what has happened, and then you must act at once. Spare no effort and no expense. Money is no object — at least, not in reason," he added, with native caution. He sat down once more, and in perfect English, though with a slight German accent, proceeded volubly: "My brother Isaac is probably known to you by name."

Thorndyke nodded.

"He is a great collector, and to some extent a dealer — that is to say, he makes his hobby a profitable hobby."

"What does he collect?" asked Thorndyke.

"Everything," replied our visitor, flinging his hands apart with a comprehensive gesture, —"everything that is precious and beautiful: pictures, ivories, jewels, watches, objects of art and virtu — everything. He is a Jew, and he has that passion for things that are rich and costly that has distinguished our race from the time of my namesake Solomon. His house in Howard Street, Piccadilly, is at once a museum and an art gallery. The rooms are filled with cases of gems, of antique jewelry, of coins and historic relics — some of priceless value; and the walls are covered with paintings, every one of which is a masterpiece. There is a fine collection of ancient weapons and armor, both European and Oriental; rare books, manuscripts, papyri, and valuable antiquities from Egypt, Assyria, Cyprus, and elsewhere. You see, his taste is quite catholic, and his knowledge of rare and curious things is probably greater than that of any other living man. He is never mistaken; no forgery deceives him, and hence the great prices that he obtains: for a work of art purchased from Isaac Lowe is a work certified as genuine beyond all cavil."

He paused to mop his face with a silk handkerchief, and then, with the same plaintive volubility, continued:

"My brother is unmarried. He lives for his collection, and he lives with it. The house is not a very large one, and the collection takes up most of it; but he keeps a suite of rooms for his own occupation, and has two servants — a man and wife — to look after him. The man, who is a retired police sergeant, acts as caretaker and watchman; the woman as housekeeper and cook, if required, but my brother lives largely at his club. And now I come to this present catastrophe."

He ran his fingers through his hair, took a deep breath, and continued:

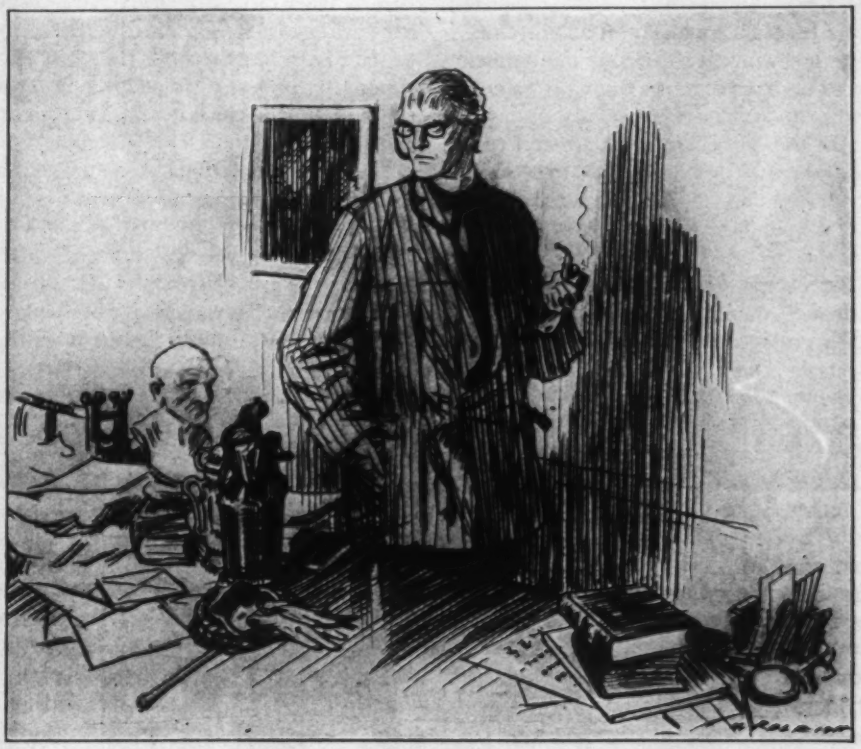
"Yesterday morning Isaac started for Florence, by way of Paris; but his route was not certain, and he intended to break his journey at various points as circumstance determined. Before leaving, he put his collection in my charge, and it was arranged that I should occupy his rooms in his absence. Accordingly, I sent my things around and took possession.

"Now, Dr. Thorndyke, I am closely connected with the drama, and it is my custom to spend my evenings at my club, of which most of the members are actors. Consequently, I am rather late in my habits; but last night I was earlier than usual in leaving my club, for I started for my brother's house before half-past twelve. I felt, as you may suppose, the responsibility of the great charge I had undertaken; and you may, therefore, imagine my horror, my

consternation, my despair, when, on letting myself in with my latch-key, I found a police inspector, a sergeant, and a constable in the hall. There had been a robbery, sir, in my brief absence, and the account that the inspector gave of the affair was briefly this:

"While making the round of his district, he had noticed an empty hansom proceeding in leisurely fashion along Howard Street. There was nothing remarkable in this; but when, about ten minutes later, he was returning, and met a hansom, which he believed to be the same, sprang in himself. The cabman lashed his horse, which started off at a gallop, and the policeman broke into a run, blowing his whistle and flashing his lantern on the cab. He followed it around the two turnings into Albemarle Street, and was just in time to see it turn into Piccadilly, where, of course, it was lost. However, he managed to note the number of the cab, which was 72,863, and he describes the man as short and thick-set, and thinks he was not wearing any hat.

"As he was returning, he met the inspector



DR. THORNDYKE, MEDICAL JURIST

proceeding along the same street in the same direction and at the same easy pace, the circumstance struck him as odd, and he made a note of the number of the cab in his pocket-book. It was 72,863, and the time was 11.35.

"At 11.45 a constable coming up Howard Street noticed a hansom standing opposite the door of my brother's house, and while he was looking at it, a man came out of the house carrying something, which he put in the cab. On this, the constable quickened his pace; and when the man returned to the house, and reappeared carrying what looked like a portmanteau, and closed the door softly behind him, the policeman's suspicions were aroused, and he hurried forward, hailing the cabman to stop.

"The man put his burden into the cab, and and the sergeant, who had heard the whistle, and on hearing his report the three officers hurried to the house, where they knocked and rang for some minutes without any result. Being now more than suspicious, they went to the back of the house, through the mews, where, with great difficulty, they managed to force a window and effect an entrance into the house.

"Here their suspicions were soon changed to certainty, for, on reaching the first floor, they heard strange muffled groans proceeding from one of the rooms, the door of which was locked, though the key had not been removed. They opened the door, and found the caretaker and his wife sitting on the floor, with their backs against the wall. Both were bound hand and foot, and the head of each was enveloped in a

green baize bag; and when the bags were taken off, both were found to be lightly but effectively gagged.

"Each told the same story. The caretaker, fancying he heard a noise, armed himself with a truncheon, and came downstairs to the first floor, where he found the door of one of the rooms open and a light burning inside. He stepped on tiptoe to the open door, and was peering in, when he was seized from behind, and half suffocated by a pad held over his mouth, pinioned, gagged, and blindfolded with a bag.

"His assailant — whom he never saw — was amazingly strong and skilful, and handled him with perfect ease, although he, the caretaker, is a powerful man, and a good boxer and wrestler. The same thing happened to the wife, who had come down to look for her husband. She walked into the same trap, and was gagged, pinioned, and blindfolded without ever having seen the robber. So the only description that we have of this villain is that furnished by the constable."

"And the caretaker had no chance to use his truncheon?" said Thorndyke.

"Well, he got in one back-handed blow over his right shoulder, which he thinks caught the burglar in the face; but the fellow caught him by the elbow, and gave his arm such a twist that he dropped the truncheon on the floor."

"Is the robbery a very extensive one?"

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Lowe. "That is just what we cannot say. But I fear it is. It seems that my brother had quite recently drawn out of his bank four thousand pounds in notes and gold. These little transactions are often carried out in cash rather than by check,"—here I caught a twinkle in Thorndyke's eye,—"and the caretaker says that a few days ago Isaac brought home several parcels, which were put away temporarily in a strong cupboard. He seemed to be very pleased with his new acquisitions, and gave the caretaker to understand that they were of extraordinary rarity and value.

"Now, this cupboard has been cleared out. Not a vestige is left in it but the wrappings of the parcels. So, although nothing else has been touched, it is pretty clear that goods to the value of four thousand pounds have been taken. But, when we consider what an excellent buyer my brother is, it becomes highly probable that the actual value of those things is two or three times that amount, or even more. It is a dreadful, dreadful business, and Isaac will hold me responsible for it all."

"Is there no further clue?" asked Thorndyke. "What about the cab, for instance?"

"Oh, the cab!" groaned Lowe. "That clue failed. The police must have mistaken the number. They telephoned immediately to all the police stations, and a watch was set, with the result that number 72,863 was stopped as it was going home for the night. But it then turned out that the cab had not been off the rank since eleven o'clock, and the driver had been in the shelter all the time, with several other men. But there *is* a clue; I have it here."

"BOUND HAND AND FOOT, AND THE HEAD OF EACH ENVELOPED IN A GREEN BAIZE BAG"

Mr. Lowe's face brightened, for once, as he reached out for the bandbox.

"The houses in Howard Street," he explained, as he untied the fastening, "have small balconies to the first-floor windows at the back. Now, the thief entered by one of these

"HE OPENED THE BOX WITH A FLOURISH AND BROUGHT FORTH A RATHER SHABBY BILLYCOCK HAT"

windows, having climbed up a rain-water pipe to the balcony. It was a gusty night, as you will remember; and this morning, as I was leaving the house, the butler next door called to me and gave me this; he had found it lying in the balcony of his house."

He opening the bandbox with a flourish and brought forth a rather shabby billycock hat.

"I understand," said he, "that by examining a hat it is possible to deduce from it, not only the bodily characteristics of the wearer, but also his mental and moral qualities, his state of health, his pecuniary position, his past history, and even his domestic relations and the peculiarities of his place of abode. Am I right in this supposition?"

The ghost of a smile flitted across Thorndyke's face as he laid the hat upon the remains of the newspaper. "We must not expect too much," he observed. "Hats, as you know, have a way of changing owners. Your own hat, for instance" (a very spruce hard felt), "is a new one, I think."

"Got it last week," said Mr. Lowe.

"Exactly. It is an expensive hat, by Lincoln and Bennett, and I see you have judiciously written your name in indelible marking-ink on the lining. Now, a new hat suggests a discarded predecessor. What do you do with your old hats?"

"My man has them, but they don't fit him. I suppose he sells them or gives them away."

"Very well. Now, a good hat like yours has a long life, and remains serviceable long after it has become shabby; and the probability is that many of your hats pass from owner to owner — from you to the shabby genteel, and from them to the shabby ungenteel. And it is a fair assumption that there are, at this moment, an appreciable number of tramps wearing hats by Lincoln and Bennett, marked in indelible ink with the name S. Lowe; and any one who should examine those hats, as you suggest, might draw some very misleading deductions as to the personal habits of S. Lowe."

Mr. Marchmont chuckled audibly, and then, remembering the gravity of the occasion, suddenly became portentously solemn.

"So you think that the hat is of no use, after all?" said Mr. Lowe, in a tone of deep disappointment.

"I won't say that," replied Thorndyke. "We may learn something from it. Leave it with me, at any rate. But you must let the police know that I have it; they will want to see it, of course."

"And you will try to get those things, won't you?" pleaded Lowe.

"I will think over the case. But you understand, or Mr. Marchmont does, that this is hardly in my province. I am a medical jurist, and this is not a medico-legal case."

"Just what I told him," said Marchmont. "But you will do me a great kindness if you will look into the matter. Make it a medico-legal case," he added persuasively.

Thorndyke repeated his promise, and the two men took their departure.

For some time after they had left, my colleague remained silent, regarding the hat with a quizzical smile. "It is like a game of forfeits," he remarked at length, "and we have to find the owner of 'this very pretty thing.'" He lifted it with a pair of forceps into a better light, and began to look at it more closely.

"Perhaps," said he, "we have done Mr. Lowe an injustice, after all. This is certainly a very remarkable hat."

"It is as round as a basin," I exclaimed. "Why, the fellow's head must have been turned in a lathe!"

Thorndyke laughed. "The point," said he, "is this. This is a hard hat, and so must have fitted fairly, or it could not have been worn; and it was a cheap hat, and so was not made to measure. But a man with a head that shape has got to come to a clear understanding with his hat. No ordinary hat would go on at all.

"Now, you see what he has done — no doubt on the advice of some friendly hatter. He has bought a hat of a suitable size, and he has made it hot — probably steamed it. Then he has jammed it, while still hot and soft, on to his head, and allowed it to cool and set before removing it. That is evident from the distortion of the brim. The important corollary is that this hat fits his head exactly — is, in fact, a perfect mold of it; and this fact, together with the cheap quality of the hat, furnishes the further corollary that it has probably had only a single owner.

"And now let us turn it over and look at the outside. You notice at once the absence of old dust. Allowing for the circumstance that it had been out all night, it is decidedly clean. Its owner has been in the habit of brushing it, and is therefore presumably a decent, orderly man. But if you look at it in a good light, you see a kind of bloom on the felt, and through this lens you can make out particles of a fine white powder that has worked into the surface."

He handed me his lens, through which I could distinctly see the particles to which he referred.

"Then," he continued, "under the curl of the brim and in the folds of the hat-band, where the brush has not been able to reach it, the powder has collected quite thickly, and we can see that it is a very fine powder, and very white, like flour. What do you make of that?"

"I should say that it is connected with some industry. He may be engaged in some factory or works, or, at any rate, may live near a factory and have to pass it frequently."

"Yes; and I think we can distinguish between the two possibilities. For, if he only passes the factory, the dust will be on the outside of the hat only; the inside will be protected by his head. But if he is engaged in the works, the dust will be inside, too, as the hat will hang on a peg in the dust-laden atmosphere, and his head will also be powdered, and so convey the dust to the inside."

He turned the hat over once more, and as I brought the powerful lens to bear upon the dark lining, I could clearly distinguish a number of white particles in the interstices of the fabric.

"The powder is on the inside too," I said.

He took the lens from me, and, having verified my statement, proceeded with the examination. "You notice," he said, "that the leather head-lining is stained with grease, and this staining is more pronounced at the sides and back. His hair, therefore, is naturally greasy, or he greases it artificially; for, if the staining were caused by perspiration, it would be most marked opposite the forehead."

He peered anxiously into the interior of the hat, and eventually turned down the head-lining; and immediately there broke out upon his face a gleam of satisfaction.

"Ha!" he exclaimed. "This is a stroke of luck. I was afraid our neat and orderly friend had defeated us with his brush. Pass me the small dissecting forceps, Jervis."

I handed him the instrument, and he proceeded to pick out daintily, from the space behind the head-lining, some half dozen short hairs, which he laid, with infinite tenderness, on a sheet of white paper.

"There are several more on the other side," I said, pointing them out to him.

"Yes; but we must leave some for the police," he answered, with a smile. "They must have the same chance as ourselves, you know."

"But surely," I said, as I bent down over the paper, "these are pieces of horsehair!"

"I think not," he replied; "but the microscope will show. At any rate, this is the kind of hair I should expect to find with a head of that shape."

"Well, it is extraordinarily coarse," said I, "and two of the hairs are nearly white."

"Yes — black hairs beginning to turn gray. And now, as our preliminary survey has given such encouraging results, we will proceed to more exact methods; and we must waste no time, for we shall have the police here presently to rob us of our treasure."

"We will sample the dust from the outside first," said Thorndyke, laying the hat upon the work-bench. "Are you ready, Polton?"

The assistant slipped his foot into the stirrup of the pump and worked the handle vigorously, while Thorndyke drew the glass nozzle slowly along the hat-brim under the curled edge. And, as the nozzle passed along, the white coating van-

"'IT IS A MOST ASTONISHING HEAD'"

He carefully folded up the paper containing the hairs, and, taking the hat in both hands, as if it were some sacred vessel, ascended with me to the laboratory on the next floor.

"Now, Polton," he said to his laboratory assistant, "we have here a specimen for examination, and time is precious. First of all, we want your patent dust-extractor."

The little man bustled to a cupboard and brought a singular appliance somewhat like a miniature vacuum cleaner. He had made it from a bicycle foot-pump, by reversing the piston-valve, and it was fitted with a glass nozzle and a small detachable glass receiver for collecting the dust, at the end of a flexible metal tube.

ished as if by magic, leaving the felt absolutely clean and black, and simultaneously the glass receiver became clouded with a white deposit.

"We will leave the other side for the police," said Thorndyke. And, as Polton ceased pumping, he detached the receiver and laid it on a sheet of paper, on which he wrote in pencil, "Outside," and covered it with a small bell-glass. A fresh receiver having been fitted on, the nozzle was now drawn over the silk lining of the hat, and then through the space behind the leather head-lining on one side; and now the dust that collected in the receiver was of the usual gray color and fluffy texture, and included two more hairs.

"And now," said Thorndyke, when the second receiver had been detached and set aside, "we want a mold of the inside of the hat, and we must make it by the quickest method; there is no time to make a paper mold. It is a most astonishing head," he added, taking down from a nail a pair of large calipers, which he applied to the inside of the hat; "six inches and nine tenths long by six and six tenths broad, which gives us"— he made a rapid calculation on a scrap of paper — "the extraordinarily high cephalic index of 95.6."

Polton now took possession of the hat, and, having stuck a band of wet tissue-paper round the inside, mixed a small bowl of plaster-of-Paris, and very dexterously ran a stream of the thick liquid on the tissue paper, where it quickly solidified. A second and a third application resulted in a broad ring of solid plaster an inch thick, forming a perfect mold of the inside of the hat; and in a few minutes the slight contraction of the plaster, in setting, rendered the mold sufficiently loose to allow of its being slipped out on a board to dry.

We were none too soon, for, even as Polton was removing the mold, the electric bell, which I had switched to the laboratory, announced a visitor; and when I went down, I found a police sergeant waiting, with a note from Superintendent Miller requesting the immediate transfer of the hat.

"The next thing to be done," said Thorndyke, when the sergeant had departed with the bandbox, "is to measure the thickness of the hairs, and make a transverse section of one, and examine the dust. The sectioning we will leave to Polton. As time is an object, Polton, you had better embed the hair in thick gum and freeze it hard on the microtome, and be very careful to cut the section at right angles to the length of the hair. Meanwhile, we will get to work with the microscope."

The hairs proved, upon measurement, to have the surprisingly large diameter of 1/135 of an inch — fully double that of ordinary hairs; but they were unquestionably human. As to the white dust, it presented a problem that even Thorndyke was unable to solve. The application of reagents showed it to be carbonate of lime, but its source remained a mystery for a time.

"The larger particles," said Thorndyke, with his eye applied to the microscope, "appear to be transparent, crystalline, and distinctly laminated in structure. It is not chalk, it is not whiting, it is not any kind of cement. What can it be?"

"Could it be any kind of shell?" I suggested. "For instance ——"

"Of course!" he exclaimed, starting up; "you have hit it, Jervis, as you always do. It must be mother-of-pearl. Polton, give me a pearl shirt-button out of your oddments-box."

The button was duly produced by the thrifty Polton, dropped into an agate mortar, and speedily reduced to powder, a tiny pinch of which Thorndyke placed under the microscope.

"This powder," said he, "is, naturally, much coarser than our specimen, but the identity of character is unmistakable. Jervis, you are a treasure! Just look at it."

I glanced down the microscope, and then pulled out my watch. "Yes," I said, "there is no doubt about it, I think; but I must be off. Anstey urged me to be in court by 11.30 at the latest."

With infinite reluctance, I collected my notes and papers and departed, leaving Thorndyke diligently copying addresses out of the Post Office Directory.

My business at the court detained me the whole of the day; and it was nearly dinner-time when I reached our chambers. Thorndyke had not yet come in, but he arrived half an hour later, tired and hungry, and not very communicative.

"What have I done?" he repeated, in answer to my inquiries. "I have walked miles of dirty pavement, and I have visited all the pearl-shell cutters in London, with one exception; and I have not found what I was looking for. The one mother-of-pearl factory that remains, however, is the most likely, and I propose to look in there to-morrow morning. Meanwhile, we have completed our data, with Polton's assistance. Here is a tracing of our friend's skull taken from the mold; you see, it is an extreme type of brachycephalic skull, and markedly unsymmetrical. Here is a transverse section of one of his hairs, which is quite circular — unlike yours or mine, which would be oval. We have the mother-of-pearl dust from the outside of the hat, and from the inside similar dust mixed with various fibers and a few granules of rice starch. Those are our data."

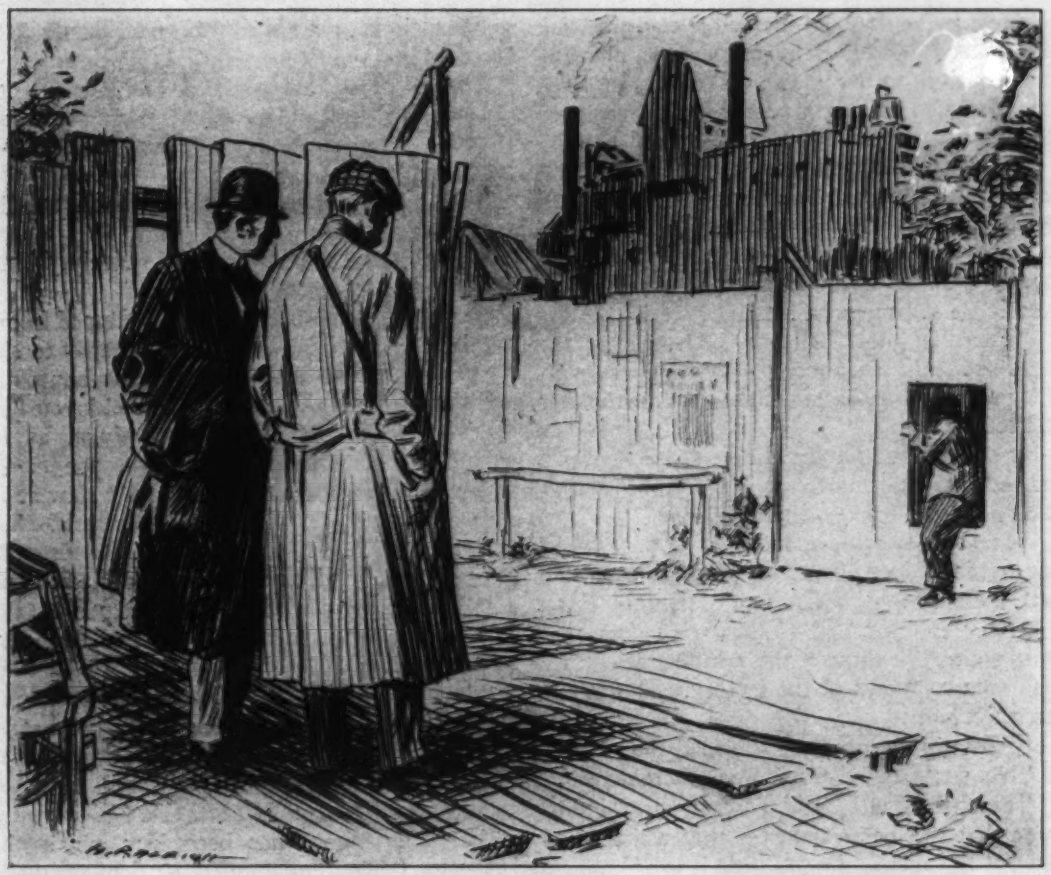
"Supposing the hat should not be that of the burglar, after all?" I suggested.

"That would be annoying. But I think it is his, and I think I can guess at the nature of the art treasures that were stolen."

"And you don't intend to enlighten me?"

"My dear fellow," he replied, "you have all the data. Enlighten yourself by the exercise of your own brilliant faculties. Don't give way to mental indolence."

I endeavored, from the facts in my possession, to construct the personality of the mysterious burglar, and failed utterly; nor was I more



"THE LEG WAS FOLLOWED BY A BACK AND A CURIOUS GLOBULAR HEAD"

successful in my endeavor to guess at the nature of the stolen property; and it was not until the following morning, when we had set out on our quest and were approaching Limehouse, that Thorndyke would revert to the subject.

"We are now," he said, "going to the factory of Badcomb and Martin, shell importers and cutters, in the West India Dock Road. If I don't find my man there, I shall hand the facts over to the police and waste no more time on the case."

"What is your man like?" I asked.

"I am looking for an elderly Japanese, wearing a new hat or, more probably, a cap, and having a bruise on his right cheek or temple. I am also looking for a cab-yard. But here we are at the works, and as it is now close on the dinner-hour, we will wait and see the hands come out before making any inquiries."

We walked slowly past the tall, blank-faced building, and were just turning to repass it when a steam whistle sounded, a wicket opened in the main gate, and a stream of workmen — each powdered with white, like a miller — emerged into the street. We halted to watch the men as they came out, one by one, through the wicket, turning to the right or the left toward their homes or some near-by coffee-shop; but none of them answered the description that my friend had given.

The outcoming stream grew thinner, and at length ceased; the wicket was shut with a bang, and once more Thorndyke's quest appeared to have failed.

"Is that all of them, I wonder?" he said, with a shade of disappointment in his tone.

But, even as he spoke, the wicket opened again, and a leg protruded. The leg was followed by a back and a curious globular head, covered with iron-gray hair, and surmounted by a cloth cap, the whole appertaining to a short, very thick-set man, who was evidently talking to some one inside.

Suddenly he turned his head to look across the street; and immediately I recognized, by the pallid yellow complexion and narrow eye-slits, the physiognomy of a typical Japanese. The man remained talking for almost another minute; then, drawing out his other leg, he turned toward us; and now I perceived that the right side of his face, over the prominent cheekbone, was discolored as if by a severe bruise.

"Ha!" said Thorndyke, turning round sharply as the man approached. "Either this

is our man, or it is an incredible coincidence." He walked away at a moderate pace, allowing the Japanese to overtake us slowly, and when the man had at length passed us, he increased his speed somewhat, so as to keep near him.

Our friend stepped along briskly, and presently turned up a side street, whither we followed at a respectful distance, Thorndyke holding open his pocket-book and appearing to engage me in an earnest discussion, but keeping a sharp eye on his quarry.

"There he goes!" said my colleague, as the man suddenly disappeared,—"the house with the green window-sashes. That will be number thirteen."

It was; and, having verified the fact, we passed on, and took the next turning that would lead us back to the main road.

Some twenty minutes later, as we were strolling past the door of a coffee-shop, a man came out, filling his pipe with an air of leisurely satisfaction. His hat and clothes were powdered with white, like those of the workmen whom we had seen come out of the factory. Thorndyke accosted him.

"Is that a flour-mill up the-road there?"

"No, sir; pearl-shell. I work there myself."

"Pearl-shell, eh?" said Thorndyke. "I suppose that will be an industry that will tend to attract the aliens. Do you find it so?"

"No, sir; not at all. The work's too hard. We've only got one foreigner in the place, and he ain't an alien — he's a Jap."

"A Jap!" exclaimed Thorndyke. "Really. Now, I wonder if that would chance to be our old friend Kotei — you remember Kotei?" he added, turning to me.

"No, sir; this man's name is Futashima. There was another Jap in the works, a chap named Itu, a pal of Futashima's, but he's left."

"Ah! I don't know either of them. By the way, usen't there to be a cab-yard just above here?"

"There's a yard up Rankin Street, where they keep vans and one or two cabs. That chap Itu works there now. Taken to horse-flesh. Drives a van sometimes. Queer start for a Jap."

"Very." Thorndyke thanked the man for his information, and we sauntered on toward Rankin Street. The yard was at this time nearly deserted, being occupied only by an ancient and crazy four-wheeler and a very shabby hansom.

"Curious old houses, these that back on to the yard," said Thorndyke, strolling into the inclosure. "That timber gable, now," pointing to a house from a window of which a man was watching us suspiciously, "is quite an interesting survival."

"What's your business, Mister?" demanded the man in a gruff tone.

"We are just having a look at these quaint old houses," replied Thorndyke, edging toward the back of the hansom, and opening his pocket-book, as if to make a sketch.

"Well, you can see 'em from outside," said the man.

"So we can," said Thorndyke suavely, "but not so well, you know."

At this moment the pocket-book slipped from his hand and fell, scattering a number of loose papers about the ground under the hansom, and our friend at the window laughed joyously.

"No hurry," murmured Thorndyke, as I stooped to help him gather up the papers — which he did in the most surprisingly slow and clumsy manner. "It is fortunate that the ground is dry." He stood up with the rescued papers in his hand, and, having scribbled down a brief note, slipped the book into his pocket.

"Now you'd better mizzle," observed the man at the window.

"Thank you," replied Thorndyke; "I think we had." And, with a pleasant nod at the custodian, he proceeded to adopt the hospitable suggestion.

"Mr. Marchmont has been here, sir, with Inspector Badger and another gentleman," said Polton, as we entered our chambers. "They said they would call again about five."

"Then," replied Thorndyke, "as it is now a quarter to five, there is just time for us to have a wash, while you get the tea ready."

Our visitors arrived punctually, the third gentleman being, as we had supposed, Mr. Solomon Lowe. I had not seen Inspector Badger before, and he now impressed me as showing a tendency to invert the significance of his own name by endeavoring to "draw" Thorndyke — in which, however, he was not very successful.

"I hope you are not going to disappoint Mr. Lowe, sir," he began facetiously. "You have had a good look at that hat,— we saw your marks on it,— and he expects that you will be able to point us out the man, name, and address all complete." He grinned patronizingly at our unfortunate client, who was looking even more haggard and worn than he had been on the previous morning.

"Have you — have you made any — discovery?" Mr. Lowe asked with pathetic eagerness.

"We examined the hat very carefully, and I think we have established a few facts of some interest."

"Did your examination of the hat furnish any information as to the nature of the stolen property, sir?" inquired the humorous inspector.

Thorndyke turned to the officer with a face as expressionless as a wooden mask.

"We thought it possible," said he, "that it might consist of works of Japanese art, such as netsukes, paintings, and such like."

Mr. Lowe uttered an exclamation of delighted astonishment, and the facetiousness faded rather suddenly from the inspector's countenance.

"I don't know how you can have found out," said he. "We have known it only half an hour ourselves, and the wire came direct from Florence to Scotland Yard."

"Perhaps you can describe the thief to us," said Mr. Lowe, in the same eager tone.

"I dare say the inspector can do that," replied Thorndyke.

"Yes, I think so," replied the officer. "He is a short, strong man, with a dark complexion and hair turning gray. He has a very round head, and he is probably a workman engaged at some whiting or cement works. That is all we know; if you can tell us any more, sir, we shall be very glad to hear it."

"I can only offer a few suggestions," said Thorndyke, "but perhaps you may find them useful. For instance, at 13 Birket Street, Limehouse, there is living a Japanese gentleman named Futashima, who works at Badcomb and Martin's mother-of-pearl factory. I think that if you were to call on him, and let him try on the hat that you have, it would probably fit him."

The inspector scribbled ravenously in his note-book, and Mr. Marchmont — an old admirer of Thorndyke's — leaned back in his chair, chuckling softly and rubbing his hands.

"Then," continued my colleague, "there is in Rankin Street, Limehouse, a cab-yard, where another Japanese gentleman, named Itu, is employed. You might find out where Itu was the night before last; and if you should chance to see a hansom cab there,— number 22,481,— have a good look at it. In the frame of the number-plate you will find six small holes. Those holes may have held brads, and the brads may have held a false number-card. At any rate, you might ascertain where that cab was at 11.30 the night before last. That is all I have to suggest."

Mr. Lowe leaped from his chair. "Let us go — now — at once! There is no time to be lost. A thousand thanks to you, doctor — a thousand million thanks. Come!"

He seized the inspector by the arm and forcibly dragged him toward the door, and a moment later we heard the footsteps of our visitors clattering down the stairs.

"It was not worth while to enter into explanations with them," said Thorndyke, as the footsteps died away — "nor perhaps with you?"

"On the contrary," I replied, "I am waiting to be fully enlightened."

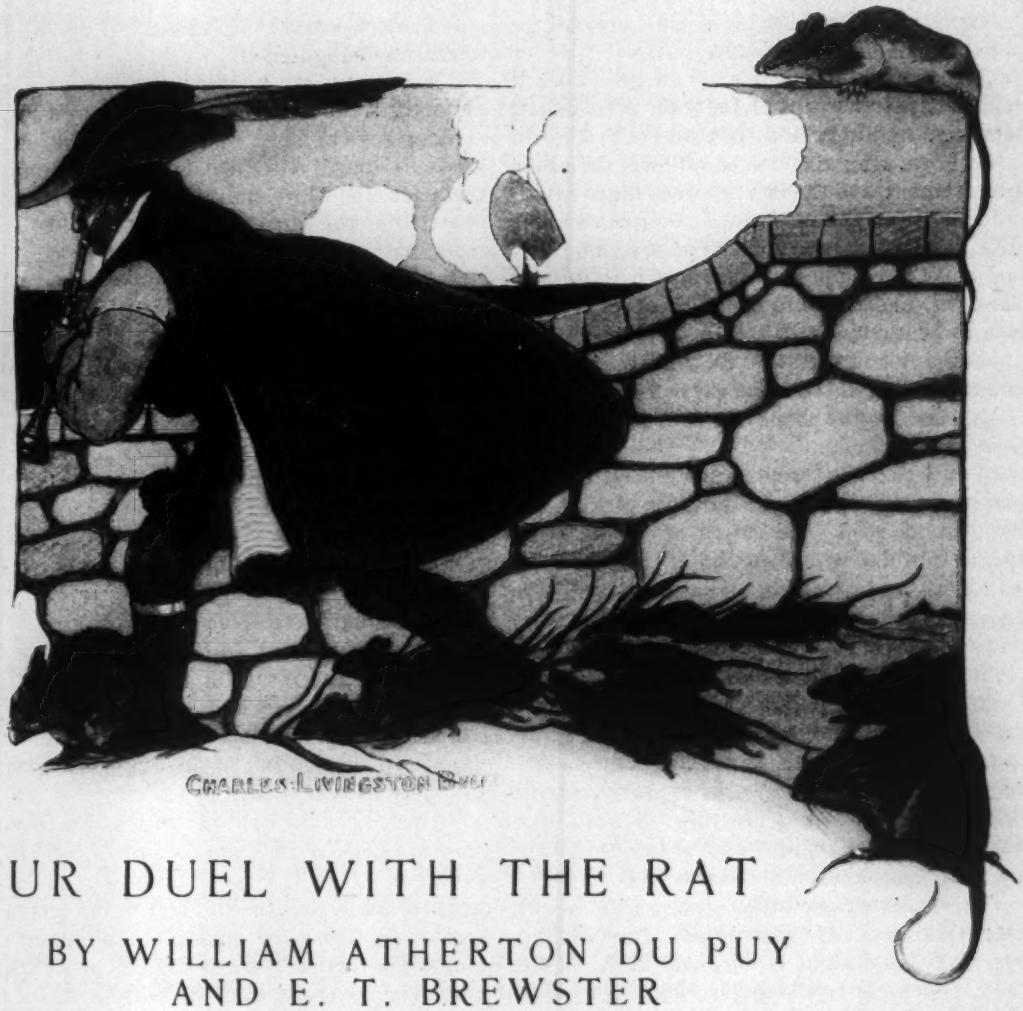
"Well, then, my inferences in this case were perfectly simple ones, drawn from well-known anthropological facts. The human race, as you know, is roughly divided into three groups — the black, the white, and the yellow races. But, apart from the variable quality of color, these races have certain fixed characteristics, associated especially with the shape of the skull, of the eye-sockets, and the hair. So that we have, in the black races, long skull, long orbits, flat hair; in the white races, oval skull, oval orbits, oval hair; and in the yellow races, round skull, round orbits, round hair.

"Now, in this case we had to deal with a very short, round skull. But you cannot argue from races to individuals; there are many short-skulled Englishmen. But when I found, associated with that skull, hairs that were circular in section, it became practically certain that the individual was a Mongol of some kind. The mother-of-pearl dust and the granules of rice starch from the inside of the hat favored this view, for the pearl-shell industry is specially connected with China and Japan, while starch granules from the hat of an Englishman would probably be wheat starch.

"Then, as to the hair. It was, as I mentioned to you, circular in section, and of very large diameter. Now, I have examined many thousands of hairs, and the thickest that I have ever seen came from the heads of Japanese; the hairs from this hat were as thick as any of them. But the hypothesis that the burglar was a Japanese received confirmation in various ways. Thus, he was short, though strong and active, and the Japanese are the shortest of the Mongol races, and very strong and active.

"Then, his remarkable skill in handling the powerful caretaker — a retired police sergeant — suggested the Japanese art of jiu-jitsu; while the nature of the robbery was consistent with the value set by the Japanese on works of art. Still, it was nothing but a bare hypothesis until we had seen Futashima — and, indeed, is no more now. I may, after all, be entirely mistaken."

He was not, however; and at this moment there reposes in my drawing-room an ancient netsuke, which came as a thank-offering from Mr. Isaac Lowe on the recovery of the booty from a back room in 13 Birket Street, Limehouse. The treasure, of course, was given in the first place to Thorndyke, but transferred by him to my wife, on the pretense that, but for my suggestion of shell-dust, the robber would never have been traced. Which is, on the face of it, preposterous.



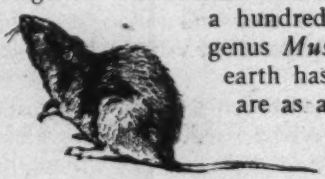
OUR DUEL WITH THE RAT

BY WILLIAM ATHERTON DU PUY
AND E. T. BREWSTER

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS AND DRAWINGS BY CHARLES L. BULL

THE dominion of man over the beasts of the field does not yet include the rodents. Aurochs, cave-bear, and mammoth we put down with stone-headed arrows. We have wiped out the buffalo; the lion and the elephant will soon be gone. But still the rabbits of Australia cost the colonies millions a year; traps, ferrets, and poison still fail to make head against the rats, mice, and gophers of the United States. While our animal enemies have become smaller in size, they have grown more numerous. It is as if Nature, after trying vainly to chastise her insurgent son with a catapult, had gone after him with a shotgun.

The fact is that, of all warm-blooded creatures, there are just two that are really dominant, successful, increasing in numbers and range, and able to maintain themselves anywhere in the world against all rivals. These two are man and the rats. The genus *Homo* and the genus *Mus* go everywhere and eat everything. They are the two creatures that dwell in houses and travel in ships. Each drives its other rivals to the wall; but neither, except locally and for brief periods, has ever come near to exterminating the other. Civilized man has fought the common rat for two hundred years, and the battle is still drawn.



There are two species of civilized house-rats—the common brown Norway rat, *Mus decumanus*, and the old English black rat, *Mus rattus*. Then there are besides all sorts of primitive, aboriginal, indigenous, barbarian wood-rats and water-rats, lemmings and voles, a hundred and fifty species of the genus *Mus* alone. Each part of the earth has its own, and in each they are as ancient as the human race itself. *Mus rattus* is a newcomer in Europe and

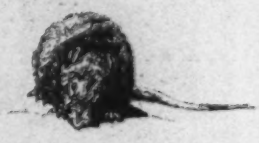
America. Like man, it is a native of central or southern Asia. Genner's "Historia Animalium" mentions it in 1587, and it probably appeared in North America shortly after this date. The Welsh, retaining still the tradition of its introduction, call it "llygoden Ffrancon"—the French mouse. To this species belong all the white rats and other fancy breeds that are kept for pets; for *Mus rattus* is a charming little creature, slender, active, intelligent, and, as rats go, gentle. This is the rat of history and romance, the rat for whose baning Shylock would give three thousand ducats.

This interesting animal is now practically extinct in English-speaking countries. Rat history has repeated itself, and the black rat has gone down before the brown as the native rats went down before the black, or as human aborigines go down before the white man.

Mus decumanus, the other civilized rat, is also an Eastern form, probably Chinese, which followed *Mus rattus* about two centuries later. The English Jacobites called it the "Hanoverian rat," because it reached England in the time of the earlier Georges. The American colonists called it the "Hessian rat," because it first appeared in North America during the Revolution. The common name, "Norway rat," is entirely a misnomer, due apparently to its confusion with the Norway lemming. To the lemming also are due the stories of vast hordes of rats that sweep across the continents, devouring everything in sight, and filling the rivers with their bodies. The rats themselves really colonized Europe and North America very much as we did.

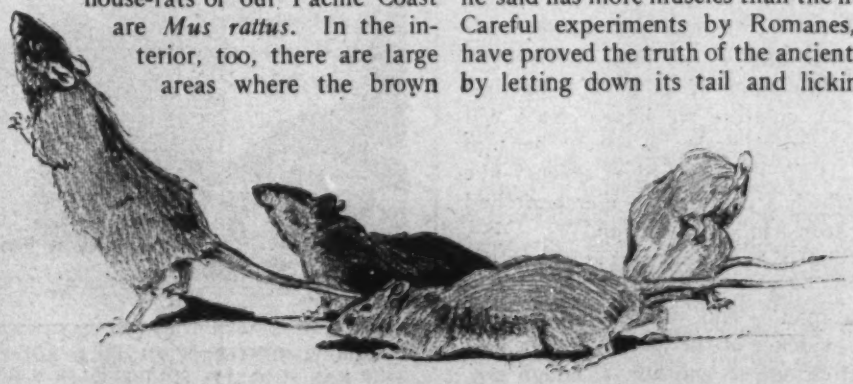
However, the brown rat has not yet quite inherited the earth. South America is hardly touched. There are still black rats, even in India, while ten per cent of the house-rats of our Pacific Coast are *Mus rattus*. In the interior, too, there are large areas where the brown rat is found only along the railway lines. One wonders whether the Chinese rat may be regarded as the advance guard of the "yellow peril."

The *casus belli* is, of course, that men and rats like the same things to eat. We plant our rice fields, and the rats swim out and bite off the young sprigs. We try grain, and they dig up the seeds, eat the tender shoots, bite off the ears, invade cribs, granaries, mills, elevators, warehouses. There are barns where the rats and mice eat and spoil as much fodder as reaches the stock; and yet the farmer wonders why farming does not pay. They kill fruit trees by burrowing underneath and gnawing the roots. They strip currants from the bushes and ripe cherries from the trees. They invade the coffee plantations of Central America, and they have nearly put an end to the attempt to raise dates in Arizona. They devour chickens, squab, geese, ducks, partridges, and the like, slaying them, in spite of their size, with one deft bite through the neck. They injure horses, dogs, and elephants by biting the skin at the base of their nails. They eat the cobbler's leather, and gnaw into valuable ivory for the sake of an especially toothsome gelatin that it contains. They have even killed children, and eaten the bodies of men.



Not without much native sagacity has the rat supported itself in the very presence of man, while other wild creatures have disappeared from the woods. It is as wary and as difficult to trap as the fox; but its apparent timidity proceeds from a wise caution rather than from fear, for it fights desperately, and its courage when cornered is proverbial.

Its sight is not especially good, but its smell is keen, and its sense of locality so perfect that it will run through its holes and galleries in pitch-darkness at full speed. The great Cuvier used especially to admire the rat's tail, which he said has more muscles than the human hand. Careful experiments by Romanes, moreover, have proved the truth of the ancient belief that, by letting down its tail and licking the end,



TRAPPING SQUIRRELS FOR LABORATORY EXPERIMENTAL PURPOSES

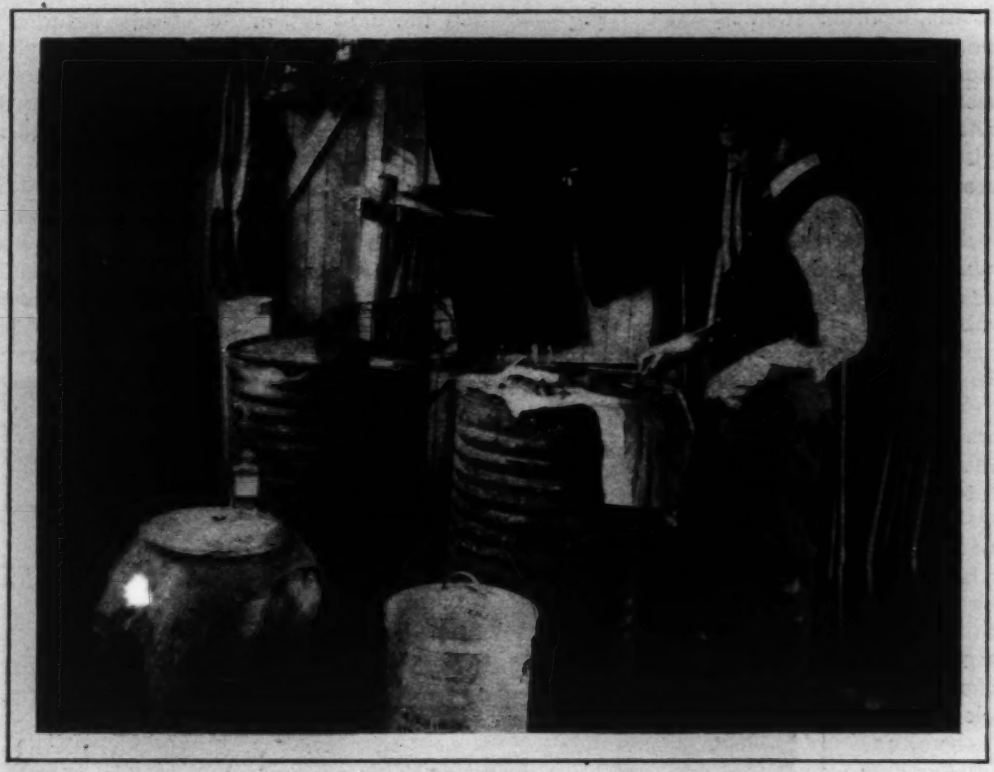
the rat extracts oil, milk, wine, molasses, and other fluids from deep or narrow-necked vessels.

No single point, I think, illustrates better the sagacity of the rat than the way in which it eats an egg. It bites through the shell and chips off small fragments as neatly as a squirrel opens a nut, consumes the entire contents without spilling a drop, and then sits up and licks itself clean like a cat. For the rat, in spite of its unattractive diet, is a cleanly animal, which keeps its fur tidy and washes itself after each meal, and whose bite, contrary to the general impression, is as little dangerous as that of any creature we have. Rats will steal the eggs from under a sitting hen; in Washington, D. C., they carried off seventy-five dozen eggs which a commission merchant had incautiously stored in a wooden tub.

Their method of handling eggs is also characteristic. An egg is as large for a rat as a barrel for a man — and much more fragile. Yet there is evidence of the fact that they pass eggs along from one to another, although not, probably, as has often been reported, by forming long lines, like a bucket brigade. The operation is, naturally, a difficult one to observe; but apparently it takes two rats to each egg. One holds the egg in its paws, passes it on to the other, and then runs ahead to take it once more in its turn. The same device seems to be employed to carry an egg downstairs, the one that has the egg passing it to its companion, which stands on the step below. Going upstairs, however, at least in some cases, each rat puts its head between its fore paws and pushes the egg up with its hind feet. Such appears to be the general procedure. Tales of rat caravans in which the smaller rodents lie on their backs with their freight clasped in all four paws, while the larger drag them along, tail over shoulder, and an old gray rat prods up the laggards with a broom-straw, are to be received with caution.

Whatever we may think of the intelligence of rodents, there is, at any rate, no doubt concerning their fecundity. Madame la Rat be-

A SQUIRREL-HUNTER WITH FULL EQUIPMENT
THIS MAN SHOT 135 SQUIRRELS IN 8 HOURS



COMBING THE FLEAS FROM A RAT THAT HAS BEEN CHLOROFORMED. THE FLEAS ARE COLLECTED AND TAKEN TO THE LABORATORY TO BE EXAMINED FOR PLAGUE BACILLI

comes an object of solicitude to her relatives some four or five times a year, and the subsequent ratlings number up to a dozen and a half. Six weeks later each of these young rats is setting up a family of its own. This extraordinary multiplication is really an ingenious device for laying up provisions to carry the species over hard times. When food is abundant, straightway there are mouths to eat it. When food becomes scarce the rats eat one another. Where other species take on fat, the rat acquires numbers. To fight, to breed, and to die like rats have all become proverbial expressions.

Certain it is that the rat costs money. Experiment shows that it takes about sixty cents' worth of wheat to feed a single individual for a year. The eggs, cheese, young chickens, and squab, which it prefers to wheat, increase proportionately the cost of its board. Even if there were no more rats in the United States than there are human beings, and if each rat consumed and spoiled only twenty-five cents' worth of food in a year, the total cost in a decade would be staggering. As a matter of fact, the rat population of most communities is at least five times that of the human. To this, moreover, must be added as many more mice; for the mouse is really a rat, and it is merely an accident of language that we call it by a different name.

There are, then, probably five hundred million rats in the United States, not including mice and the various wild rats that for the most part keep out of man's way. This means a yearly cost, for food alone, of one hundred million dollars. To this must be added the damage they do in obtaining material for their nests. For this purpose they gnaw off the insulation from electric wires and chew up matches — and many a piece of property goes up in smoke as a result. To Madame la Rat the comfort of her little blind and hairless babies is more important than all the clothing and furs and rugs and furniture and valuable papers of the establishment. From a single nest have been taken out three towels, two serviettes, five dust-cloths, two pairs of linen knickerbockers, and seven handkerchiefs.

The total loss from all these different sources is largely a matter of guess-work. A reasonable and semi-official estimate, however, gives for Denmark, $3,000,000 annually; for France, $40,000,000; for Germany, $50,000,000; for Great Britain, $73,000,000; and for the United States at least $100,000,000, of which $15,000,000 is from fires. Fifteen dollars a month

is a loss reported from a single farm. No wonder that the United States Department of Agriculture in this country, in Europe L'Association Internationale pour la Destruction Rationnelle des Rats, and a similar society in England are trying to rouse the public to an appreciation of the gravity of this problem.

Nor is the mere money cost the most serious aspect of the matter. When all is said, nearly all our most dreaded afflictions are germ diseases; diseases, that is, that no one would ever have at all if some living plant or animal were not, somehow or other, carried from a sick person to a well one. The common vermin of our households track back and forth on their rounds of chicken-coop, stable, sewer, swill-bucket, and larder shelves. It is known that, in addition to other crimes, they disseminate the eggs of half a dozen highly deleterious parasites related to the hookworm. Who shall say what other sporozoa, bacilli, spirilla, nematodes, spirochaetae, trypanosomes, and the like, they may not scatter?

A RATS' NEST; THE FLOORING WILL HAVE TO BE REPLACED WITH CONCRETE TO DRIVE THE RATS AWAY

For one of the most terrible of all diseases the rat is now certainly known to be responsible: the bubonic plague, or "black death." No scourge of mankind is more dreadful than this, for it spreads with extraordinary velocity, often killing its victims in a single day; while, of the stricken, a bare tenth escape with their lives. It was slaying the Egyptians at the beginning of recorded history; a single epidemic cost Athens a third of her citizens. At Lyons, in 1572, the pestilence killed fifty thousand persons; Venice in 1576 lost seventy thousand. During the Great Plague of London, in 1665, 68,596 died, out of a population of 460,000; and the dead lay in the streets, because the living were too few to bury them. Through the Middle Ages and up to a century ago, a stricken city stood to lose a fifth of its inhabitants in a few months — and the spread of the pestilence was largely through the rats.

Even as late as 1771, an epidemic of the bubonic plague cost Moscow nearly a fourth of its quarter million souls. But, after the last Parthian arrow, the disease retired to India and the region westward toward the Mediterranean, which seems to have been its original home; and after 1850 Europe and Africa were free.

It broke out again in 1894, from a peculiarly virulent strain that had its habitat in certain districts of northern China. The army supply trains carried the rats and the rats carried the *Bacillus pestis* from the Manchurian frontier to the sea. From there it made its way back by junks to Canton, where, between March and August of 1894, it killed upward of one hundred thousand persons. Thence the Chinese strain of the plague bacillus passed by ship to Bombay, and diffused itself through India. Five million persons died of the pestilence in India during the six years that ended with 1908, and it was only with 1909

that the annual mortality fell below two hundred thousand.

Before it was discovered that quarantine must include rats as well as men, this new Indo-Chinese strain had spread over the whole civilized world. It entered Europe overland by way of Russia, and reached Portugal and the British Isles by sea. For the first time in history the Western Hemisphere took the infection. By the end of the last century there were epidemics in Austria, Germany, Italy, France, Argentina, Brazil, Paraguay, Australia, New Zealand, Hawaii, the Philippines, San Francisco — in fifty-two different countries, in all. It is appalling to think what might have been the consequences of this world-wide infection with this peculiarly virulent strain of the plague bacillus, if modern boards of health had no better defense than the religious processions, ringing of church bells, and executions of witches and Jews that were the only resource of an invaded community up to the eighteenth century. Even as it was, the consequences would have been serious enough if by 1907 the whole life history of *Bacillus pestis* had not been thoroughly made out, and the connection of the rat with it. If there had been no house vermin, twenty-five millions of people would not have perished of the black death in Europe during the fourteenth century, nor five and a half millions in India during the first ten years of the twentieth.

COURTS LIKE THIS ONE, WITH ITS HEAP OF RUBBISH AND OVERFLOWING GARBAGE-CAN, CAN BE FOUND IN HUNDREDS OF CITIES

And yet the rat is, in this, more sinned against than sinning. Probably ten rats to every man die of the plague; and, in general, wherever the plague invades a community, the animals die first. Men and rats alike are the victims of two allies — *Bacillus pestis* and the flea. The health officers of India have worked this out most carefully within the last five years. Guinea-pigs, monkeys, and rats, kept in cages on the floors of houses in which human beings had died of the plague, themselves succumbed to the disease. But the same animals in cages suspended more than a flea-jump above the floor, or surrounded by a band of "tanglefoot" a flea-jump wide, remained for an indefinite time in perfect health. Moreover, fully one fourth of the hundreds of fleas in an infected house had the *Bacillus pestis* in their mouths and stomachs. One bite at man or rat might mean prompt death.

All this explains, at last, the extraordinary insidiousness of the plague. A rat will go anywhere by ship or train or caravan, and escape notice. A flea may carry five thousand bacilli in its stomach, where they not only live for ten, fifteen, and even twenty days, but actually multiply, for the flea does not take the plague. The common human flea, *Pulex irritans*, lives also on the rat, and the half-dozen different rat fleas will bite men. Moreover, the fleas will leave a dead rat, pass to a live man, and remain for days on his body or in his clothing without

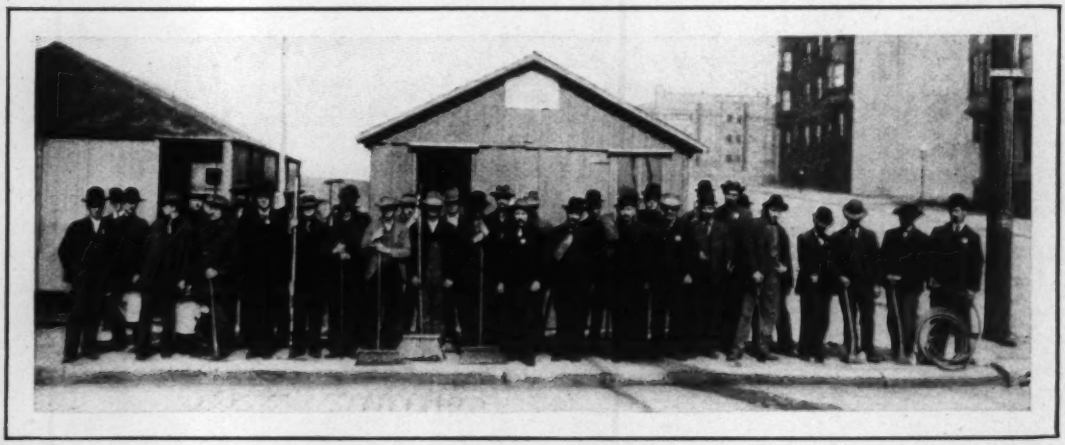
THE CATCH OF ONE MORNING BEING DIPPED, TAGGED, AND IDENTIFIED

biting him at all. When they smell their proper host, they leave the man, who remains perfectly healthy, yet may have transported the fleas for miles, thus starting a new center of infection in a distant community. One infected rat at the beginning of a voyage means a shipful to go ashore at the end. Man, rat, and flea together — it would be difficult to invent a more efficient means of disseminating the bubonic plague.

The plague entered San Francisco in 1900. Since 1900, therefore, and especially since 1907, the United States Government has fought the rat as India, Australia, and various other countries of the civilized world are fighting it.

The first task has been to make sure that no plague bacillus came into San Francisco or went out by sea. Fortunately, a ship, unlike a house, is nearly gas-tight. Each vessel, therefore, as soon as it came to port, was filled up with sulphur dioxid, and kept closed for five hours. It took two tons of sulphur to fumigate a big ocean liner. When it was done, there was not so much as a flea, a water-bug, or a cockroach left alive on board; and the crew took out the dead rats, fifteen and twenty bucketfuls at a time. Moreover, every vessel, as far as possible, was required to keep at least six feet from the wharf, to keep its gangways up by night and guarded by day, and to equip every hawser that came ashore with a coat of tar and a metal funnel at least a yard in diameter. Forty men were employed in this labor, and twice each day inspectors went along the water-front in launches to see that the regulations were obeyed. The result was that, with vessels plying in and out of San Francisco, thirty or forty people a month coming down with the plague, and one rat in each two hundred infected, of all the countless myriads in the city, not once did the contagion pass up or down the coast.

To clear the city of rats proved a more difficult matter. The ordinary frame building, with its open spaces in walls and floors, allows any sort of vermin to pass about at will. The



LABORERS STARTING OUT TO CLEAN UP A RAT-INFESTED DISTRICT

house cat, prudent beast, is usually not especially keen about catching full-grown rats. Traps and poison cut off merely the young and inexperienced. The old and wise, who have had the plague, recovered and become immune, remain, reservoirs of infection, to spread the pestilence among their descendants and mankind.

In fact, trapping alone, or even poison, are rather to the advantage of the rats. Every living thing, save only civilized man, multiplies up to the limit of its food supply. To destroy, from time to time, three quarters of the rats in a city only kills off the surplus population and makes life easy and food abundant for the rest. No matter how many are caught, there will always be plenty more. The remnant, experienced and trap-shy, will get their living from granary, pantry, and chicken-yard, will shun baits, and survive. The only way to dispose of the last few individuals is to cut off absolutely their food supply, and make them choose between certain starvation and the chance of poison or trap.

On this basis San Francisco carried on its campaign. Fifty thousand new metal garbage-cans with tight metal covers wiped out as many feeding-places. Eighty-seven inspectors saw to it that all poultry-yards, bakeries, restaurants, wharves, stables, slaughter-houses, grain-bins, and the like, were made rat-proof with wire netting and cement, and induced the San Franciscans to forgo the convenient practice of throwing their edible refuse in the nearest vacant lot. In general, all unsanitary structures inhabited by either men or animals were condemned, all sewers repaired and made tight, and all cellar floors relaid with cement, to do away with a favorite nesting-place of vermin. An elaborate card catalogue recorded the conditions of every building in the city; nearly four hundred recalcitrant persons suffered arrest; there were upward of eighty thousand abatements of nuisance. Altogether, San Francisco became one of the cleanest cities in the world, and one of the least popular with the whole tribe of vermin.

AN IDEAL BREEDING-PLACE FOR RATS

With the shortage of rations, the hungry rats fought one another for a chance at the traps. Foremen and laborers, in gangs of six, went about through the city, under direction of the inspectors, trapping, poisoning, fumigating, and disinfecting. Each trapper had charge of

A FOREMAN DELIVERING AMMUNITION TO A HUNTER IN THE FIELD

RAT-CATCHING IN ONE OF THE DRAINS OF PARIS

about sixty-five traps, and received, in addition to his wages, ten cents bonus for each rat. Besides this, especially careful and experienced men distributed small croûtons of bread smeared with arsenic or phosphorus. The number of rats killed by these means probably reached into the millions, for the records show 278,000 in seven months by trapping alone. The numbers that, by shortage of food and nesting-places, were prevented from being born at all, must have been many times greater.

Such are the general methods employed throughout the civilized world in the campaign against the rat, whether the war is waged because of the cost of the rat's food, or on account of the *Bacillus pestis* in its blood. Scientific societies, congresses of hygiene, and conventions of quarantine officers have made these tactics common knowledge, for civilized man is becoming a terribly scientific fighter. The United States Public Health and Marine Hospital Service alone has published nearly a dozen reports and bulletins dealing with the suppression of the rat and its allies.

We in the United States, however, have within the year developed a rodent problem quite unlike that of any other nation. Rat, flea, and plague bacillus have added to their trio the ground-squirrels of California. They, like the rats, take the plague, harbor fleas, and transmit the pest to one another, to other rodents, and to man.

Thus far, happily, the human casualties have been few — a blacksmith who had hunted squirrels a few days before he died of the plague, a railway laborer who had been eating them, a boy who had thrust his arm down a squirrel hole and been bitten by a flea. In each of the half-dozen cases there has been a sick squirrel to account for the dead man.

The situation is, nevertheless, a most alarming one. The squirrels on the east side of the Bay of San Francisco died by thousands, until their holes became so choked with the dead bodies that no more could get in. After that they died outside, and the buzzards fell upon them in flocks. Already, however, the squirrels are becoming immune; they are now multiplying rapidly, and again the ground begins to be alive with their countless numbers. If nothing

is done, there will soon be a vast rodent population, semi-immune and a permanent reservoir for the plague, extending from California to Texas. Quarantine will no longer avail against the disease, for every city will become, in effect, a seaport. The least relaxing of vigilance, and the wild rodents will reinfect the city rats, and the work at San Francisco will have to be done all over again in a dozen places instead of in one; while every man who touches a wild creature will take his life in his hands.

MEN THROWING POISON INTO SQUIRREL HOLES

AN INSPECTOR LAYING DOWN THE SANITARY LAW TO A CARELESS HOUSEHOLDER

The same efficient corps that, under Dr. Blue, handled the rats on one side of the Bay of San Francisco has now taken charge of the squirrels on the other, and they have, in addition, the assistance of the world's greatest authority on North American rodents—Dr. Hart Merriam, who brings with him the expert hunters and collectors of the United States Biological Survey. Since April, 1909, a body of scouts has been in the infected district, collecting samples of the squirrel population, to determine just how far the infection has traveled.

Each man is provided with a twelve-gage shotgun, knapsack, canteen, ammunition, tags, cans, chloroform, solder, and an instrument for extracting dead squirrels from their holes. Everything in the equipment has been carefully thought out, even to the precise size of shot and charge of powder. For the squirrel is tenacious of life, and if he has a single kick left in him after being hit, he will spend it in getting to the bottom of his burrow. A day's work for a scout and his dog is to bag from thirty to sixty specimens, to tag each one immediately, and to put it in his knapsack with sufficient chloroform to kill or stupefy the fleas and prevent their escape. In the evening he carries his bag to headquarters, transfers his catch to tin canisters, to which he adds more chloroform, and seals either with a special locking cover or with solder. These cans are then taken by the express companies and forwarded as promptly as possible to the general laboratory in San Francisco.

The cans, on arriving at San Francisco, are rushed by special messenger to the central laboratory, and there put through an examination practically identical with that already developed for suspected rats. First, the squir-

THREE CASES OF BUBONIC PLAGUE OCCURRED IN THIS HOUSE. THE MEN ARE MAKING THE FLOOR RAT-PROOF WITH CONCRETE

rels are once more sprinkled liberally with chloroform, given an antiseptic bath of bichlorid of mercury, and turned out in piles upon a lead-topped table. Almost faster than the eye can follow, a trained assistant catches a tack on a magnetized hammer and with four quick blows pegs out the animal on a shingle. Another numbers the shingle and notes the record of the tag. An instant later, the animal has been cut open, and a practical observer is examining the larger glands for the characteristic lesions of the bubonic plague.

Even if the animal appears to have been in good health, to make assurance doubly sure, it is examined once more by the medical officer in charge. If, on the other hand, there is the slightest indication of anything wrong, it goes at once to the bacteriologists. They make the usual microscopic examinations, plant out cultures of the suspected bacilli, and clinch the proof by inoculating guinea-pigs; for nature, as if for the special convenience of the pathologist, has made the guinea-pig susceptible to almost every known contagious disease. As soon as an infected animal is discovered, the man who sent it in is transferred to another locality, since the object of this reconnaissance is not to slaughter squirrels, but to delimit the disease.

Work of this sort is attended with no little risk. In six weeks of the summer of 1909 there came into the plague laboratory one hundred and seventy-four infected squirrels, any one of which might have brought the most serious consequences to each person who handled it. Employees, therefore, in addition to being selected for their discretion, are carefully warned of their danger, are especially cautioned not to thrust their hands into squirrel holes, and are given a protective inoculation with Haffkine's prophylactic. Thus far there has been no accident; but there is always the hazard that in the warm weather the decomposing bodies may generate sufficient gas to blow up the cans, allow the chloroform to evaporate, and the fleas to revive and escape.

The thorough study of last summer makes it clear that the plague has not crossed the Monte Diablo range into the great central valley of California, and that the region of really serious infection probably does not extend much beyond the limits of Contra Costa County. Infected animals have been found outside this area, but their numbers are diminishing rather than increasing. The danger zone, therefore, is the district lying southeast of San Francisco, between the mountains and the Bay.

This area, some forty miles square, is to be kept isolated. Trustworthy men guard the passes across the mountains, and keep them clear of squirrels. In addition, a strip of country five miles wide and thirty-five miles long, running from the lower end of the Bay of San Francisco east and north to the crest of the mountains, will be kept free of every living creature that can possibly carry the infection.

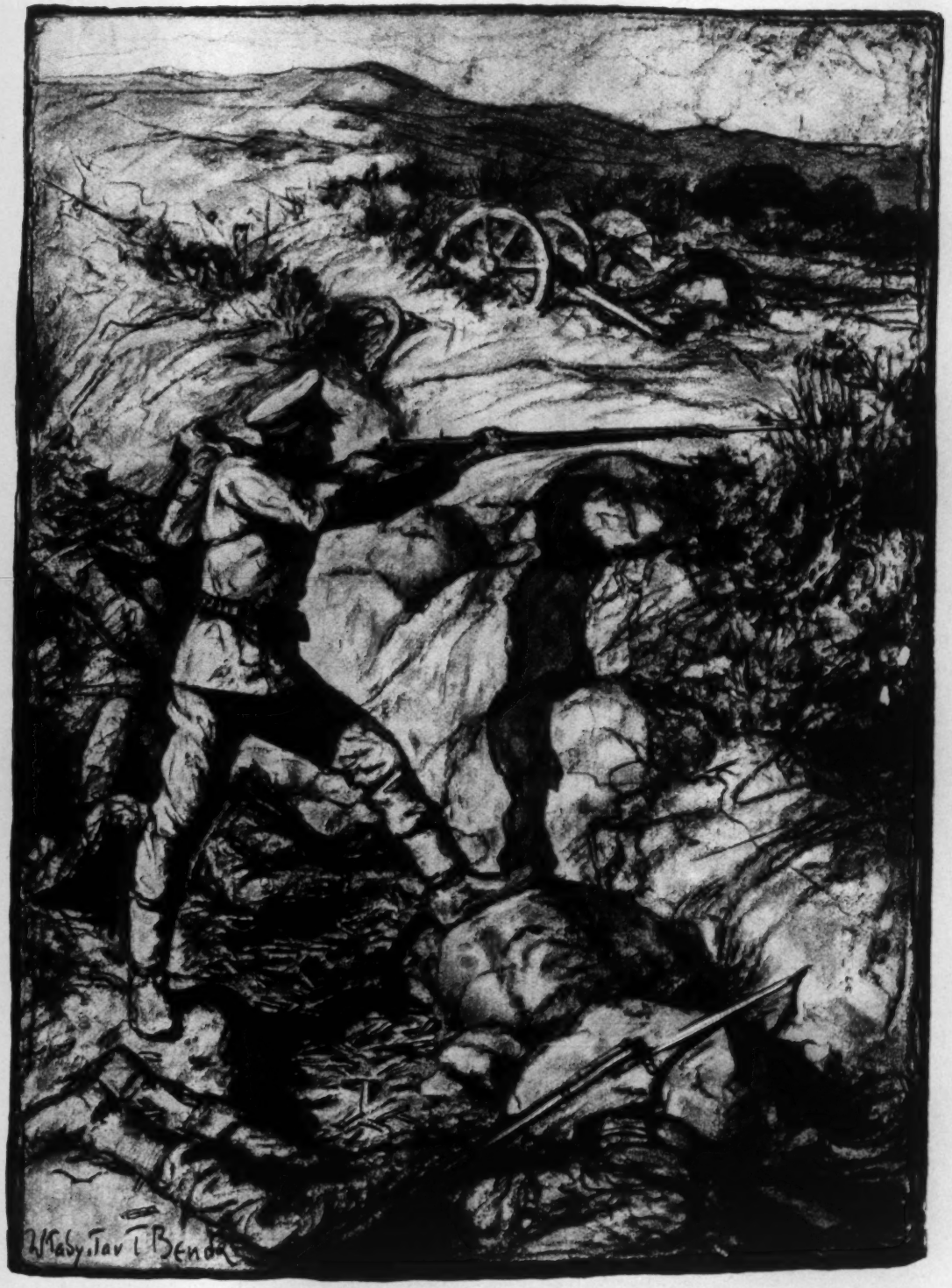
Within the region thus bounded, guns, traps, and poison are at work. Ranchers, State authorities, and the National Government have united

A "POISON SQUAD," CARRYING PAILS OF CROÛTONS SPREAD WITH POISON. IT IS ESTIMATED THAT 500,000 RATS HAVE BEEN KILLED BY THIS MEANS, AND NOT A SINGLE POISONING ACCIDENT IS RECORDED

OFFICERS OF THE PUBLIC HEALTH AND MARINE HOSPITAL SERVICE, WHO WERE ENGAGED IN THE PLAGUE ERADICATION CAMPAIGN IN SAN FRANCISCO

their efforts. It will be impossible to destroy all the rodents of this area, but their numbers can be so far reduced that individuals and colonies will no longer come much into contact with one another; and gradually the bacillus itself will die out. It is a very different matter, however, to hunt small rodents out of the houses of a city ward and to hunt them out of the mountains of a California county. Moreover, the wood-rat has lately gone over to the enemy, and several other rodents are under suspicion of treason.

Here, then, is a little problem in arithmetic. Take the cost to the people of the United States of the rat and its congeners for food, and add the expense of fires and other damage. Add the cost of ten years' fighting the bubonic plague in California, and of the present campaign against the ground-squirrel. Add, also, the three-hundred-odd lives lost by the plague since 1909, to say nothing of other results of other vermin-borne diseases. Then say whether it is not high time that we stop this shilly-shallying with *Mus decumanus*, *Mus rattus*, *Mus musculus*, and the rest, and send them to join many a more useful species.



Drawn by Wladyslaw T. Benda

"CLOSE BY A TRENCH IN WHICH A SOLDIER WAS BUSY SHOOTING, THERE RANG OUT A REPORT"

THE POINT OF VIEW

BY

"OLE LUK-OIE"

AUTHOR OF "THE JOINT IN THE HARNESS," "THE KITE," ETC.

"The more that clear-sightedness and intellectual influence upon the course of a battle is demanded of a general, the more he must keep himself out of serious danger to life and limb."
VON DER GOLTZ.

THE sinking sun, seen through the overhanging cloud of dust and smoke, quickly lost its brilliancy and turned crimson before becoming obscured in the dust that hung over the battlefield. From the light that still remained in the sky, it was evident that, although hidden, the sun had not yet set.

Just as the sun really set there occurred one of those lulls that sometimes take place, for no apparent reason, over large sections of a prolonged battle. Both sides, as if by mutual consent to salute the departing day, ceased firing, and the sudden comparative silence was more disturbing than the preceding din. It was only a brief hush. Anxious to make the most of the remaining daylight, one fired here, another there, then two or three, then dozens, until the noise of all separate shots, save the nearest, was lost again.

From the right, close by a trench in which a soldier was busy shooting, there rang out a report,— that double note which is never heard from behind a firearm,— and with a soft cough the man subsided in a heap on the jingling cartridges below. His rifle, supported squarely on the parapet, remained where it was.

"Now we've got it in the neck again!" philosophically grunted his neighbor — from the shape of the niche in which the dead man had been so snugly ensconced, he could only have been hit from a shot fired from behind. "Those brutes on the right have gone too soon and given us away, and the Sergeant has kept us here too long. Thought he would. Pity the little Lieutenant is dead!"

He was wrong. The "brutes" on the right could not help going. They, in their turn, had been given away by the chain of circumstances.

There was no anger in his voice, but a resigned annoyance, for the feelings of these men had become dulled. Desperate fighting ending usually in retirement leads, first to exasperation, then to uneasiness, and finally to dogged apathy, if not to soddenness. These men were now in a groove — the groove of duty. They fought all day, killed as many of the enemy as they could, and then, though it was understood to be an advance, nearly always retired at night. It had become mechanical. They had ceased to wonder when it would be their turn to attack. In fact, it would have been impossible at this stage to have induced these men to assume the offensive, for a habit — especially of retirement — is only too easily acquired.

Several reports now sounded on the right, and one or two more men had fallen by the time the Sergeant in command made up his mind to go back. He whistled. The remnants of the company picked up their belongings mechanically, took the bandoleers and the bolts from the rifles of the dead, and then scrambled away among the boulders, the long grass and the scrub, up the hillside.

Three men stayed behind, crouching in the deserted trench, which, when empty, looked all the more squalid, with its litter of food, scraps of paper, and empty cardboard boxes. Two busied themselves in burying some things like ration-tins, with short pieces of cord attached, under little mountains of the brass cartridge-cases. The third crawled along to the end till he came to the water-cans. One was still full. He put out his hand, then paused. Why should he spill it? *They* had been on the advance, fighting as they came, all day, and must be half dead from thirst. *They* had no trenches ready to retire to, no water placed handy for them. All *they* found to receive them was abandoned works half filled with expended cartridges, expended human beings, and possibly a live grenade or two. Poor devils! Why should ——?

He heard a shout: "Come out, you fool; they're lit!" There was a fizzing noise. Habit was too strong. He did the right thing, and kicked over the can before he climbed out and followed the others. He had barely gone a hundred yards before the detonations of the exploding grenades overtook him. But the oncoming enemy had been caught before, and this time the shower of stones and hail of brass cases had nothing but corpses upon which to vent its spite. A few moments later two or three crouching forms stole through the twilight and crept into the trench. They went straight to the water-cans.

Only when the artificial gloom of the smoke and dust screen had been overcome by the darkness of the night did the noise finally abate. Even then the hush was relative, for wild bursts of musketry broke out in different directions as attempts were made by one side or the other to advance under cover of darkness, or when bodies of men, unnerved by days of continual strain, started in uncontrollable panic to shoot at nothing. The closeness of the two forces in some places was marked by the shouts of hand-to-hand combat and the detonations of grenades. At some distance from the firing lines the intermittent reports and explosions were all that could be distinguished, but nearer the lines the thud of picks, the metallic jar of their steel points ringing out against flints, and the hoarse rasp of shovels was audible. More prosaic work, perhaps, than much of that which had gone on before that day; but, to judge from the way in which weary men were digging after a long day's fighting, and from the fact that in some places where the soil was hard, or the fire too hot, they were using corpses as a parapet, it was not less urgent. Now and then a gun was heard.

As soon as the light faded altogether from the sky, the yellow flames of different conflagrations glowed more crimson, and the great white eyes of the searchlights shone forth, their wandering beams lighting up now this, now that horror. Here and there in that wilderness of dead bodies, — the dreadful "No-Man's-Land" between the opposing lines,— deserted guns showed up singly or in groups, glistening in the full glare of the beam or silhouetted in black against a ray passing behind. These guns were abandoned — the enemy's fire had stripped them of life as a flame strips a feather. There they remained, inert and neutral, anybody's or nobody's property, the jumbled mass of corpses around them showing what a magnetic inducement guns still offer for self-sacrifice, in spite of the fact that for artillery to lose guns is no longer necessarily considered the worst disgrace.

Not far from the deserted zigzag trench stood two such batteries.

In proportion as the crash of firearms died away, the less noisy but far more awful sounds of a battlefield could be heard rising in a wail from all sides, especially from the space between the lines. All through that summer night the searchlights glared on this scene of human woe: all through that summer night, tired and overwrought human beings dodged, dug, shot, stabbed, fell asleep, or died where they happened to be.

Except in details, this little scene of retirement was like many others taking place among the low hills to right and left. All day the fight had swayed backward and forward, with varying success; and now the enemy, pressing forward a counter-stroke, had, after immense efforts, broken through, thus forcing the line on each side of them to curl back in self-defense. The troops were not fighting upon fresh ground, for it was a bare two days since they had advanced, and now in their retirement they were using their old trenches.

It was the close of a July day, and this was part of the central section of the battle, which extended for thirty-odd miles — the central section of the great attack that had lasted nearly a week, and, to the minds of all the soldiers and many of the officers in the section, had failed miserably. It had now degenerated from attack to defense, for during the last two days the movement had been retrograde and not at all what they had expected. The culminating point for those in this section had come to-day; they had gradually been forced back almost to their starting-place, and it seemed as if the enemy's entire army had been concentrated against them, that some one had blundered, and that they were to be left to bear the whole brunt of the attack. All their efforts had been futile, the appalling slaughter without result. The enemy was still pressing on harder. This much every man could see for himself, and it was natural, under the circumstances, that those who were quite ignorant of what was happening elsewhere should imagine that the whole army was beaten.

To the battery commander now lying wounded under an upturned wagon on that knoll, it seemed the end of all things. He had lost nearly all his men, all his horses, and there,— just over there,— deserted except by corpses, were his guns. He could see them — no, he was no longer able to; for, though he knew it not, the mist of death was before his eyes. The immediate surroundings were too strong for him; it seemed the end of the battle. The miles of fighting, his own personal hurt, were forgotten

in the sense of immediate, overwhelming disaster. Though an educated, scientific, broad-minded soldier, he died under the bitter sense of a great defeat. His comrade in misfortune, unwounded, perhaps felt the *débacle* even more. The infantry brigadier, now resting in the same ravine as his men, was suffering similar mental agony. Of his splendid Eighth Brigade of strong battalions, the best in the army,—nearly at full strength that morning,—he had now only one battalion and some remnants left after that fatal counter-attack. Even the divisional commander, a little farther away, at the end of a telephone wire, was puzzled, and at last perturbed.

He realized that this was only a holding attack, and that his business was to occupy and to keep back the enemy while some one else struck. He had been holding for days, but was now no longer keeping them back. *He* knew full well that the battle would be decided miles away, and that relief would come from elsewhere. But when? When?

II

On the afternoon of that day, two men stood talking under a trellis arch covered by a crimson rambler at the corner of a lawn. One was tall and elderly, with a slight stoop; the other, of middle age, had an alert appearance, accentuated by the shortness of a tooth-brush mustache. Both were in officer's service dress; but, though in uniform, the taller of the two wore slung across his back — not a haversack, binoculars, revolver, or any martial trappings, but an ordinary fishing-creel. On the ground at his feet lay something in a case that looked suspiciously like a rod, and a landing-net. While he conversed, he flipped over slowly the pages of a fat pocket-book. As the two stood there talking, the whole setting was suggestive of the happy opening scene of a play. The stagy effect of the two figures in the sunlit garden was heightened by the extreme neatness of the uniforms — apparently brand-new — and the vivid emerald green of the gorget patches. The cheery tone of the conversation sounded forced and not in accordance with the anxious faces.

The scene was real enough, the occasion intensely so; but the two officers were, to a certain extent, acting. They had to, in order to keep going, and it needed an effort.

"Wireless still working all right? No interference?" said the elder, finally. His note was almost querulous now, and he still fidgeted with his pocket-book.

"Quite, sir," replied the junior shortly, for the hundredth time, his brusqueness in great contrast to the other's slightly peevish tone. He was of the type of officer who is apt to confuse curtness and smartness; moreover, he had during the last few hours been much badgered by his superior. Also, in spite of his evident efforts to maintain the ideal demeanor of the perfect staff officer, he was unable entirely to restrain his surprise at the fishing get-up.

"Well, let me know at once when they are ready to open the ball. You know where I am to be found?"

"In your office, sir."

With that, the man with the tooth-brush mustache clicked his heels precisely, saluted, and turned to go. But, his eyes still fixed on the other's equipment, he awkwardly hit the trellis with his hand, and brought down a shower of the crimson petals all over his senior. Greatly mortified at his clumsiness, he was about to apologize, when the General,— he was a general, — who had noticed and enjoyed the cause of the perfect staff officer's discomfiture, remarked kindly:

"Crowned with roses! An omen, I hope. *That* comes of not keeping your eyes in the boat. Yes,"— he held out rod and book and looked down at himself,—"I am going fishing. I found these lying up in the house, no doubt left on purpose by the worthy owner, and it's a pity to waste them. I am going to take a rest from the office — a rest cure for us all, eh? You will not find me in my office; you'll find me by the fallen log near the bend, over there." He pointed down the garden. "Let me know of any developments at once. By the way, what do you think of this for to-day?" And he gently pulled out of his book something that glistened in the sun and curled itself lovingly round his finger. It looked like a violin-string with a feather on the end of it. He gazed up at the sky. "Too sunny, d'you think?"

"Don't ask me, sir," was the reply; "I'm no fisherman."

The general did not answer. He stood quite still, apparently absorbed in his little book and the specimen he had extracted. He remained thus for some minutes, staring at his hand and the gaudy little bundle of feather and silk in it. But he did not see them: his gaze was focused far away, and his face wrinkled in thought. A petal fell on the book and broke the spell. Starting, he said hastily, as if to excuse his momentary lapse: "Yes, I must have a try for that monster." The effect of the speech, however, was lost; for the other, with feelings of mingled relief and wonder, had noiselessly walked away over the grass and vanished within the house. The General was alone.

He was a kindly-looking man, with a thoughtful face and usually a gentle manner. It was his fixed principle in life to endeavor to act on reason and not on impulse. This theory of action was based on an acute sense of proportion. Indeed, so frequently did he preach the importance of proportion in war that he was commonly known among his personal staff as "Old Rule of Three."

Taking off his cap, he carefully hooked the fly into the soft green band above the peak. Then he picked up the rod and net and strode almost jauntily down the sloping lawn, his feet rustling through the swathes of cut grass lying about. Possibly owing to the drag of the grass on his feet,— for he did not look like a robust man,— by the time he had reached a point out of sight of the house there was no spring in his listless steps.

It was July and the garden was looking its best. The shadow of the great cedar on the lawn had almost reached the flower-border near the house, where the stocks glowed in the sunlight and filled the air with warm scent. From the house itself, ablaze with purple clematis and climbing roses, the lawn sloped down toward some trees, and through the trees could be seen the sparkle of a river and the shimmering water meadows beyond. Between borders of aspen and alder flowed the stream, its calm surface broken here and there by the rings of a lazily rising fish or by the silvery wake left by some water-vole swimming across. The meadows on the far side and the gentle hillside opposite were bathed in sunlight, and the distant cawing of rooks was the only sound to disturb the afternoon quiet that lay "softer than sleep" over the landscape.

The General passed through the dappled shadows under the trees, and wandered for a short distance upstream until he came to a little clearing in the shade, where he sat down on a rotting log. Impressed perhaps by the scene, he sat quite still. So motionless was he that a brood of young dabchicks on a voyage of discovery began to peep out from among the broad-leaved weeds near his feet. He did not notice them. His thoughts had again wandered far away, and, as his face showed, they were not pleasant.

Suddenly, from the dark pool beneath the knotted roots of the hawthorn opposite, where the cloud of midges was dancing, there came a loud liquid *plop*. He started. When he looked up he was too late to see anything except a swirl and some quickly spreading rings on the water; but his apathy disappeared. In one minute his rod was out and fixed; in two the fly was off his cap, and his reel was purring in little shrieks as he hauled out line in great jerks; in three he was crouching behind an osier, watching his fly spin around in an eddy as it meandered downstream.

The light on the hill grew more rosy; the shadows deepened and crept across the water; and yet he fished on — now without hat or coat. The fits of absence of mind or of depression to which he had been a prey had quite vanished.

Who would have guessed that this man, crouching there in the gloaming, was the Commander-in-Chief of a large army at that moment engaged in one of the greatest battles of history? Indeed, the conflict was now well past the opening gambit and was nearing its final phase. And yet, the man responsible for one side was calmly fishing; not only fishing, but evidently miles away from the front. In no way did the fragrant garden or the little stream show the trail of war.

An untrained observer would probably have been moved to indignation that such a thing should be possible: that, while the fate of his army hung upon his actions, upon his decisions, the Commander should be engaged in sport; that, while hundreds of thousands were fighting and meeting death in its most violent form, or toiling under the most awful strain,— that of warfare,— the leader should, with a chosen few, apparently shirk the dangers and hardships and enjoy a secure but ignoble ease. Surely, of all human enterprises, a battle most needed the presence of the guiding brain on the spot. Even the most luxurious of the successful commanders in history, however great the barbaric splendor of their pomp and state, led their own troops in the combat and showed no lack of personal bravery. Possibly the observer's verdict would have been that this was only one more sign of the times, an especially glaring example of the growing deterioration of the race, and of the decline of the military spirit among civilized nations.

But his verdict would have been incorrect. For this curious scene was not due to any decrease in national fiber, nor to the irresponsible vagaries of an individual degenerate. It was due to the fact that the advisers of the nation had some acquaintance with modern war and a profound knowledge of the limitations of human nature. The absence of the Commander-in-Chief from the front, his presence at such a spot, the very detachment of his occupation, were part and parcel of a deliberate policy, worked out by the same calculating brains that had worked out the national strategy.

Those who were responsible for that army, perhaps the finest instrument of destruction that the world had ever seen, were well aware

that an army is an instrument, and not, as it has often been miscalled, a war-machine; that an organization in which from top to bottom allowance has continually to be made for the weaknesses of human nature, resembles a machine less than most things. Consequently the material and psychological aspects of the art of war, and the action and reaction of the one upon the other, were fully recognized. From the bugler to generalissimo, for every human being liable to stress, every effort was made to mitigate the results of such stress.

This principle was carried out consistently all through the army, but it reached its greatest development in reference to the Commander. In value he did not represent an individual: he represented an army corps, two army corps — who could estimate his value? If he were the right man in the right place, his brain, his character, his influence were the greatest assets of the nation. It was recognized as essential that the Commander should be in the best physical condition, and it was no part of the scheme that he should share the hardships of the troops, or any hardships. Even at the risk of the sneers of the thoughtless and ignorant, even against his natural tendencies, he was to be preserved from every avoidable danger that might lead to his loss, and from every physical discomfort or exposure that might injure his health and so affect his judgment.

It was recognized that the day when any one man could by personal observation keep in his grasp the progress of an entire battle had gone. Modern fights may cover scores of miles, and no one man upon the scene can hope to obtain more than an infinitesimal portion of information by the employment of his own senses. Even if at the front, he would be dependent for any comprehensive view of events upon intelligence conveyed from other parts of the field. Indeed, the closer to the front, the less would he see, though what did come within his view might be very clear — probably far too clear. However well trained and experienced a general may be, he does not fight great actions every day, and he would be liable, to the detriment perhaps of the main issue, to be influenced unduly by the proximity of really minor events of which he should happen to be an eye-witness.

Indeed, were there not recorded cases where commanders who should have been thinking in scores of thousands had allowed their judgment to be warped by the fate of mere hundreds or dozens actually witnessed? Better, therefore, that the Commander should receive all the information and be placed in a position where he could reduce it to a common denominator and weigh the whole, uninfluenced by personal knowledge of any separate portion of it. It is a question of mental optics: for the larger picture, the longer focus is required. Isolation from the battlefield does not mean isolation from immediate information, and the information can be better acted on if received in an undisturbed place.

These considerations were thought to outweigh the objection against them that men will fight better for a general whom they can see — a well-known figure — than for one who remains aloof, safe in the rear, a vague personality. It was argued that the actual presence of the Commander has not a well proved moral value, as formerly, for he can, at best, only be in one small section, where his presence may be known to a few; that the men of huge conscript armies have not that personal affection for the Chief that used to be the case; and that his presence or absence would not influence them to the same extent, even if they knew of it. Provided that their Chief organizes victories, the men will worship him, whether they see him or not. There was, indeed, one objection to this theory of the detachment of the thinking brain from the actual combat. When this brain is linked to a highly strung temperament, it may be more disturbed by the pictures evoked by the imagination than by anything that could be actually seen.

It was partially so in this case. The man fishing was fully in agreement with these principles, but did not find them easy to carry into execution. To keep away from the front was in itself a continuous strain. It needed far more moral courage than to lead the troops, for was it not certain to be misunderstood by many? Though he realized that a large part of his duty lay in keeping himself fit and calm, and though he was loyally trying to keep his mind detached for the big questions, it was an effort both for him and his staff. Hence the false note noticeable in the interview in the garden, and his strange reveries when alone. Even he, with his trained mind and experience,— almost a faddist in his sense of proportion,— could not keep his thoughts from the struggle being waged miles away. Everything was arranged, and his time for action would not come till his great enveloping, flanking movement now behind the enemy made itself felt; and yet, he was worrying in spite of himself. He was conscious of beginning to interfere, and to fuss his subordinates in their work. He was equally conscious of the fatal results of such a course. Hence the borrowing of the fishing-tackle.

Though an ardent fisherman, it was not until the big trout rose that he obtained the mental distraction he sought. Then all thought of war,

battle, envelopment, and possibilities left him in a flash, and his mind rested while he pitted his skill against the cunning of the fish — an old veteran also. His present duty was to keep his own mind clear, and not to cloud the minds of his subordinates. He was trying to do it.

III

Meanwhile, the map-room on the ground floor at the side of the house facing the trees was already growing dark, much to the annoyance of its occupants. Four officers were working there, also coatless and absorbed, though not quite so pleasantly occupied as their general, whipping the stream down below. Two of them were standing up, reading aloud at intervals from pieces of paper, and two were sprawling on all fours over a map laid out on the floor. Occasionally a non-commissioned officer brought in a fresh budget of papers. The map, too large to be hung up, was mounted on linoleum or some similar material which held the pins of the colored flags with which it was studded. The two men on the floor moved the flags, or stuck in fresh ones, according to the intelligence read out. Their attitude was somewhat undignified for the brain of an army. It needed no glance at the green patches on the coats hung over the pictures to show that these four were officers of the great General Staff; for they addressed one another by their Christian names, or more often as "old boy," a sign in all civilized armies of the freemasonry and coordination of thought acquired by young staff officers who have been contemporaries at the war schools. They were all juniors, and were now, in a military sense, only deviling.

The atmosphere of the room was not only warm — it appeared somewhat electrically charged. There was little conversation, much grunting, and many a muttered oath from the crawlers. The only man who talked was a stout fellow whose garments were strained to the limit of elasticity — if not to the breaking-point — by his position. As he stretched to place a flag, and then crouched back to the edge of the map, his fleshy neck was forced against his collar and bulged out in a roll from which the short hair stood out like bristles from a brush. He was certainly stout, but, far from being choleric, he appeared the most cheerful of the party. At last he looked up.

"All done?"

"Yes, for a bit," was the reply of the man who had been reading out to him, so he heaved himself up at once with surprising agility, and, adjusting his collar, mopped his forehead with a bandana handkerchief of exotic hues.

"I say, old boy, it's gettin' beastly dark. What about a light, eh?" He looked up at the swinging oil-lamp in the center of the ceiling.

"You are always wanting something," snapped the sour-faced man near the door. "It's barely dark yet. Orderly!"

A soldier appeared, and the lamp was lighted with some difficulty, owing to the position of the map. The light showed up the faces of the party, all shining with heat, and all, except the fat man's, worried in expression. His was round and, though now congested from unwonted exertion, eminently good-humored. He looked the type of person who proposes "The Ladies," and always shouts, "One cheer more," on principle.

"Phew," he whistled. "It's hot!"

Quite unabashed by the absolute lack of response, he ran on: "But the job's nearly over! I say, what would you fellows say if you heard the tinkle of ice against glass comin' along the passage now, and if a charming wench appeared with a tray full of long tumblers, big green beakers of Bohemian glass full to the brim of hock cup — bubbles rocketin' up and clingin' round the ice and cucumber and winkin' at you? Eh?" He made a guzzling and indescribably vulgar sound with his lips, indicative of lusciousness.

"Why the Bohemian glass? Why the hock cup? Give me beer — beer in a mug or a bucket — and a child could play with me."

"Confound it! Shut up, both of you!" said a third, in exasperation. "How the devil can we do this, if you will talk? Thank heaven, here is some more stuff coming. That will keep you busy for a bit." As he spoke, a fresh budget of papers was brought in. The fat man turned to his former reader.

"Your turn to squirm, I think, old boy. Down you go, and this hero will intone for a bit. Interestin' work, this. We are certainly in the know, and should be able to look at things dispassionately enough. But it is hardly responsible. We might as well be lickin' stamps or——"

"Oh, for heaven's sake, keep quiet!" repeated the officer who had spoken before.

"All right, all right. It's lucky some of us can put a cheerful face on matters. What's the good of lookin' like a lot of mutes, even if it is to be our own funeral? Besides me, the only true philosopher in this army is Old Rule of Three himself, with his eternal cry of 'Proportion, gentlemen! Proportion!'— God bless him!"

"He's been ratty enough the last few hours. I don't know what's come over him," one growled, without looking up. "He's been fussing and worriting like any other man."

"Yes, he has," was the reply. "But it's only been while he has been waiting, with nothing to do, for the moment of the general advance. Anyway, he's let *us* alone this sweaty afternoon. I wonder what he's been after."

There was no reply, and the work continued, with intervals of waiting for messages and occasional interludes of grumbling; for even in this sheltered spot there were drawbacks. Perhaps a hand was placed on the point of a flag-pin, or one of the candles — stuck in bottles all round the edge of the floor in order to obviate the heavy shadow cast by the crawling men's bodies — was kicked over by a careless heel.

The stout officer went on reading items of news in a steady voice, while his compainon either made some alteration, or did not, according to the information received.

"Two batteries of the Twenty-fifth Artillery Brigade and three battalions of the — somethin' Brigade. I can't read the number — I wish the devil they'd write their numbers instead of putting figures," he continued in a monotone.

"Well?" said the flagger.

"It may be a three or it may be a five; I can't tell which," was the casual reply.

"Yes; but what *is* it? What has happened?"

"Practically wiped out," in a calm voice.

"Where?"

"Near the bridge — there, square F 17, by your hand — yes, that's it."

The flagger carefully examined the flags. "It can't be the Third or the Fifth: they are miles away. Is the place correct?"

"Yes; there's no mistake — 'south of bridge,' it says."

"Then it must be the Twenty-first, or the Fifteenth, or — hold on; what's this? The Eighth Brigade? The Eighth is near the bridge; yes, of course it must be the Eighth. An eight and a three ——"

"My God!" was the startling interruption from the reader.

All those in the room looked up; but they were so accustomed to the speaker's garrulity that they made no remark. His tone and his expression, however, quite spoiled the rôle of philosopher that he had claimed. His mouth was gaping, and he was feeling his collar nervously.

The flagger waited some time silently; he wanted facts. "Well, let's have it," he said finally.

"Old boy, it's awful!"

"Yes, of course it is; but it is no more awful than crowds of other messages that we have been getting. After all, what are two batteries and three battalions? Look at this!" He pointed to a large mass of their own flags well round behind one flank of the enemy's position. "They must just be beginning to feel it now. They're beginning to feel something nibbling at them behind, as it were."

"Yes, yes, that's all right enough; but this news — man — my regiment — that brigade — my own battalion!"

There was a chorus of sympathetic noises, varying from words to a mere whistling.

"But your battalion may be the one that escaped."

"Not a chance of it. You don't know my battalion, or the old Colonel. He always was a perfect devil to be in the thick of things, and he will have been in the thick of this. Poor old chap! — Poor fellows! And I here all the time! It's awful!" He blew his nose hard several times.

The flagger did nothing. As a matter of fact, he was waiting in sympathetic silence for the other to complete the message. He felt for him; indeed, he himself might be the next to hear that the unit in which he had, in a military sense, been born and bred had been destroyed.

"Well, man! Why the deuce don't you move the flags?" said the late philosopher.

"I am waiting for more. So far, there's no reason for moving anything."

"No *reason!* Good God! what more do you want? Two whole batteries! Three whole battalions! *My* bat ——"

The thick, stuttering tones were cut short by a voice from the open French window. The General was standing there, calm and smiling. Over one arm he carried his coat; from the other hand hung a glistening object. Voices had been so raised that none of those in the room had heard him come up, and, astonished at his appearance and fascinated by the object, which appeared to be a fish, they remained open-mouthed, silent.

"What is it?" he repeated.

He was informed.

"Where?

"Just stand clear," he continued, and from the spot pointed out his gaze swept slowly over the whole battle area until finally it rested on the mass of flags representing his great flanking movement. With his right hand, from which hung a two-pound trout, he pointed to it and said quietly:

"Proportion, gentlemen! Proportion! No; it's not worth moving a flag."

THE EDUCATION OF KING PETER

BY

EDGAR WALLACE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR G. DOVE

IN the land that curves along the borders of Togoland, the people understand punishment to mean pain and death, and nothing else counts. There was a foolish commissioner who was a great humanitarian, and he went up to Akasava — which is the name of this land — and tried moral suasion.

It was a raiding palaver. Some of the people of Akasava had crossed the river to Ochori and stolen women and goats, and I believe there was a man or two killed, but that is unimportant. The goats and the women were alive, and cried aloud for vengeance. They cried so loud that they were heard down at Headquarters; and Mr. Commissioner Niceman — that was not his name, but it will serve — went up to see what all the noise was about. He found the Ochori people very angry and more frightened.

"If," said their spokesman, "they will return our goats, they may keep the women, because the goats are very valuable."

So Mr. Commissioner Niceman had a long, long palaver, that lasted days and days, with the Chief of the Akasava people and his councilors; and in the end moral suasion triumphed, and the people promised on a certain day, at a certain hour, when the moon was in such a quarter and the tide at such a height, the women should be returned, and the goats also.

So Mr. Niceman returned to Headquarters swelling with admiration for himself, and wrote a long report about his genius and his administrative abilities, and his knowledge of the native, which was afterward published in Blue Book (Africa) 7,943-09.

It happened that immediately afterward Mr. Niceman went home to England on furlough, so that he did not hear the laments and woeful wailings of the Ochori folk when they did not get their women or their goats.

Bailman, working round the Isisi River with ten *boussas* and an attack of malaria, received a helio message:

Go Akasava and settle that infernal woman palaver.

ADMINISTRATION.

So Bailman girded up his loins, took twenty-five grains of quinine, and, leaving his good work,— he was searching for M'Beli, the witch-doctor, who had poisoned a friend,— trekked across country for the Akasava.

In the course of time he came to the city, and was met by the Chief.

"What about these women?" he asked.

"We will have a palaver," said the Chief. "I will summon my headmen and my councilors ——"

"Summon nothing," Bailman said shortly. "Send back the women and the goats you stole from the Ochori."

"Master," promised the Chief, "at full moon, which is our custom, when the tide is so, and all signs of gods and devils are propitious, I will do as you bid."

"Chief," said Bailman, tapping the ebony chest of the other with the handle of his walking-stick, "moon and river, gods or devils, those women and the goats go back to the Ochori folk by sunset, or I tie you to a tree and flog you till you bleed."

"'IF THEY WILL RETURN OUR GOATS, THEY MAY KEEP THE WOMEN'"

"Master," said the Chief, "the women shall be returned."

"And the goats," added Bailman.

"As to the goats," said the Chief airily, "they are dead — having been killed for a feast."

"You will bring them back to life," said Bailman.

"Master, do you think I am a magician?" asked the Chief of the Akasava.

"I think you are a liar," said Bailman impartially, and there the palaver ended.

That night, goats and women returned to the Ochori, and Bailman prepared to depart.

He took the Chief aside, not desiring to put shame upon him, or to weaken his authority.

"Chief," he remarked, "it is a long journey to Akasava, and I am a man fulfilling many tasks. I desire that you do not cause me any further journey to this territory."

"Master," said the Chief truthfully, "I never wish to see you again."

Bailman smiled inwardly, collected his ten houssas, and went back to the Isisi River to continue his search for M'Beli.

MR. COMMISSIONER NICEMAN

It was not a nice search, for many reasons; and there was every excuse for believing that the King of Isisi himself was the murderer's protector. Confirmation of this view came, one morning, when Bailman, encamped by the big river, was taking a breakfast of tinned milk and toast. There arrived hurriedly Sato-Koto, the brother of the King, in great distress of mind, for he was a fugitive from the King's wrath. He babbled forth all manner of news, in much of which Bailman took no interest whatever. But what he said of the witch-doctor who lived in the King's shadow was very interesting indeed, and Bailman sent a messenger to Headquarters, and, as it transpired, Headquarters despatched, in the course of time, Mr. Niceman — who by this time had returned from furlough — to use moral suasion on the King of the Isisi.

From such evidence as we have been able to collect, it is clear that the King was not in a melting mood: it is an indisputable fact that poor Niceman's head, stuck on a pole before the King's hut, proclaimed the King's high spirits.

His Majesty's ships *St. George*, *Thrush*, *Philomel*, and *Phoebe* sailed from Simons Town, and H. M. S. *Dwarf* came down from Sierra Leone, and in less than a month after the King had killed his guest he wished he had not.

Headquarters sent Bailman to clear up the political side of the trouble.

He was shown round what was left of the King's city, by the flag lieutenant of the *St. George*.

"I'm afraid," remarked that gentleman apologetically,—"I am afraid that you will have to dig out a new king. We've rather killed the old one."

Bailman nodded.

"I shall not go into mourning," he said.

There was no difficulty in finding candidates for the vacant post. Sato-Koto, the dead King's brother, expressed with commendable promptitude his willingness to assume the cares of office.

"What do you say?" asked the admiral commanding the expedition.

"I say 'no,' sir," said Bailman, without hesitation. "The King has a son, a boy of nine; the kingship must be his. As for Sato-Koto, he shall be Regent at pleasure."

And so it was arranged, Sato-Koto sulkily assenting.

They found the new King hidden in the woods with the women folk, and he tried to bolt; but Bailman caught him and led him back to the city by his ear.

"My boy," he asked kindly, "how do people call you?"

"Peter, master," whimpered the wriggling lad, "in the fashion of the white people."

"Very well," said Bailman. "You shall be King Peter, and rule this country wisely and justly, according to custom and the law. And you shall do hurt to none, and put shame on none; nor shall you kill, or raid, or do any of those things that make life worth living; and if you break loose, may the Lord help you!"

Thus was King Peter anointed monarch of the Isisi people, and Bailman, with the little army of blue-jackets and houssas, went back to Headquarters; for M'Beli, the witch-doctor, had been slain at the taking of the city, and Bailman's work was finished.

The story of the taking of Isisi and the crowning of the young King was told in the London newspapers, and lost nothing in the telling. It was so described by the special correspondents who accompanied the expedition that many dear old ladies wept, and many dear young ladies of Mayfair said, "How sweet!" And the outcome of the many emotions that the descriptions evoked was the sending out from England of Miss Clinton Calbraith, who was an M.A. and unaccountably pretty.

She came out to "mother" the orphan King, to be a mentor and a friend. She paid her own passage, but the books that she brought and the school paraphernalia that filled two large packing-cases were subscribed for by the tender readers of *Tiny Toddlers*, a magazine for infants. Bailman met her on the landing-stage, being curious to see what a white woman looked like.

He put a hut at her disposal, and sent the wife of his coast clerk to look after her.

"And now, Miss Calbraith," he asked, at dinner that evening, "what do you expect to do with Peter?"

She tilted her pretty chin in the air reflectively.

"We shall start with the most elementary of lessons — the merest kindergarten — and gradually work up; I shall teach him calisthenics, a little botany — Mr. Bailman, you're laughing!"

"No, I wasn't," he hastened to assure her; "I always make a face like that — er — in the evening. But tell me this: do you speak the language — Swaheli, Bomongo, Fingi ——"

"That *will* be a difficulty," she said thoughtfully.

"Will you take my advice?" he asked.

"Why, yes."

"Well, learn the language." She nodded. "Go home and learn it." She frowned. "It will take you about twenty-five years."

"Mr. Bailman," she said, not without dignity, "you are making fun of me."

"Heaven forbid," said Bailman piously, "that I should do anything so wicked."

The end of the story, so far as Miss Clinton Calbraith was concerned, was that she went to Isisi, stayed three days, and came back incoherent.

"He is not a child," she cried wildly. "He is — a — a little devil!"

"So I should say," agreed Bailman philosophically.

"A king! It is disgraceful! He lives in a mud hut, and wears no clothes! If I'd known ——"

"A child of nature," said Bailman blandly. "You didn't expect a sort of Louis Quinze, did you?"

"I don't know what I expected," she said desperately; "but it was impossible to stay — quite impossible."

"Obviously," murmured Bailman.

"Of course, I knew he would be black," she went on; "and I knew that — oh, it was too horrid!"

"The fact of it is, my dear young lady," said Bailman, "Peter wasn't as picturesque as you imagined him: he wasn't the gentle child with pleading eyes; and he lives messy. Is that it?"

This was not the only attempt to educate Peter. Months afterward, when Miss Calbraith had gone home and was busily writing her famous book, "Alone in Africa — By an English

Gentlewoman," Bailman heard of another educative raid. Two members of the Ethiopian Mission came into Isisi by the back way. The Ethiopian Mission is made up of Christian black men, who very properly, basing their creed upon holy writ, preach the gospel of equality. A black man is as good as a white man any day of the week, and infinitely better on Sundays, if he happens to be a member of the Reformed Ethiopian Church.

They came to Isisi, and achieved instant popularity, for the kind of talk they provided was very much to the liking of Sato-Koto and the King's councilors.

Bailman sent for the missioners. The first summons they refused to obey; but they came on the second occasion, for the message Bailman sent was both peremptory and ominous.

They came to Headquarters — two cultured American negroes of good address and refined conversation. They spoke English faultlessly, and were in every sense perfect gentlemen.

"We cannot understand the character of your command," said one, "which savors somewhat of an interference with the liberty of the subject."

"You'll understand me better," remarked Bailman, who knew his men, "when I tell you that I cannot allow you to preach sedition to my people."

"Sedition, Mr. Bailman!" said the negro, in shocked tones. "That is a grave charge."

Bailman took a paper from a pigeonhole in his desk — the interview was taking place in his office.

"On such a date," he said, "you said this, and this, and that."

In other words, he accused them of overstepping the creed of equality and encroaching upon the borderland of political agitation.

"Lies," said the elder of the two, without hesitation.

"Truth or lie," answered Bailman, "you go no more to Isisi."

"Would you have the heathen remain in darkness?" asked the man reproachfully. "Is the light we kindle too bright, friend?"

"No," said Bailman, "but a thought too warm."

So he committed the outrage of removing the Ethiopians from the scene of their earnest labors, in consequence of which questions were asked in the English Parliament.

Then the Chief of the Akasava people — an old friend — took a hand in the education of King Peter.

"'CHIEF,' SAID BAILMAN, TAPPING THE EBONY CHEST WITH HIS WALKING-STICK"

Akasava adjoins that King's territory, and the Chief came to give hints in military affairs.

He came with drums a-beating, with presents of fish and bananas and salt.

"You are a great King," he said to the sleepy-eyed boy, who sat on the stool of state, regarding him with open-mouthed interest. "When you walk, the world shakes at your tread; the mighty river that goes flowing down to the big water parts asunder at your word; the trees of the forest shiver; and the beasts go slinking to cover when your mightiness goes abroad."

"Oh ko ko!" giggled the King, pleasantly tickled.

"The white men fear you," continued the Chief of the Akasava; "they tremble and hide at your roar."

Sato-Koto, standing at the King's elbow, was a practical man.

"What seek ye, Chief?" he asked, cutting short the compliments.

So the Chief told him of a land peopled by cowards, rich with the treasures of the earth, goats and women.

"Why do you not take them yourself?" demanded the Regent.

"Because I am a slave," said the Chief, "the slave of Baili, who would beat me. But you, lord, are of the great. Being King's headman, Baili would not beat you, because of your greatness."

There followed a palaver that lasted two days.

"I shall have to get busy with Peter," wrote Bailman despairingly to the Administrator. "The little beggar has gone on the war-path against those unfortunate Ochori. I should be glad if you would send me a hundred men, a Maxim gun, and a bundle of rattan canes, I'm afraid I must attend to Peter's education myself."

"Lord, did I not speak the truth?" said the Akasava Chief, in triumph. "Baili has done nothing! Behold, we have wasted the city of the Ochori, and taken their treasure, and the white man is dumb because of your greatness! Let us wait till the moon comes again, and I will show you another city."

"NICEMAN'S HEAD STUCK ON A POLE"

"You are a great man," bleated the King, "and some day you shall build your hut in the shadow of my palace."

"On that day," said the Chief, with splendid resignation, "I shall die of joy."

When the moon had waxed and waned, and come again, a penciled silver hoop of light in the eastern sky, the Isisi warriors gathered, with spear and broad-bladed sword, with *ingola* on their bodies and clay in their hair.

They danced a great dance by the light of a huge fire, and all the women stood around, clapping their hands rhythmically.

In the midst of this there arrived a messenger in a canoe, who prostrated himself before the King, saying:

"Master, one day's march from here is Baili. He has with him five score of soldiers and the brass gun which says *ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!*"

A silence reigned in court circles, which was broken by the voice of the Akasava Chief.

"I think I will go home," he said. "I have a feeling of sickness. Also, it is the season when my goats have their young."

"Do not be afraid," said Sato-Koto brutally. "The King's shadow is over you, and he is so mighty that the earth shakes at his tread, and the waters of the big river part at his footfall; also, the white men fear him."

"Nevertheless," said the Chief, with some agitation, "I must go, for my youngest son is sickening with fever and calls all the time for me."

"Stay," said the Regent, and there was no mistaking his tone.

Bailman did not come the next day, nor the next. He was moving leisurely, traversing a country where many misunderstandings existed that needed clearing up. When he arrived, having sent a messenger ahead to carry the news of his arrival, he found the city peaceably engaged.

The women were crushing corn, the men smoking, the little children playing and sprawling about the streets.

He halted on the outskirts of the city, on a hillock that commanded the main street, and sent for the Regent.

"Why must I send for you?" he asked. "Why does the King remain in his city when I come? This is shame."

"Master," said Sato-Koto boldly, "it is not fitting that a great king should so humble himself."

Bailman was neither amused nor angry. He was dealing with a rebellious people, and his own fine feelings were as nothing to the peace of the land.

"It would seem that the King has had bad advisers," he reflected aloud, and Sato-Koto shuffled uneasily.

"Go now and tell the King to come — for I am his friend."

The Regent departed, but returned again alone.

"Lord, he will not come," he said sullenly.

"Then I will go to him," said Bailman.

King Peter, sitting before his hut, greeted Mr. Commissioner with downcast eyes.

Bailman's soldiers, spread in a semi-circle before the hut, kept the rabble at bay.

"King," said Bailman,— he carried in his hand a rattan cane of familiar shape, and as he spoke he whiffled it in the air, making a little humming noise,—"stand up."

"Wherefore?" said Sato-Koto.

"That you shall see," said Bailman.

The King rose reluctantly, and Bailman grabbed him by the scruff of his neck.

Swish!

The cane caught him most undesirably, and he sprang into the air with a yell.

Swish, swish, swish!

Yelling and dancing, throwing out wild hands to ward off the punishment, King Peter blubbered for mercy.

"Master!" Sato-Koto, his face distorted with rage, reached for his spear.

"Shoot that man if he interferes," ordered Bailman, without releasing the King.

The Regent saw the leveled rifles, and hastily stepped back.

"Now," said Bailman, throwing down the cane, "now we will play a little game."

"Wow, wow — oh ko!" sobbed His Majesty.

"I go back to the forest," said Bailman. "By and by a messenger shall come to you saying that the Commissioner is on his way — do you understand?"

"Yi-hi," sobbed the King.

"Then will you go out with your councilors and your old men, and await my coming according to custom. Is that clear?"

"Ye-es, Master," whimpered the boy.

"Very good," said Bailman, and withdrew his troops.

In half an hour came a grave messenger to the King, and the court went out to the little hill to welcome the white man.

This was the beginning of King Peter's education, for thus was he taught obedience.

Bailman went into residence in the town of Isisi, and there he held court.

MISS CLINTON CALBRAITH, M.A.

"Sato-Koto," he said on the second day, "do you know the village of Ikau?"

"Yes, master; it is two days' journey into the bush."

Bailman nodded.

"You will take your wives, your children, your servants, and your possessions to the village of Ikau, there to stay until I give you leave to return. The palaver is finished."

Next came the Chief of the Akasava, very ill at ease.

"Lord, if any man says I did you wrong, he lies," said the Chief.

"Then I am a liar," answered Bailman; "for I say that you are an evil man, full of cunning."

"If it should be," said the Chief, "that you order me to go to my village, as you have ordered Sato-Koto, I will go, since he who is my father is not pleased with me."

"That I order," said Bailman; "also, twenty strokes with a stick, for the good of your soul. Furthermore, I would have you remember that down by Tembeli, on the great river, there is a village where men labor in chains because they have been unfaithful to the Government and have practised abominations."

So the Chief of the Akasava people went out to punishment.

There were other matters, of a minor character, requiring adjustment; but when these were all settled to the satisfaction of Bailman, but by no means to the satisfaction of the subjects, the Commissioner turned his attention to the further education of the King.

"Peter," he said, "to-morrow, when the sun comes up, I go back to my own village, leaving you without councilors."

"Master, how may I do without councilors, since I am a young boy?" asked the King, crestfallen and chastened.

"By saying to yourself, when a man calls for justice, 'If I were this man, how should I desire the King's justice?'"

The boy looked unhappy.

"I am very young," he repeated, "and to-day there come many from outlying villages, seeking redress against their enemies."

"Very good," said Bailman; "to-day I will sit at the King's right hand and learn of his wisdom."

The boy stood on one leg in his embarrassment, and eyed Bailman askance.

There was a hillock behind the town. A worn path led up to it, and atop it was a thatched hut without sides. From this hillock could be seen the broad river with its sandy shoals, where the crocodiles slept with open mouth, and the rising ground toward Akasava, hills that rose one on top of another, covered with a tangle of vivid green. In this house sat the King in judgment, beckoning the litigants forward. Sato-Koto was wont to stand beside the King, bartering justice.

To-day Sato-Koto was preparing to depart, and Bailman sat at the King's side.

There were indeed many litigants.

There was a man who had bought a wife, giving no less than a thousand rods and two bags of salt for her. He had lived for three months with her, when she departed from his house.

"Because," said the man philosophically, "she had a lover. Therefore, Mighty Sun of Wisdom, I desire the return of my rods and my salt."

"What say you?" asked Bailman.

The King wriggled uncomfortably.

"What says the father?" he said hesitatingly, and Bailman nodded.

"That is a wise question," he approved, and called the father — a voluble and eager old man.

"Lord King," he said hurriedly, "I sold this woman, my daughter. How might I know her mind? Surely I fulfil my contract when the woman goes to the man — how shall a father control when a husband fails?"

Bailman looked at the King again, and the boy drew a long breath.

"It would seem, M'bleni, that the woman, your daughter, lived many years in your hut, and if you do not know her mind either you are a great fool or she is a cunning one. Therefore, I judge that you sold this woman knowing her faults. Yet, the husband might accept some risk also. You shall take back your daughter and return five hundred rods and a bag of salt; and if it should be that your daughter marries again, you shall pay one half of her dowry to this man."

Very, very slowly he gave judgment, hesitatingly, anxiously, glancing now and again to the white man for approval.

"That was good," said Bailman, and called forward another pleader.

"Lord King," said the new plaintiff, "a man has put an evil curse on me and my family, so that they sicken."

Here was a poser for the little judge, and he puzzled the matter out in silence, Bailman offering no help.

"How does he curse you?" at last asked the King.

"With the curse of death," said the complainant in a hushed voice.

"Then you shall curse him also," said the King, "and it shall be a question of whose curse is the stronger."

Bailman grinned behind his hand, and the King, seeing the smile, smiled also.

From that time on, Peter's progress was rapid, and there came to Headquarters from time to time, in the course of years, stories of a young king who was a Solomon in judgment.

So wise he was (who knew of the formula he applied to each case?), so beneficent, so peaceable, that the Chief of the Akasava, from whom tribute was periodically due, took advantage of the gentle administration, and sent neither corn nor fish nor grain. He did this after a journey to far-away Ikau, where he met the King's uncle, Sato-Koto, and they agreed upon common action. Since the crops were good, the King overlooked the first fault; but the second tribute came due, and neither Akasava nor Ikau sent; and the people of Isisi, angry at the insolence, murmured, and the King sat down in the loneliness of his hut to think upon a course that would be both just and effective.

"I really am sorry to bother you," wrote Bailman to the Administrator, again, "but I shall have to borrow your houssas for the Isisi country. There has been a tribute palaver, and Peter went down to Ikau and wiped up his uncle; he filled in his spare time by giving the Akasava the worst licking they ever have had. I thoroughly approve of all that Peter has done, because I feel that he is actuated only by the keenest sense of justice and a desire to do the right thing at the right time — and it was time Sato-Koto was killed; but I shall have to reprimand Peter, for the sake of appearances. The Akasava Chief is in the bush, hiding."

Peter came back to his capital after his brief but strenuous campaign, leaving behind him two territories that were all the better for his visit, though somewhat sore.

The young King brought together his old men, his witch-doctors, and other notabilities.

"By all the laws of white men," he said, "I have done wrong to Baili; because he has told me I must not fight, and, behold, I have destroyed my uncle, who was a dog, and I have driven the Chief of the Akasava into the forest. But Baili told me, also, that I must do what was just, and that I have done, according to my lights, for I have destroyed a man who put my people to shame. Now, it seems to me that there is only one thing to do, and that is to go to Baili, telling the truth and asking him to judge."

"Lord King," said the oldest of his councilors, "what if Baili puts you to the chain-gang?"

"That is with to-morrow," quoth the King, and gave orders for preparations to be made for departure.

"THEY WERE IN EVERY SENSE PERFECT GENTLEMEN"

Half way to Headquarters, the two met, King Peter going down and Bailman coming up. And here befell the great incident.

No word was spoken of Peter's fault before sunset.

When blue smoke arose from the fires of houssa and warrior, and the little camp in the forest clearing was all a-chatter, Bailman took the King's arm and led him along the forest path.

Peter told his tale, and Bailman listened.

"And what of the Chief of the Akasava?" he asked.

"Master," said the King, "he fled to the forest, cursing me, and with him went many bad men."

Bailman nodded again gravely.

They talked of things till the sun threw long shadows, and then they turned to retrace their footsteps. They were within half a mile of the camp, and the faint noise of men laughing and the faint scent of fires burning came to them, when the Chief of the Akasava stepped out from behind a tree and stood directly in their path. With him were some eight fighting-men, fully armed.

"Lord King," said the Chief of the Akasava, "I have been waiting for you."

The King made neither movement nor reply, but Bailman quickly reached for his revolver.

His hand had closed on the butt, when something struck him, and he went down like a log.

"Now we will kill the King of the Isisi, and the white man also."

The voice was the Chief's; but Bailman was not taking any particular interest in the conversation, because there was a hive of wild bees buzzing in his head, and a mazy pain; he felt sick.

"If you kill me, it is little matter," said the King's voice, "because there are many men who could take my place. But if you slay Baili, you slay the father of the people, and none can replace him."

"He whipped you, little King," said the Chief of the Akasava mockingly.

"That also is true," said the King's voice calmly; "yet many little boys have been whipped without shame."

After a long interval:

"I would throw him into the river," said a strange voice; "thus shall no trace be found of him, and no man will lay his death to our door."

"What of the King?" said another. Then came a crackling of twigs and the voices of men.

"They are searching," came a voice, in a whisper. "King, if you speak, I will kill you now."

"Kill," said the young King's even voice; and he shouted, "Oh, M'sabo! Beteli! Baili is here!"

That was all that Bailman heard.

Two days later he sat up in bed and demanded information. There was a young doctor with him, when he woke, who had providentially arrived from Headquarters.

"The King?" He hesitated. "Well — they finished the King. But he saved your life — I suppose you know that?"

Bailman said "yes" without emotion.

"A plucky little beggar," suggested the doctor.

"Very," said Bailman; then, "Did they catch the Chief of the Akasava?"

"Yes. He was so keen on finishing you that he delayed his bolting; the King threw himself on you and covered your body ——"

"That will do."

Bailman's voice was harsh and his manner brusque at the best of times, but now his rudeness was brutal.

"Just go out of the hut, doctor — I want to sleep."

He heard the doctor move, heard the rattle of the "click" at the hut door; then he turned his face to the wall and wept.

THE NEW AMERICAN CITY GOVERNMENT

THE DES MOINES PLAN—A TRIUMPH OF DEMOCRACY
ITS SPREAD ACROSS THE UNITED STATES

BY

GEORGE KIBBE TURNER

AUTHOR OF "GALVESTON: A BUSINESS CORPORATION," ETC.

THE great democratic movement for a simple and direct form of city government, which is now extending across the United States from the Southwest, first reached out of Texas, where it originated, into the city of Des Moines, Iowa, in 1906 and 1907.

A committee of Des Moines citizens at that time proposed a remarkable experiment — never before tried in the history of the world — the government of a city by the direct and continuous force of public opinion.

First, they took, as a basis, the Commission form of government framed by Galveston, Texas — by which a city divides all its business into five departments, elects five men to manage these departments, and watches those men.

To this the Des Moines committee added three provisions: the Recall, adopted from Los Angeles, by which twenty-five per cent of the voters can demand a special election to oust any of these five men at any time; the Initiative, by which ten per cent can demand a popular vote on measures they refuse to pass; and the Referendum, by which ten per cent of the voters can call for a veto by popular vote of any action they take.

In addition, all franchises are taken from the power of this council of five, and can be given away only by direct vote of the people. At any time, any day in the year, the people of Des Moines can discharge their representatives, or they can take any question of consequence out of their hands and decide it themselves.

At first sight it might seem that the last protest to be heard against this new government proposed for Des Moines would be that it was undemocratic. On the contrary, both there and in every place where it has been proposed, this has been the first objection. Scarcely had it been proposed in Des Moines, when the official contractors, saloonkeepers, gamblers, public service corporation representatives, and ward politicians — most or all of whom are united in the body that controls all badly governed American cities — raised the long cry for human liberty. Concentration of power! Five men to rule a free American city! The commercial classes seizing the reins of government!

The Business Men Take Up the Plan

It had happened — as has happened in a great majority of the many places where this so-called commission government has been introduced — that the business men of the city had been attracted by the clean-cut and businesslike method of doing work under the new plan. In 1906, out of the thirty years' sleep of a farmers' market-place came a sudden insurrection of the younger business generation in Des Moines, which resulted in the typical "boosters'" campaign of a far-Western city. Des Moines was at that time cut up into all kinds of schisms: it was made up of West Side and East Side, half a dozen separate localities, seven wards, fractions of various old school districts — all full of petty jealousies and bitter feelings. The Commercial Club proposed a unified city, a Greater Des Moines. It was a business proposition — to make the place grow and its residents prosper.

As one of the chief means to this end, the new form of government was taken up and pushed through by the commercial interests of the place. A bill for this had been presented in the Legislature of 1906, and had died in committee. In 1907 the business men walked over to the Capitol, and forced it down the throats of the politicians there, in spite of the local public service corporations' lawyers and lobby, in spite of the professional labor leaders, in spite of the political gang from the Des Moines City Hall.

The Politicians Alarmed for Liberty

In the spring of 1907, when the question of the adoption of the bill went before the people of Des Moines, the cry of alarm for human liberty from the "City Hall gang," the "liberal" element, and the corporation politicians grew louder than ever. It was a serious matter for these interests. The "City Hall gang" was full of politicians who had lucrative contracts with public service corporations. These corporations themselves — four secretive concerns that for fifteen years had refused the public even a financial statement, and had continually smeared the records of the city with bribes and attempts to bribe — were on the verge of needing new franchise rights; and the "vice trust," which governed the dissipation of the town under as nasty an arrangement with the city officials as existed in any city of similar size in America, the gamblers, and the saloonkeepers joined as a unit with them in calling the alarm.

There was money to spend in plenty, and there was every ingenuity known in politics. The first thing needed was publicity; so, as the three existing newspapers were committed to the change, a paper was immediately created, and the campaign of "throwing a scare" into the voter began, planned with great resourcefulness. It was of special interest because it was exactly like the campaigns that are being carried on by the same classes in every city in the United States where this change of the city government is projected.

"We Getta de Keeng Over Us"

The union labor vote was assured that the scheme was a device of their natural enemies, the employers. The foreign voters were simply told that the new scheme was a return to the monarchy they had just escaped from in Europe. The negroes were reminded of the origin of the new form of government.

"The Galveston plan which they propose for us," said an alderman, naïvely, "was devised in the South to disfranchise the negro, whom they also sometimes burn down there."

It was not unnatural that these voters were alarmed.

"What's thees I hear?" said old Joe Amadeo, the spiritual adviser of the three or four hundred Italian voters. "We getta de Keeng over us, and every man he musta work for fifty cent a day."

"No, sah; you can't stuff no scheme fum Texas down the throats of the American cullud votahs of this city," said the negro politician.

The alarm passed through the entire town into every type of mind, from the foreign vote to the theorist. Father J. F. Nugent, the local orator of the Catholic Church, came out strongly in protest; reviewed the dangers of Geneva in 1707; called attention to the acts of Spurius Maelius, and stated of the proposed plan:

"I know no finer brand of despotism in St. Petersburg or all Russia."

Professor Herriott of Drake University showed its violations of the deep fundamental theories of popular government.

Leonard Brown, the town prophet, pointed out, in repeated letters to the newspaper, how the oligarchy had ruined Rome. And all the while the politicians of the "City Hall gang" exposed the wickedness of the political machine that would immediately be built up by allowing a group of men to hire all city labor and award all city contracts.

The High Note of the Campaign

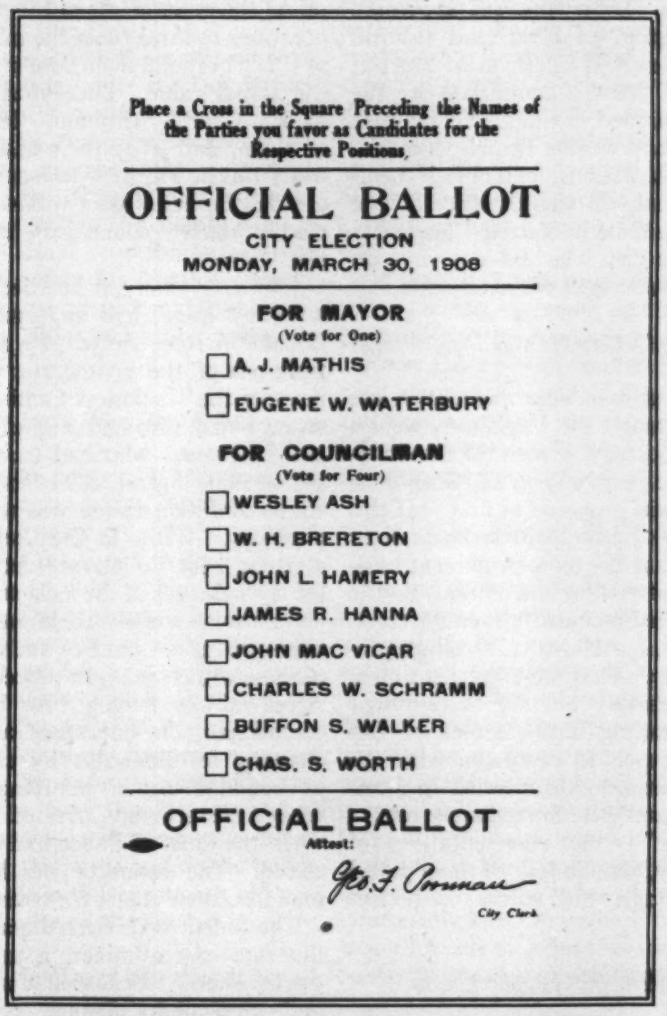
But the high note of the campaign was struck by Welker Given in the announcement of the following discovery:

"The election plan of the Des Moines bill comes second-hand from Russia, not Galveston or any other American quarter. The author is Moisel Ostrogorski, of the Russian Bureaucracy, a schemer with all the craft and evil genius of his class. . . . The astute Russian, writing in French, absolutely warrants the election scheme to consolidate the upper crust into a 'natural élite,' and disorganize and diffuse the common people. Questioning no fellow citizen's motives, let the people of the first American city, where this serpent has raised its head, meet it as Americans should."

The sections treated in this last discourse were, as a matter of fact, drafted by Senator A. B. Cummins, then the progressive Governor of the State, with the purpose, first, of letting any citizen run for nomination at the primary; and, second, of having only ten names on the election ballot from which to pick five officials — or, in other words, the simplest ballot that can be devised.

While this uproar was going on, the campaign against the new charter came to a characteristic end. Two days before the vote, it was found that the registration books, under the management of the "City Hall gang," had been padded by several thousand votes. To prevent the use of repeaters, it was necessary to go to court and have the illegally registered names crossed off the voters' lists.

On June 20, 1908, the voters of Des Moines went to the polls and carried the new plan by a vote of 6,376 against 4,087. The professional



Place a Cross in the Square Preceding the Names of the Parties you favor as Candidates for the Respective Positions.

OFFICIAL BALLOT

CITY ELECTION
MONDAY, MARCH 30, 1908

FOR MAYOR
(Vote for One)

- ☐ A. J. MATHIS
- ☐ EUGENE W. WATERBURY

FOR COUNCILMAN
(Vote for Four)

- ☐ WESLEY ASH
- ☐ W. H. BRERETON
- ☐ JOHN L. HAMERY
- ☐ JAMES R. HANNA
- ☐ JOHN MAC VICAR
- ☐ CHARLES W. SCHRAMM
- ☐ BUFFON S. WALKER
- ☐ CHAS. S. WORTH

OFFICIAL BALLOT

Attest:

Geo. F. Ommen
City Clerk

THE "SHORT BALLOT" OF DES MOINES; FIVE MEN FROM TEN ARE CHOSEN BY ALL THE VOTERS TO GOVERN THE CITY

labor men had not delivered the labor votes; the professional negro politicians were not followed by their people; many of the Italians voted for the plan. The best the political machine could do — with every appeal to prejudice and misunderstanding — was two votes out of five in the city.

Democracy's Own Election

So, in the early months of 1908, the experiment began with the first election. Probably never before in the history of cities was there such a campaign as this. The new plan of government is so devised that any man securing the names of twenty-five voters to a nomination may run for the City Council. Moreover, strict election laws against spending money make it cost practically nothing to run. The candidate who received the highest vote actually paid out just eighteen dollars in the whole campaign for expenses. It was the first time, it was said by an experienced observer, that a poor man could run for office in Des Moines, and retain his independence and self-respect.

Accordingly, every shade of political belief and every type of character appeared. There were seventy-one candidates for the five offices to be filled, representing every occupation and every form of doctrine from Methodism to socialism. As no nominations by political parties were allowed, the usual political rallies died a natural death. Instead, the various organizations of ordinary civil life haled the candidates before them by invitation, heard them, and looked them over.

For ten weeks this extraordinary campaign continued, and the seventy-odd candidates —

ranging from Ben Loos, the self-appointed "original trust-buster" of Iowa, and old Bill Brereton, the thick-necked alderman-contractor, to the "silk sox" ticket nominated by the business men — paraded in squads before civic societies, labor unions, women's clubs, churches, and prominent associations, exhibiting themselves, and declaring, in the presence of one another, why each should be elected. There was not a voter in the city who did not have an opportunity to see and hear the candidates.

The Business Men's Candidates Who Failed

Now the business men who had pulled the Des Moines bill through the Legislature went a step further, and put up five men for the Council in somewhat the same way as had been done in Galveston. It was proposed at first that this should be a ticket of prominent business men; but it was found that the more prominent business men would not run for the offices. So the ticket finally selected included a manufacturer, a real-estate agent, a coal-dealer, a college professor, and a lawyer. They were excellent men, but they could scarcely be said to represent a ticket of the leading business men of Des Moines. They refused to campaign with the rest of the candidates, made speeches in meetings of their own, and were immediately reviled as the "silk sox" — the representatives of wealth; and finally, though four of them pulled through the primary, the voters chose five other men.

The Five Men the People Chose

John MacVicar, by unanimous consent, is the ablest man active in city affairs in Des Moines, and has been for twenty years. He is a strange combination of patriot, theorist, and practical politician. His fifteen years of incessant pursuit of the public service corporations, as mayor and councilman, can easily be reckoned to save the citizens of Des Moines $100,000 every year of their lives. There is no game of politics he does not know, and few he has not played — yet always, it is universally conceded, with the intention to benefit the city. This man was unquestionably the first choice of the city for its Council. He was left off the business men's ticket, in the fear that, when elected, he would dominate the Council. The voters promptly elected him.

Charlie Schramm was a little German who had been elected assessor in 1903, and who had soon displayed the novel characteristic of assessing the poor men's property lower than the property of the rich. In four years of office he raised the assessments of the public service corporations to three times the ridiculous valuation at which he found them, and still left them under the actual value. Local magnates stormed in vain at Charlie Schramm. He smiled blandly at them, and kept their assessment where it was. But he was very lenient in the assessment of small homes of poor widows. Schramm was readily elected councilman by the people of Des Moines.

John L. Hamery, a bearded Norwegian with a restless mind, had appeared first in the old Council in 1906, elected, by a peculiar chance, from one of the aristocratic wards, under the name of the "Collarless Candidate." He was a strange man, who had studied law, osteopathy, and languages, who had earned his living by selling milk, butter, cows, and real estate, and whose ambition in life was to teach Germanic philology. While in the Council he disclosed a strong bent for private detective work. He led the manager of the local street railway company into an unfinished house whose dark corners were full of witnesses, and with the testimony of these witnesses began proceedings against the street railway magnate for bribing him as a councilman; he unearthed a system of overcharging for sidewalks by city officials; and he bounded into a gambling-house with two leveled pistols and arrested twenty-six men, when the Chief of Police had declared the town closed. The voters of Des Moines made this man also their choice for councilman.

The fourth man elected was Wesley Ash, an illiterate ex-coal-miner, a union man, and a deputy sheriff. Possessed of a frank appearance and serio-comic manner, Ash lifted himself bodily into the Council by his tongue. While the business men's candidates were talking seriously of the pressure put upon them to devote two years of their life to the city's service, Wesley Ash, waving his arms, without a smile upon his long face, was stating to his audiences:

"Gentlemen, I give you my word of honor, no man or bunch of men has ever asked me to run for this office. I have came out for it because I wanted it; and if you ain't doin' nothin' else with 'em, I'd like your votes."

The town laughed, and elected Ash.

As for the Mayor — the fifth councilman — he was the police court judge, A. J. Mathis, an old-time Jeffersonian Democrat. He was an active church member, he was always lenient with the cases from the Red Light district in the police court, and he attended all the funerals in town. He was elected Mayor.

"The character of the men elected," said the *Journal*, of the neighboring city of Sioux Falls,

"precludes the possibility of the success of the plan."

Yet, in electing these men there was no snap judgment. The election under the Des Moines system is the simplest possible matter. The voter merely has to mark his cross against five of ten names placed alphabetically on a short ballot, without any designation whatever against them. The result in Des Moines was the choice of five politicians — probably not the best choice, but certainly far from the worst: one very able man, two others capable of excellent service, and the other two rather negligible than dangerous.

The Council Starts Playing Politics

The result of public opinion in the choice of its officials was not encouraging. The beginning of their work was not more so. The division of the departments was made not improperly between the councilmen. John MacVicar was given charge of the Department of Streets and Public Improvements, which includes the consideration of public franchises, and expends more than half of the million dollars disbursed by the city; Hamery, the political detective, was given charge of the police and firemen under the Department of Public Safety; Schramm, the ex-assessor, was put over the Department of Accounts and Finances; and the ex-coal-miner was given charge of the parks and public buildings. The rather indefinite Department of Public Affairs fell to the lot of the aged Mayor, by virtue of his office.

But scarcely had the Board met than it began to play politics. W. P. Hume, a liveryman of convivial tendencies and bad political associations, had managed the campaign of Ash and Mathis. A more unfit man for Chief of Police could have been found with difficulty. The vote of Mathis, Ash, and Schramm elected him to that office. Not only was the appointment bad, but it was forced over the protest of the councilman having charge of the Police Department — in clear violation of the proprieties of the new system, in which the head of a department should certainly have chief voice in organizing it.

Felt Like a Grand Jury Indictment

An appointment of this kind over the police department was the old and accepted custom under the former system. But no sooner was it made under the new than there was a violent protest. Councilman Hamery first cried aloud, then the press and the population generally. There was an immediate demand for a recall, not, curiously enough, against Mathis and Ash, but against Charlie Schramm alone — on the ground that better things should have been expected of him. For about a week the agitation for recall was angry and excited. Finally it died, with the understanding that Hume should be put upon his good behavior and tried. A few months later he was retired.

But the new Council had received its lesson.

"I felt," said Schramm, in describing his sensations during the recall agitation, "as if I had been indicted by the Grand Jury."

From this time on the heads of departments were allowed to organize them as they saw fit; and they organized them very well. Whatever politicians may not be, they are quick to organize what the public wants of them.

The Part of the Newspapers

So, having been disciplined, the new government settled down to its work — each man responsible for his own department. They established themselves at the City Hall; demanded strict eight-hour days for their employees; and cleared the greasy corridors of the old building of its immemorial loafers. Each one was constantly called to his telephone to answer personal calls from citizens in need of city service. Subordinates would not do. The citizens must talk to the men they had elected and held responsible for the work of their departments. It was only natural, under these circumstances, that they did their best — and the more so because they knew everything they did was immediately made public.

The newspapers of the town, which formerly had found comparatively little news there, now each stationed a man at the City Hall. These local papers are of different character, and in sharp competition. The *Register and Leader* and the *Tribune*, under one management, are progressive Republican organs; the *Capitol* is the organ of the commercial class and the "Standpat" Republicans; and the *News* is a popular paper in the Scripps-McRae league. From the time the new government began, there was three times the news of city affairs in the local newspapers as before — first, because city news existed; and, second, because under the new plan it could not be concealed. The newspapers at once took an important part in local public affairs; more than ever before, they expressed and formed public sentiment, and through them all city matters were brought immediately before the people for discussion. And public opinion, awakened and realigned, began to work as never before in the city of Des Moines.

An Unexpected Moral Reform

Contrary to all natural expectations, the first reform accomplished was a moral one. The eccentric councilman, Hamery, having organized his police force better than it had ever been organized in the history of the town, began to make unexpected and sensational plunges into the enforcement of law. He arrested automobilists for over-speeding; and he shut up the slot-machines, which supported half the cigar stores and collected the pennies of children in most of the groceries in town. The cigar store men and the offended automobilists formed an alliance, decided on revenge, and, after hiring a hall as headquarters and hanging out a "Hamery Recall" banner across a principal street, were smiled into silence by the rest of the population. Then Hamery started for the Red Light district — first, to prevent illegal liquor-selling there, and then to break up the "vice trust."

This so-called "vice trust" was the product of the policy of segregation in Des Moines. For fifty years the city had kept its frontier-town quarter of brothels, and accepted the easy doctrine that a segregated district is a necessity of city life. In theory, this district was supposed to keep vice from the rest of the city; in practice, two fifths of the vicious women were confined to the district, and the rest scattered across the town.

The City's Share

The alliance between the city and the business was without attractive features. On the last day of each month the women appeared in police court and paid their ten, fifteen, and twenty-five dollar fines — the younger and more prosperous treating easily with the Chief of Police, and the older and more broken pleading with the police judge to remit the city's share until they could save it from their earnings.

Two months in the year — at Christmas-time and just before election — the city and the Red Light district exchanged courtesies. The city, on its part, remitted the monthly fines; while the police came back from the Red Light district at Christmas-tide bearing holiday burdens — for the Chief of Police, good-sized diamonds; for the men, various luxuries — at times a gunny-bag full of boxes of cigars slung over the shoulders of the sergeant who did the collecting. How much more was taken by the police is not exactly known; nor the exact contribution of the Red Light district to the various city administrations at election-time. Both were ample; and the influence of the district on the morals and the service of the police force was the worst. This thing went on undisturbed from year to year; it was one of the established institutions of the city.

But the city of Des Moines was not the only agency that collected from the proceeds of the Red Light district, through the power of the Iowa law. It being possible, under this law, for any constable and justice of the peace in the county to prosecute the women, sundry officials from the rural towns of the county made trips at irregular intervals to gather fines in courts set up temporarily in the city. Grocers and various tradesmen also threatened the proprietors with arrest if they did not buy their goods, and sold them twice what they needed, at double prices. And, finally, modern conditions of business methods prevailing, the so-called "vice trust" was established, in which the commanding genius was a pawnbroker named Mose Levich.

The Formation of the "Vice Trust"

Some years ago the railways and the business interests in the locality of the former segregated district demanded its removal. At that time Levich was chief professional bondsman, picking up, through his relations with the police, a considerable income by bailing out prisoners. Being close to the police, he and a few others — largely his own relatives — learned in advance where the police proposed to locate the new district of segregation. It was a street, near the Des Moines River, of dingy wooden buildings, partly vacant, partly taken for such uses as junk-shops and squalid tenements. Levich and his friends owned some property there, and they soon leased other places for from five to fifteen dollars a month. The immoral women were herded into the district by the police. The members of the "vice trust," who were in the city officials' confidence, moved out the scrap iron and poor families from the dingy buildings, and leased them to the women at a scale of prices ranging from three to five dollars a day, payable strictly in advance. Every night, Billy Watt, the collector for Levich, went down the street with a satchel slung across his shoulder, collecting his rents and taking the proceeds of the automatic pianos, which, by order of the police, furnished the only music in the street, and were owned and operated by the "trust."

The combination that controlled the houses soon controlled their trade as well in groceries, liquor, and the general necessities of life. Their peddlers sold clothes and diamonds at four profits on the instalment plan, and there was scarcely a woman in the district who was not in debt to them.

One Use of the Laws of Iowa

It happens that the Iowa law is very careful of the interests of the seller of goods on the instalment plan. To carry such goods out of the county is a criminal offense. So, when women tried to run away from the Red Light district, they were quickly brought to account. The law would step in (because in nearly every case these women would be wearing half-paid-for clothing) and bring them back and set them to work earning money to pay off their debts. The "vice trust" merchants had constant use for the instruments of the law. Constables went in and out of the houses of the district, collecting their debts; justices of the peace and police court officials were complacent and friendly, and the management of the police as well. Under the stringent enforcement of the Iowa statutes, and the friendly understanding with the local law officials, the "vice trust" not only had the segregated district in its control, but, if the women at work there should attempt to escape, it could, generally speaking, bring them back.

A Guaranty of Moral Character

Mose Levich's relations with the police, as the chief recognized professional bondsman at the police station, were very close. This odd extra official of the city stalking about the corridors of the police station early attracted the restless and inquiring mind of the new manager of the department, Councilman Hamery. He soon discovered another established custom that seemed to him very strange. He found that the papers of candidates aspiring to the police force, under civil service, bore the name of Mr. Levich as a guaranty of their good moral character. Hamery refused to accept this guaranty, began a general investigation, and secured copies of the leases controlled by the "vice trust," and affidavits from women who had left the district and had been brought back again by the process of law. He then placed the whole sensational story of the "vice trust" in the waiting hands of the newspapers, and started proceedings before the grand jury.

There was at that time not one of the five councilmen who wanted to wipe out the Red Light district system in Des Moines, or who was much disturbed over the situation discovered there. The majority believed in and advocated the general policy of segregation. But, unexpectedly, over their heads and against their wishes, public opinion forced a clearing of the town.

"Are You Going to Enforce the Law?"

For some time before the election, the *Register and Leader*—always foremost in local reforms—had advocated wiping out the district. On exposure of the conditions, both this paper and the *News* called for a general clean-up. The women of the city were aroused, held a mass meeting, invited Councilman Hamery before them, and read him the laws of Iowa on vice.

"Are you, or are you not, going to enforce the law?" they asked.

The newspapers asked each of the other councilmen the same question. They evaded it.

"Ask Hamery; he's head of the police," they said.

Hamery stood alone. Everybody's attention was focused upon him. For a week he refused entirely to discuss the question; he was busy with prosecuting the "vice trust"; he could not decide; he doubted whether it could be done.

Then at last he gave in.

"I couldn't be the one man that stood between those people and the law," he said.

And so, after three generations, the Red Light district of Des Moines was closed.

Sheer force of public opinion had compelled a revolution in the morals of the town — simply because, under the new system of government, it found at once the man who was responsible, and forced him to act.

Once started, Councilman Hamery plunged into the work of clearing up Des Moines with his usual thoroughness. The segregated district was closed on the day appointed, September 15, 1908. Women left the city by the car-load, and ever since they have been constantly and persistently hunted from the town.

The End of the Bond Sharks

Public opinion, again voiced by the newspapers, was largely responsible for starting a further movement against old practices in the department and police court, some six months after the vice campaign.

Professional bondsmen still appeared at that time in the police station, making their profits from prisoners of all kinds, with the tolerance of the police. It was a custom too old to attract attention.

"Why should the city of Des Moines hold prisoners while these bond sharks go through their pockets?" inquired the *Register and Leader* one morning. And this old scandal was immediately abolished.

The Decrease in Crime

The result of this change has been a very marked advance in civilization in Des Moines. The city doctors at the police station estimate that the amount of police surgery made necessary by murders, assaults, and suicides has decreased to a small percentage of what it was ("not over ten per cent," one doctor says) when the Red Light district continually sent in its stream of cases. The streets are more orderly; trouble with Government soldiers stationed at the post below the city, which formerly caused recurrent agitation for the fort's removal, has been stopped; and the amount of general crime has noticeably decreased.

Lawrence De Graff, the county's prosecuting attorney until the beginning of this year, and since then judge in charge of the criminal session of the district court, states that the annual business in that court decreased a full third almost immediately upon the closing of the Red Light district. The criminals and semi-criminals who are friends or parasites of these vicious women have left the town. The professional thief, who, traveling between larger places like Chicago and Kansas City, found the Red Light district of the smaller city a convenient hiding-place, no longer comes into Des Moines. There have been practically no burglaries or "hold-ups" in the city for over a year. This is not all due to the closing of the Red Light district, but, estimating the indirect effect upon the police force as well as the direct influence, a very great share is traceable to it.

"In former times," says Assistant Chief A. H. Day, of the police force, "we kept twice the men guarding the criminals in the Red Light district while they were committing crimes that we did protecting the taxpayers and their families up in the residence district. Now we make it our only business to protect the taxpayers against the criminals."

The Physical Renovation of the City

A similar application of the better motives of a community made possible by the new government has found its expression in every department of its operations. Physically as well as morally, the past two years have seen the opening of a new era in the city. Whole blocks of worn-out sidewalks in the center of the town have been relaid; in two years nearly a quarter as much street paving has been put down as in the whole past history of the city. A handsome and expensive bridge has been built across the Des Moines River; a section of the river-bank has been purchased as a central park; a $300,000 City Hall has been started; a viaduct over the railroad tracks, which the south end of the city was demanding for twenty years, has been arranged for; and hundreds of minor improvements are under way.

Not all of these improvements can be charged directly to the present Council. The city does not bear the main cost of street improvements; the plans for the City Hall had been made before. But what clearly has been done was to bring to accomplishment work that had been dragging for years — to secure results. And these results came about because the common sense and better sentiment of the community found in the new government an instrument with which to enforce itself.

The same spirit has brought about cleanness and business sanity in the management of the departments of the city. Not only is the revolution in the police department striking in its results, but the department is operated with less expense than formerly.

In the financial department clean-cut business methods have been adopted. For the first time, interest has been collected on city deposits, and discounts have been taken advantage of; old bills have been collected; and rates lower than was believed possible by the financial community have been secured upon the city's loans.

Higher Wages and Less Cost in Streets

In the Department of Streets and Public Improvements, under John MacVicar, more than half of the million dollar budget of the city is expended. It has been the policy of the councilman to take everything directly into his own hands, and to do as little work by contract as possible. When he was in office about a year, the city laborers and teamsters brought pressure upon him to raise their wages. He considered this a fair request, and gave them a considerable advance — raising the laborers from $2 to $2.25 for an eight-hour day; the teamsters from $3.50 to $4.50. These wages were higher than those current, and unquestionably tended to raise the private scale of wages in the city. There was no protest, however, made by employers, and the laboring class was naturally pleased.

On the contrary, both this raise in pay and the limits of the city's appropriations made it necessary for the manager of this department to secure steady work from city workmen. Foremen were allowed to select their laborers, and were held responsible for the results. The result of this change of policy was well set forth by the answer of a washerwoman, the wife of a city

laborer, to the question of the woman employing her:

"How is your husband getting on?"

"Not so well this winter," she said. "You see, the city has a new plan, and there is no work when there is nothing to do."

This general tightening up extends everywhere in the management of the streets. Contractors, to their astonishment and disgust, have been held up to specifications in their work, in spite of strong attempts to use political influence. The streets have been cleaned better than ever before; the alleys have been converted from waste receptacles to passageways; holes in the streets made by plumbers and public service corporations have been properly filled up and surfaced. And more work has been done, for less money.

A Large Financial Gain

This holds true through the whole management of the city. It is difficult to compare exactly the financial operations of any two city years; the amount of work done and the conditions vary too greatly. But it is certain that the new government slightly reduced the tax rate, and gave much more satisfactory results. It is clear, also, that previous governments almost invariably ran into debt from $30,000 to $50,000 a year, and that the Council preceding the new one showed a deficit of $130,000 in its current operations. The present Council in its first year lived $50,000 within its means of about a million. It can safely be said that its economies will not be measured by ten per cent of the city's revenues.

Results Follow Controversy

It must not be understood that the conduct of the business of Des Moines has been an orderly and harmonious process. Democracy threshing out its public affairs is not a pleasing or an edifying spectacle, especially when that work is performed by politicians. In the middle of this first Council's term, the two dominating figures in the body, MacVicar and Hamery, were involved in a violent personal controversy, which had its beginning in the choice of an architect for a schoolhouse, and they have never since been reconciled. However, when the Council was called to order by public sentiment, it solved the architect controversy excellently, and performed the local miracle of letting the contract for the City Hall building some $45,000 lower than the $300,000 appropriation.

Lively public debate at least does not stimulate arrangements detrimental to the city's interests, and the Council has rarely been free from debate. How, as had been persistently charged, it would be possible for a city to choose a board of five men who would so partition the business of the Council as to form a unified city machine, working against the interests of the taxpayers and citizens, is not made clear from the experience in Des Moines.

The Public and the Street Car Franchise

The publicity that surrounds the conduct of the regular business of the city by the Council is still greater in its dealings with public service corporations, in the most important of which — the granting of franchises — the public itself has the deciding vote. The present City Council has itself secured a considerable reduction in the cost of electric street lights, and has cut down the cost of water to the consumer by one third — a reduction, however, that is now being fought in the courts by the water company. But the chief attention of the community is focused on the question of a new franchise for the street railway company, on which — although the company is suing to establish a perpetual franchise in the courts — the public expects to be called upon to vote before long.

Negotiations for a new franchise arrangement have been going on for months between the Council on one side and, on the other, first a proposed purchaser for the road, and later the old management of the property. The street railway capitalists pursued the usual bluffing tactics with the City Council, were refused their demands, and were offered terms that they in turn refused. They will never again be offered terms so liberal, simply because the matter has had general public discussion.

The interplay of a public debate upon this proposition has been extremely interesting. It has varied from proposals of municipal ownership — which would be impossible without a special law — to the demands of the commercial class of the city that the Council virtually give the street railway promoters what they demanded, so that the expanding city could have the benefit of decent street car service — long delayed. The final result will undoubtedly be some practical form of publicity, a reasonable limit to capitalization, and some adequate division of net earnings with the city. If the matter had been left to the decision of any Council without the discussion of the matter by the general public, the corporation would undoubtedly have secured advantages measured by hundreds of thousands and probably millions of dollars over the terms that open public debate will ultimately establish as fair.

Ninety per Cent of Citizens Favor Plan

It is impossible and unnecessary to give every detail of the operation of the new form of government in Des Moines. That it has been a success is clear from the best possible tests — from results and from the opinion of the people living under it. Those who were opposed to its adoption, and the much greater number who were doubtful upon the election of the Council of politicians, have in large part been convinced of its great value.

It has succeeded, not because, as had been expected, new and extraordinary ability has been brought into the city's service, but with exactly the same class of men as had previously been in charge of city affairs. The system itself has compelled a revolution in the conduct of the city's affairs, and in its general life.

According to competent observers, it is safe to say that ninety per cent of the people of Des Moines would vote for its retention. A delegation of Salt Lake City men, investigating the operations of the plan a year ago, are said to have run across just four men who did not approve it: a socialist, who believed, however, that it was better than the old system; a capitalist, who thought the Council was too aggressive in making public improvements; a saloonkeeper, who thought it had too Sunday-school a policy; and a politician, who had lost his job by the change.

A Remarkable Material Revival

During the two years of the new plan the city of Des Moines has seen a most remarkable revival in business and growth in population. It now has 100,000 people, against 85,000 in 1908 — a growth unprecedented in the past. The public improvements have been as remarkable. Public institutions, hospitals, and schools have been greatly enlarged. Millions of new investments have been brought into the local business life. Many of these have come through the activities of the Greater Des Moines Club — a commercial organization for "boosting" the town; but a great many of them have been made possible by the new form of city government itself.

It is not only the direct actions of the City Council that must be taken into account in reckoning these results; the fact that there exists an agency that permits the action of a unified public spirit, and brings to accomplishment the best judgment of the best sentiment of the community, has changed the entire tone and character of the place.

The Growth of a Great Movement

Now, this two years' experience of Des Moines is no merely local affair; it is a matter of national consequence. For it represents accurately, from first to last, the difficulties and successes of one of the greatest and most important recent movements of democracy — the movement of cities to free themselves from their present corrupt political domination by the adoption of the clear-cut, direct plan of managing cities known as the Commission plan. It is not generally understood how far this new movement has spread across the United States, and especially the West. At the present time more than one third of the larger cities west of the Mississippi have adopted it or are considering doing so.

Following Galveston, with one or two exceptions, every city of size in the State of Texas, ranging from Dallas and Houston — places of 90,000 people — downward, has taken up this new form. Their adoption of it was not a snap judgment. With one exception, the cities following Galveston's example did so only after six or eight years of observation of the workings of the plan there, from the not over-friendly viewpoint of neighboring and rival cities.

Exactly the same process has been going on in Iowa in the last two years. After a period of skepticism or open hostility, Cedar Rapids, Burlington, Keokuk, and Sioux City — making, with Des Moines, more than three quarters of the city population of the State — have followed Des Moines' example. Iowa cities of all sizes are now allowed, by new State laws, to adopt this plan of government.

The State of Kansas adopted similar laws in 1907 and in 1909, acting first upon the recommendation of its progressive governor, W. R. Stubbs. To-day ninety per cent of the cities of any size in Kansas have adopted or are working under the new plan — including Kansas City, Kansas, with 100,000 people, Wichita, Topeka, and Leavenworth.

Larger Cities Making the Change

From these centers of the movement it has spread in all directions. St. Joseph, Missouri, with 125,000 people, has come under the plan; Memphis, with 160,000, and five smaller cities in Tennessee; Tacoma, Washington; Berkeley, Riverside, and San Diego, California; Colorado Springs and Grand Junction, Colorado; and the principal cities in North and South Dakota, Idaho, and Oklahoma. Four Massachusetts cities are operating under the plan. The legislatures of Kansas, Iowa, North and South

Dakota, Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Illinois have passed bills allowing cities to adopt the plan. In all, about seventy American cities have now adopted it.

And now, from cities of 100,000 and 150,000, like Des Moines, Dallas, Houston, Memphis, Kansas City, and St. Joseph, Missouri, the agitation for the plan is advancing into the larger cities of the country. Buffalo, New York, with 400,000, has voted to adopt the plan; a lively and very promising campaign for the system is being carried on in Kansas City, Missouri, and an agitation less likely of success in Minneapolis.

Vicious City Politicians Alarmed

This movement is fighting its way across the country in exactly the same way as it did in Des Moines and Galveston, and with exactly the same opposition. Nothing could be more significant than the elements lined up in that fight. Everywhere, from Des Moines to Buffalo, has appeared the grotesque spectacle of the lowest type of professional politician wildly exhorting the population, for the sake of liberty, to defeat a plan of government that submits every officer elected, and every measure passed upon, to the direct vote of the whole population. Rome and Russia and Turkey are again pillaged in figures of speech to meet the emergency. The stereotyped formula of opposition has echoed monotonously across the continent on the lips of ward politicians, saloonkeepers, and gamblers — from the ward aldermen in the local "Eleven" combination that ruled Galveston, to the mouth of Charles F. Murphy, the notorious leader of Tammany Hall, when he cried out last fall, at the suggestion of this governmental plan for New York:

"Such a suggestion would be scouted even in Turkey."

But the opposition of this element is not merely grotesque — it is a very serious danger to the progress of the new plan. In virtually every city where its adoption has been beaten, the professional politicians and "liberal" element have beaten it. This was so in Davenport, Iowa, and in several small cities in North and South Dakota; and it was so in first defeats — afterward turned into victories — in Kansas City, Kansas, and Sioux City, Iowa.

A Campaign of Misrepresentation

From its first adoption of the new scheme, Des Moines has been a center of interest for the whole country. A constant stream of visitors from other cities has come in to observe the plan; and a constant stream of reports has been sent out. The visitors are almost universally impressed favorably with the plan.

But, for the past year,— since the plan has been proposed for other places,— there has been a supply of misinformation sent out of Des Moines, and printed in the newspapers of the country, in opposition to the plan. Much of this — ranging from statements that the city's credit had been ruined, to the fact that the campaign against the Red Light district had made moral conditions worse in the city — consisted of direct and evidently inspired lies. There are men in Des Moines who, for a stated fee, furnish this material against the new government.

The Wisconsin and Illinois Legislatures

How far this campaign of misrepresentation has been carried is shown by the following despatch, printed in a Madison (Wisconsin) newspaper last year, just at the time a commission government bill was being considered by the Wisconsin Legislature at Madison.

> DES MOINES, IOWA, February 24. After a spirited debate yesterday, the Des Moines Commission plan of government, as applied to cities of from 2,000 to 25,000, was defeated in the Lower House, 55 to 42. The present squabble of the Des Moines commissioners was declared as disgraceful, and smaller towns of the State, from where most of the legislators come, declared they want none of it.

This despatch was a "fake" from whole cloth. The bill was not defeated in the Iowa Legislature, but passed in a routine manner. Fortunately, the truth was learned immediately in Madison, and the Wisconsin Legislature passed its commission bill.

In Illinois, the demand in 1908 from leading citizens of virtually all the cities in the State, outside of Chicago, for a bill allowing cities to adopt this form of government if they chose, was smothered in 1909 in the Legislature — being killed in the committee on municipal corporations, whose membership is in control of a notorious group of practical politicians from Chicago. In the 1910 Illinois Legislature a bill was produced, after great pressure, on the very last day of the Legislature, loaded with "jokers" that interfered with its effectiveness and may make it unconstitutional or inoperative.

Has Buffalo the Right of Self-Government?

The city of Buffalo voted last fall, more than three to one, to ask the Legislature to enact a charter substantially the same as that of Des Moines, to be submitted to the voters of Buffalo, after its enactment, for final approval or disapproval. The bill was introduced in the New

York Senate on January 5, 1910, and in the Assembly on January 13. Up to two months later, at the time this is being written, it has been impossible to get the bill reported. The politicians of the New York City machines are practising exactly the same tactics as were practised in Illinois. Throughout the country, city politicians, and the interests they represent, are awake to the dangers of this plan for them, and there is no misrepresentation or political trick they will not use to defeat it.

Defeating the Plan by Alterations

When the plan cannot be beaten in this way, there is danger of its being so altered as considerably to change its effectiveness. This has been done sometimes by the practical politicians, sometimes by the various conservative interests which are at heart afraid of popular government. In Wisconsin, the right of the recall of officials was not given in the bill passed by the State Legislature — a fact that has earned for the plan the very natural suspicion of the laboring classes, and that will retard the acceptance of it by Wisconsin cities until the right is granted. The politicians of the Illinois Legislature virtually withdrew the right of recall by demanding a petition containing seventy-five per cent of the names of a city's voters before a recall election could be had. The city of Boston — which has sometimes been stated to have adopted this commission form of government — really adopted a hybrid offspring of this and the old form of city government, which, while it has advantages over the old plan, is without many of the most important features of the new.

Considering the constant effort to reduce the effectiveness of the new plan by altering it, it is extremely important that cities proposing to adopt the plan should have a clear-cut idea of exactly what it is.

Chief Features of the System

The chief advantages of the Des Moines plan of government are its simplicity, the responsibility of its officials, and the complete power of public opinion over them.

Five men, and five only, are elected by vote of all the citizens every two years. Any voter, poor or rich, can be a candidate before the primaries; only ten names, arranged alphabetically, without party designations, appear on the final ballot.

The five men elected make the City Council, which puts one member at the head of each of the following divisions of the city's business, and responsible for their routine operations:

The Department of Accounts and Finances.

The Department of Public Safety (Fire and Police).

The Department of Streets and Public Improvements.

The Department of Parks and Public Property.

The Mayor, ex-officio, is head of the supervisory Department of Public Affairs.

Every important action of this Council is public. Every meeting, attended by any person outside the Council itself, must be open to every citizen. All business of importance must be done by ordinance, and every ordinance must be filed for public inspection for a specified time before it becomes operative.

If any considerable part of the public is dissatisfied with any action of the Council, a petition of twenty-five per cent of the voters — under the right of Referendum — will compel them either to rescind it, or to call a special election of the citizens to pass upon it; or a petition with only ten per cent of the voters will compel the Council either to reverse its action, or to put it before the voters at the next general election.

The right of Initiative compels the Council to take similar action on new legislation, on the presentation of similar petitions.

The right of Recall compels the calling of a special election to oust any member of the Council at any time on the presentation of a petition bearing twenty-five per cent of the voters' names.

An Advance in Civilization

Seventy cities in the United States have now adopted this new commission form of government; nearly half as many more are agitating its adoption. Each one of these is fighting for something it has never had — real democratic government; to escape from the tyranny of combinations formed to exploit it morally and financially. Altogether, this constitutes one of the greatest single democratic movements of recent years.

In all of the cities that have adopted the Commission plan of government — from Galveston, Texas, down — the great majority of the population strongly favor it. Its negative results, in the elimination of waste and corruption, have been remarkable; its positive results have been no less so. It has proved itself responsive not only to public sentiment generally, but to the better sentiment of the community. It has meant greater prosperity, better health, better morals to the people governed by it. And its general advance across the country marks an advance of our civilization at the point where, in many ways, it has been at its lowest — the modern city.

NEW FACTS ON CANCER

BY

BURTON J. HENDRICK

IN McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, a few months ago, the present writer described the results of modern scientific research in connection with the cancer problem. The article then published recounted the many remarkable discoveries, nearly all made within ten years, which were believed to justify Professor Ehrlich's statement that the "beginning of the end of the cancer problem is in sight." Nearly all these discoveries were the work of American experimenters; and now another American, a member of an old Knickerbocker family in New York, has obtained results, in the actual curative treatment of many cases of human cancer, which still further confirm Professor Ehrlich's optimistic prophecy. As these experiments are the logical outcome of those that have already been described in McCLURE'S, they are here briefly recorded. The reader must be warned, however, that they are by no means presented as furnishing the definite solution of the cancer problem, but as unquestionably indicating another and immensely important step in solving this great medical riddle of the ages.

About four years ago the wife of a well-known New York physician became ill with cancer. It was an especially malignant and desperate case. The growth was the type of tumor known technically as a carcinoma — that is, a cancer composed of epithelial cells, in contradistinction to a sarcoma, which is the proliferation of connective tissue. To the attending physician it was the common — all too common — type of breast cancer, and called for the early application of the knife. Radical operation, however, merely stayed the progress of the disease. Cancers differ remarkably from one another, especially in the rapidity with which they grow, and this one was frightfully virulent. Soon after the operation, the growth started again in the scar, and began to "metastasize," or to become general throughout the system. Tumors presently appeared, not only in the breast, but in the neck and in the liver, which became so large that it almost filled the entire abdominal cavity. Other operations were performed, but uselessly. The patient was still comparatively young,— about thirty-seven,— but she had reached the stage where modern medical science could do nothing more for her, and her death was regarded as inevitable in a very short time.

Almost miraculously, however, and entirely without the aid of the doctors, the sick woman's condition all at once began to improve. Day by day, as if in obedience to an invisible but powerful agency, the cancers grew perceptibly smaller. The large tumors of the neck and breast entirely disappeared, leaving only scars. The liver, which, overgrown with numbers of cancers, had swelled to several times its normal bulk, began to grow smaller, and ultimately resumed its normal size and position. And now, after the lapse of four years, there are absolutely no indications of the original disease. In the meantime one marked change in the patient's condition had occurred. Where there are large tumors of the kidneys, the liver, or other visceral organs, a considerable accumulation of watery fluid in the peritoneum is not unusual. The pressure of the enlarged organs strains the vascular system, with the result that the serum, which is the watery part of the blood, filters through the walls of the arteries or capillaries into the abdominal cavity. This had happened extensively in the present case. The patient evidently had an aggravated dropsy, and needed continual "tapping."

Dr. Eugene Hodenpyl — for many years associate professor of pathology at Columbia University, and now pathologist at the Roosevelt Hospital in New York — had been interested in this case from the beginning. Although many other medical men had come into contact with the patient, Dr. Hodenpyl was apparently the only one who thought of undertaking what now seems an obvious experiment. It occurred to him that the patient's ascitic or dropsical fluid might contain properties antagonistic to the development of cancer, and he immediately began using it with this idea in view.

To any one familiar with recent cancer research, Dr. Hodenpyl's theory is easily comprehended. In reality, there was no mystery about this woman's recovery. It was merely another illustration of that great principle, the discovery of which is one of the remarkable triumphs of modern medicine — the principle of immunity. There is no subject quite so fascinating as this, and no recent discovery holds forth greater hopes for the human race. Mankind has always been familiar with the workings of this principle in its simplest form. We all know that if we have scarlet fever or diphtheria once, almost certainly we shall never have it again. We also know that certain people are not susceptible to certain diseases; the most familiar example, perhaps, is the comparative freedom of the negro from yellow fever.

These facts simply illustrate, in one form or another, the principle of immunity, which may be comprehensively defined as the resistance offered by the normal body to the extrinsic forces that seek to destroy it. When a dangerous disease attacks the body, the system does not lie supine and helpless, but assembles powerful forces to repel the disease. The diphtheria microbe, for example, manufactures a powerful toxin, or poison, which, if unopposed, rapidly destroys the human organism. But it never is unopposed. As soon as the poison gets into the blood, the blood, in turn, manufactures an anti-toxin, or an anti-poison, the specific mission of which is to destroy the invading substance. And the course of the disease becomes a battle royal between these two opposing forces. If the patient dies, this means that the body has not been able to manufacture anti-toxins enough or in sufficient strength to destroy the invading forces. If the patient recovers, it means that the bodily force has met the enemy and carried the day. In case of victory, these anti-toxins remain in the blood indefinitely, which explains why, once recovered from this disease, one seldom has it again. The modern treatment of diphtheria consists in artificially helping nature's process. In the old days, before the use of anti-toxin, nearly one half of all the patients who had diphtheria died. This means that in nearly one half of the cases the body did not succeed in assembling sufficient natural defenses to expel the disease. What medical science now does is to reinforce the body — to help it in its struggle — by introducing large quantities of anti-toxins from the body of another animal, usually a horse, which has recovered from the same disease, and whose blood, therefore, contains these properties.

What the cancer investigators have learned is that this principle of immunity applies to cancer as well as to diphtheria and scarlet fever. Dr. Harvey R. Gaylord, head of the Gratwick Laboratory at Buffalo, New York, was the first to demonstrate this fact; many other investigators, here and in Europe, have confirmed it. This discovery was the outcome of several years' experiments upon cancerous mice. In the first place, the investigators found that not all of the mice inoculated with the cancer cell developed the disease — precisely as not all people "exposed" to diphtheria "catch" it. In other words, their bodies resisted the onslaught, seemed "immune" to it. Again,— and this was really the amazing fact,— many mice that actually developed the disease, and grew good-sized cancers, did not die. The appearance of the tumors apparently stimulated the development of anti-tumor forces; and, in the case of many animals, the growths after a time disappeared, leaving no traces. Mice that had safely gone through this ordeal proved to be absolutely protected against cancer for the rest of their lives. The experimenters, by repeated inoculations with cancerous tissue, could not make it grow upon them again. The conclusion was clear: if you have cancer once, and spontaneously recover from it, you will not have it again. But did human beings, like mice, ever spontaneously recover from this disease? There seemed not the slightest doubt but that they did. Well authenticated cases were extremely rare, but medical science recorded a few of them. At any rate, these experiments with mice seemed to indicate conclusively that many accounts of such recoveries, which had gained little credence when first reported, were unquestionably true.

If the body of a human being should successfully react against the cancer cell — should develop immunity against it — these life-saving molecules would undoubtedly exist in the blood. But the utilization of this idea involved great practical difficulties. Cases of recovery were so extremely rare that the search for one seemed hardly worth while. Again, even if we should find such a case, it seemed hardly likely that we could make any use of it. Even were human beings, who had recovered from cancer, willing to give their blood to cure others, it was doubtful whether we could get enough — at most two or three quarts — to accomplish anything. It was impossible to use the horse, as in the case of diphtheria, because no one has yet succeeded in inoculating a horse with cancer. Rats, mice, and dogs are the only animals that, so far, have been given the disease artificially.

In the case of this woman, however, Dr. Hodenpyl found in combination the two circumstances required for an ideal experiment.

In the first place, he found a human being who had unquestionably recovered from cancer of the most malignant type. But, equally important, he had a subject from whom large quantities of the essential body fluids could be readily obtained. This woman's dropsical condition was a sad circumstance for herself, but it promised to be extremely beneficial to humanity. The dropsical fluid is composed simply of serum, or the liquid part of the blood, and seemed likely to contain the cancer anti-body, precisely as the recovered horse's serum contains the diphtheria anti-body. If Dr. Hodenpyl's theory was correct, the serous fluid, in this instance, would have unusual power, inasmuch as the case of cancer which it had vanquished was unusually virulent. And there were large enough quantities of the fluid to make experiments worth while. Up to date, the sick woman has been "tapped" nearly one hundred times, and several barrels of fluid have been obtained.

Dr. Hodenpyl first tested the fluid upon white mice that were in advanced stages of cancer. The result were fairly magical. In practically all of the cases, the tumors disappeared in a few days.

These results clearly justified the use of the fluid on human beings. In the New York *Medical Record* of February 26, 1910, Dr. Hodenpyl describes the results as follows:

> After experimental tests of the harmlessness of the fluid, first in animals, then in human beings, injections of the fluid in cases of carcinoma of various types in man were undertaken. These injections have been made in small quantities near or directly into the tumors, or in large quantities into the veins. The general effects of these injections in man has been nearly uniformly to induce a temporary local redness, tenderness, and swelling about the tumors, which soon subside. Then occur softening and necrosis of the tumor tissue, which is now absorbed or discharged externally, with the subsequent formation of more or less connective tissue. In all cases, the tumors have grown smaller; *in some they have disappeared altogether*. In no instance has any tissue in the body, other than the tumor, shown the least reaction after the injections, nor have any systemic efforts been manifest even after large venous infusions.
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> The greater number of the forty-seven cases thus far treated were distinctly unfavorable, many of them hopeless and inoperable. Many of the cases are still under observation by the writer or by other physicians in and out of New York.

According to this statement, only people in advanced stages of the disease have been selected to be experimented upon. Necessarily this was so, as no humane physician would select for experimental treatment patients who were in such an early stage of the disease that they might be saved by an operation. The most significant fact is contained in the words which the writer — not Dr. Hodenpyl — has italicized. "*In some cases they have disappeared altogether.*" In fact, in about twenty-five instances advanced cancers have disappeared since the injection of this fluid.

Naturally, the unscientific mind at once jumps to the conclusion that these people have been cured of cancer. Dr. Hodenpyl, however, does not draw any such hasty conclusion. He has conclusively proved a fact of tremendous scientific value: that the body fluids of a human being who has recovered from cancer contain properties that will necrotize cancers in other human beings, and which in many cases cause them entirely to disappear. He has not proved that these changes are permanent — that the cancers will not recur. Obviously only time can prove that. It will be necessary to keep the apparently recovered cases under observation for two or three years, perhaps even longer, before the physician can say that they are safe against recurrence. Up to the present writing, however, there have been no recurrences in Dr. Hodenpyl's serumized cases. We can also derive much encouragement from the history of the laboratory mice that have recovered from this disease. In the case of these mice, not only have the tumors not recurred, but it has been found impossible to reinoculate these animals with the disease.

Even though these recoveries are actual and permanent, the practical treatment of cancer will be by no means completely realized. Unquestionably, Dr. Hodenpyl will have pointed out the road to ultimate success, but practical utilization of his idea will still have to be developed. At present the amount of his curative serum is limited — its continued supply depends upon a single human life, now in the advanced stages of a mortal disease. When this fluid, which for cancerous patients seems a veritable elixir of life, is exhausted, where will it be possible to obtain more? There is the possibility of finding similar cases; indeed, a few have come to light since Dr. Hodenpyl began his work. But it seems unlikely that a permanent source of supply can ever be obtained in this way. If these experiments are ultimately successful, however, the ingenuity of modern science will undoubtedly find some way of imitating nature's methods. The difficulty of obtaining this curative serum from the horse, as we obtain the diphtheria anti-toxin, the anti-meningitis serum, and other similar health-giving fluids, is, as already noted, that horses apparently cannot be artificially inoculated. But this statement requires some modification. In the earliest experiments with mice, it was found that, at first, only one or two or three animals,

out of every hundred inoculated, took the disease. For practical reasons, such extensive experiments on horses have never been made. If a large number of horses were used, it is still possible that there might be found a few of them who would be susceptible to cancer-transplantation. This once accomplished, the experimenters might be able to immunize horses, precisely as many have succeeded in immunizing mice. At Frankfort, Germany, Professor Ehrlich has shown that mice can be vaccinated against cancer. He inoculates his animal with a weak strain; the animal develops the disease, and in most cases, because of the weakness of the attack, recovers — that is, the tumors disappear. This slight attack, however, renders the mice immune against more aggressive strains, just as a slight attack of typhoid fever protects one against a more virulent onslaught. If horses, or other large animals, can be treated in this way, there is a strong likelihood that their body fluids may be introduced in human beings with curative effect.

But all this is considerably in the future. Dr. Hodenpyl's work unquestionably holds forth greater hopes for the successful treatment of cancer than that of any other investigator; but, at present, that is the only statement that may safely be made. In many ways, his present position is an extremely difficult and pathetic one. He has in his possession a limited amount of a fluid that possesses tremendous power to dissolve cancer tissue. Whether, after the present supply is exhausted, he will ever be able to get any more, he does not positively know. Naturally, he is overwhelmed with requests from every side for even small quantities of this precious medicament. His daily mail is large and heartrending. It seems as if every victim sick with the disease, every man and woman with stricken friends or relatives, every doctor with afflicted patients — all are begging, imploring Dr. Hodenpyl for his fluid. If he acceded to even a small proportion of these requests, he would soon exhaust the supply. Of course, he has to ignore them all. The true interests of humanity demand that he and his associates shall not distribute the serum freely, but that they shall keep it in their own control for experimental purposes — that they shall use it only in cases where daily observations can be carried on under minutely arranged scientific conditions. Any other course would unquestionably defeat the purpose that Dr. Hodenpyl has in view. He also warns the medical profession against letting these experiments of his interfere in any way with the methods now generally used in the treatment of cancer. He is especially apprehensive lest patients now in the earliest stages of the disease should postpone operations, expecting that his experiments will result in a permanent cure. Such a course, on the part of patients or the doctors, would be a crime.

How pressing is this cancer problem is again emphasized by the recently published report of the Registrar-General of England, which seems clearly to indicate an increase in the disease. This volume arranges the figures for cancer mortality in England in five-year periods since 1870.

DEATH RATE FOR CANCER IN ENGLAND AND WALES PER 1,000,000 INHABITANTS

Period	Mortality
1871–75	445.6
1876–80	493.6
1881–85	547.6
1886–90	631.6
1891–95	711.4
1896–1900	800.2
1901–1905	864
1908	920

However these figures may be explained, the fact apparently remains that more than twice as many people in England and Wales die from cancer now as forty years ago. Though we have not as reliable statistics for this country, such as we have disclose a similar condition of affairs here. In the last twenty years medical science has made wonderful progress in the treatment of certain diseases, chiefly those contagious in character; its treatment for cancer, however, is almost the same as that which prevailed in the Middle Ages. And the peculiarity of cancer is that it apparently assails our most valuable lives. Unlike most of the contagious diseases, it does not flourish in filthy and noisome back alleys, but seeks the sunlight and the homes of the industrious, the happy, the prosperous. In the East Side tenement section of New York, in the East End of London, it finds fewer victims than in the more sanitary parts of both cities. According to the figures of the statisticians, viciousness and crime, while they strongly induce other deadly diseases, apparently offer a mysterious immunity to cancer. Thus, among men, few drunkards are cancerous, and, among women, few prostitutes. In workhouses, jails, and lunatic asylums cancer is likewise only exceptionally found. Women are the greatest sufferers; according to the highest statistics, one in every eight, above the age of thirty-five, dies from this disease; married women succumb more frequently than unmarried, and fertile women more frequently than barren. These are the facts that give an absorbing interest to Dr. Hodenpyl's important experiments.

LINES ON A RAILROAD TIME-TABLE

BY

JOSEPH BOARDMAN

HOW very reticent a page it is
To be so hot with passion, and so proud
With treasures golden, guarded, wonderful,
Won in an utter wrath of surging war—
That shrill, terrific war where gray old Time
Went fighting, beaten backward, while the field
Rang with the cries of hammers clamoring!
These leaves are light, but they are whirled before
The very tempest of that Victory.
It is a young, hot, eager wind, of steel
And hissing steam, black coal, and human will,
Bursting from cities, dusk Chicago's breath
And Pittsburg's, panting.
What a pageant,
A pomp of strength and moving majesty,
That gale of battle lays upon its path!
A hundred roaring trains go every day
With hasty hands stroking Niagara bridge—
As children stroke a cat November nights
To see the sparks—and leave the long beast purring.
Beyond, out in the Rockies, coupled engines
Stamp smoking up the great moon-flooded grades,
White miles of winter where the old Wind sits
To weave his tapestries in trailing snow,
And all alone he hears the loud train climb.

And morning after morning, when, aflame
And mighty, bent about the sturdy world,
Dawn like a maned sea-breaker rushes down
Off the Atlantic, all those pallid rails
Take heart before it and the brightness runs
To lead the day a three hours' westward chase.
Then farmers wake, and cities, and the land
Stands up, a tall young man in sun-dashed strength,
Son of the world, and turns to search for tasks.
So searched the Colorado when he flung
Away the flimsy bank ten thousand years
Builded and held against him, and peered down
Upon that crisp, embittered Salton land,
And filled himself an ocean for a toy.